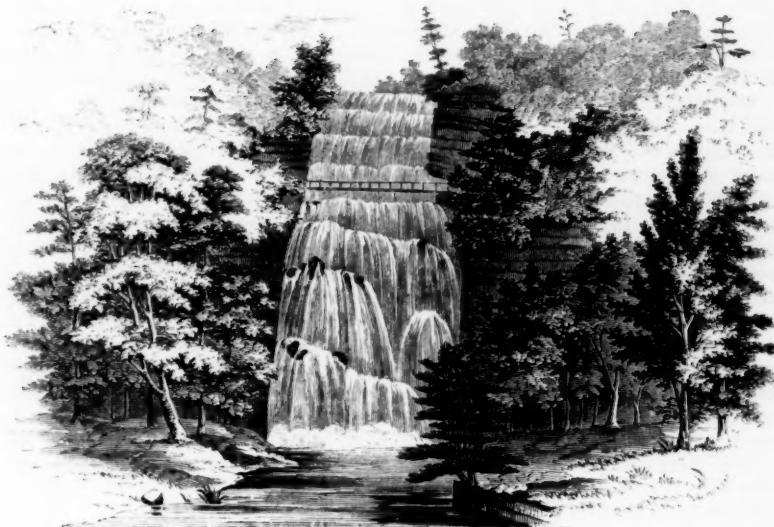


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HECTOR FALLS, SENECA LAKE.

THE LAKES AND LEGENDS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

IN a separate article devoted to the league of the Iroquois,

"The six fierce nations of the North,"

I shall describe at length their peculiar form of government, and their most striking characteristics. The Cayugas, to whom I have frequently alluded, were more closely allied with the Senecas, their western neighbors, than with any other members of the league. While the latter produced several eminent chiefs, as Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother, there is but one great name associated with the Cayugas, Logan, "the noblest Roman of them all."

His own cruel fate seems to have been inherited by the remnant of his tribe. They ceded their lands to the state in 1795, with the exception of a small reservation, which was also given up about

the year 1800, when they entirely disappeared. Some of them settled at the Grand Rapids, others near Sandusky, in Ohio, and still another branch in Canada. About one hundred and fifty Cayugas are now living with the Senecas, near Buffalo, under their own chiefs, but doubtless they, too, ere long, will be banished beyond the Mississippi.

Mr. Bogart, for a long time clerk of the Assembly, relates an interesting incident which occurred at the reception of General Quitman by the Legislature of our state in 1847.

Directly in front of the speaker's chair, a place of honor in the crowded hall granted by the kindness of the presiding officer, sat an old Indian, who shared the attention of the audience with the hero of the Mexican war. He was an aged man, dressed fancifully with beaded cloth leg-

gins and with gay and checkered cap. Though not understanding a word of English, he listened with Indian gravity to the proceedings.

After their termination my friend was delighted to learn that he was an old Cayuga, who had come from Canada to transact some business with the Land Office department. He had, as he stated through an interpreter, left the Cayuga Lake in 1794, and resided ever since in Canada. Himself and three old women were the only survivors of the Cayugas in that settlement.

My friend pointed out on a chart his own native village on the Cayuga. The old Indian's eye lighted up as he recognized the outline of the shore; and he cheerfully communicated much information concerning those old times and localities. He pointed out his birthplace, near the great spring, to which I have already alluded. This remarkable fountain is situated at Union Springs, six miles south of Cayuga Bridge, and being the distinguishing feature of the adjacent region, evidently served as a landmark to the Indians and the early explorers of the country.

Two large streams, employed in propelling several mills, gush perpetually from the soil, but a few rods from the beach, as if designed to furnish a measure of usefulness before mingling with the waters of the lake. The Owasco, but ten miles east of the Cayuga, has an elevation of more than a hundred and fifty feet above the latter. It is supposed by many that the great spring is supplied from that source through a subterranean channel. This, however, is by no means certain. A venerable Quaker, an educated man, and one of the oldest inhabitants of Union Springs, informed me that the above theory is untenable.

Between the Hamilton group, in which the Owasco is imbedded, and the Limestone, from which these springs issue, there are several formations, one of which, the Oriskany sandstone, is not favorable to the existence of a fissure from that lake. The quantity of water is also much diminished in time of drought, which would hardly happen if it came from an elevated reservoir like Owasco Lake. Again, the sulphur that abounds in one of the streams, and not in the other, discredits the idea that they come from the same source.

There are many limestone sinks in the neighborhood into which small streams discharge themselves, and the cavernous nature of that rock leads us to suppose that the springs are supplied from subterranean reservoirs into which the water percolates, or perhaps flows in subterranean channels. The latter are known to exist, and sounds like the flowing of water underground have frequently been heard in the vicinity. It is singular, however, that the springs discharge a greater volume of water when the wind blows down the lake. We revert here to some of the peculiarities of the Iroquois.

It was the interest of the chief priest, or medicine man, with whom the good spirits that so abound in the Indian system were supposed to be in constant communion, and by whose charms and mystic ceremonies the evil spirits were checked and subdued, to inculcate superstition and foster the love of the marvelous peculiar to the wild man of the forest. The office of medicine man secured for him the reverence of the people, who received through his mediation the favor of the Great Spirit, invoked by charms and magic spells. In him, indeed, they saw the type of the benign influence and aid of the supreme power, or of the Great Spirit.

Every year, upon an appointed day, the priest performed a sacred service alike in every habitation. At early dawn every fire was extinguished, and every hearth was cold. Ashes and cinders were scattered about, and discomfort and misery seemed everywhere to prevail. With measured step the venerable man entered each wigwam, and with solemn fervor invoked the Great Spirit in behalf of the family. Then striking a light, he kindled a new fire on the domestic altar, with a prayer for the continuance of comfort and prosperity during the year. The lodge was swept, the feast prepared, and peace and joy prevailed. In this manner the bond of allegiance was annually renewed, and religious reverence maintained.

Curious, indeed, were the traditions of the Indians respecting the origin of their race. It was their belief that there existed in the beginning two worlds, one inhabited by man, and the other by monsters living in darkness and deep waters. In the advance of time the lower world was made a proper abode for the human race. To people it a female descended from the

upper world, and found a resting place on the back of a tortoise, where she gave birth to twins. The one was called Usskoss, (good,) the other Tautaokoss, (evil.) Soon after their birth the mother died, when Usskoss converted his mother's head into the sun, moon, and stars. By their genial influences he drove the great monsters to their hiding places in the deep, and checked the ferocity of the lesser monsters.

The tortoise increased rapidly in size, and ultimately formed a great island. Usskoss then made the earth, its hills and valleys, its water courses and lakes, and filled them with game and fish. Finally, he made a man and woman, and named them Ongwee Honwee, the best of people.

While Usskoss was engaged in these beneficent labors, Tautaokoss was equally industrious to undo the work of his brother. He created and increased monsters of frightful form, venomous serpents, and destructive creatures, and especially left no means untried to destroy the man and woman whom Usskoss had placed upon the earth. Disturbed and exasperated by the constant struggle for power, a terrific conflict at last took place, in which Tautaokoss fell, and was hurled from the island into utter darkness.

The triumph of Usskoss enabled him to perfect his intended works. This done, he committed them to the care of the man and woman, and disappeared from the earth. This tradition of the creation of the world is held, with slight variations, by most of the Indian tribes of North America. Each nation, however, has a legend of its own origin at a subsequent period. The Senecas affirm that their tribe originated on Mandowaga Hill, near the head of Canandaigua Lake. It is asserted that the progenitors of the nation came forth from the hill, and dwelt on it for a time in peace and joy. While they were yet few in number a reptile was one day found by the children, and brought within the embankments of their village. There it became the fondled associate of the young, who cherished the creature with tenderness and care. While it was yet harmless the men fed it dayly with game. The serpent, however, grew so rapidly that its increasing appetite soon demanded more food than the whole village could provide. It then went forth to seek its own sustenance.

Sporting in the lake, or ranging the forest, it began to exhibit a degree of power beyond human control, and a propensity to mischief inconsistent with the safety of the people. The latter also became alarmed at the destruction of game, and were induced to seek means to put out of the way a creature which promised to be so troublesome and dangerous in the future. At early dawn on the day appointed for the attack, they descried the monster encircling the hill, its enormous jaws opening as if in defiance, in front of the gateway or passage of their intrenchments.

Undaunted by this formidable foe, they made arrangements for a vigorous sally, previous to which, however, some had attempted to escape by climbing the scaly sides of the monster, but had been thwarted, and thrown back from his wreathing folds. Urged on by hunger, and impatient of restraint, the whole tribe made a vigorous onset, rushing with desperation into his very jaws.

None returned that day to their homes; all fell a sacrifice to the monster, save only one woman and her two little children, who effected their escape. Gorged with his feast, the huge reptile rested for a day and night undisturbed. In terror the woman and her little ones found shelter in the forest. When overcome with sleep a vision warned her to provide arrows of a peculiar form for herself and children; and at the same time she was instructed how to use them.

Carefully complying with the injunction thus received, she sought the monster, which held his watch around the hill. The charmed arrows sped with unerring aim and penetrated beneath the shining scales, reaching the reptile's heart. In agony the creature lashed the steep hill-side, breaking down the forest, and plowing deep furrows in the earth. Rolling down the hill-side, it plunged into the lake, and, wild with distress, disgorged its human victims upon the shore with convulsive throes, and, at length exhausted by pain, sank gradually to the bottom of the lake.

On the shores of the Canandaigua, pebbles of the size and shape of a human skull are numerous at this day, which the Indians affirm are the petrified skulls of the "people of the hill" disgorged by the wounded monster. The woman and her children removed to the banks of the Sen-



FALL CREEK, ITHACA.

eca Lake, and from them originated, according to the tradition, the powerful nation of the Senecas.

We might pursue this interesting topic further, but enough has been given to attract the attention of the reader to the traditional lore of the Iroquois. It is remarkable in how many respects their religious belief corresponds with that of the uncivilized nations of the Old World.

The Senecas, to whom I have just alluded, became in time the most powerful tribe of the Iroquois. In 1770 they were able to bring one thousand warriors into the field, about twice as many as the Cayugas and Onondagas together.

Exceedingly interesting were many of the adventures of the early settlers in Central New York. Here is one related by Mr. Weyburn, which occurred near Taghanic Falls.

As he was returning, one Sunday evening in October, from feeding his horse, on the north side of the ravine, his dog started up a bear and her two cubs. The settler started for a gun, and during his absence the cubs took to a tree, and their mother took a position on the brink of the gulf, with her back against a tree, so as the better to protect herself from the attacks of the dog. On arriving at the spot he

fired and broke one of the animal's fore legs, whereupon she retreated into the gulf, and was seen no more that night. In the meantime his wife and two sons, who had followed in pursuit, came to the tree up which the cubs had climbed. The latter, frightened at the report of the gun and the sound of human voices, began to cry in the most plaintive and affecting tones, strongly resembling indeed those of the human voice. The father shot the cubs, when they all returned home. The next morning, thinking that he had killed or severely wounded the bear, he proceeded in quest of her with no better weapon than a pitchfork, for he had expended his last charge of powder the previous evening. He was accompanied by his two sons, one of whom carried along a hatchet. Thus accoutered, and followed by the dog, they arrived near the great fall, when the old man, apprised of the nearness of the enemy by the barking of the dog, ran forward and left the boys in the rear. He intercepted the bear as she was attempting to climb the almost perpendicular wall of the basin, and commenced the attack by giving her three thrusts with the fork. The animal then turned upon him, when he met her with another thrust, which put out one of her eyes and severely tore her tongue

She then rushed furiously upon him. His feet gave way, and as he fell she caught him by the clothes near his breast. At this juncture he was enabled to seize and throw her below himself, which was repeated two or three times in their descent to the bottom of the ravine, though not without several severe bites from the animal upon his legs and arms. At the bottom, in the creek, lay a stone whose front was not unlike the front of a common cooking stove, the water reaching to the top, while four or five feet distant stood a sharp rock. Into this notch it was Mr. Weyburn's good fortune to throw his antagonist, with her feet toward the rock in the stream. In this situation he succeeded in holding the animal, his back to hers, and braced between the rocks, until the son came to his assistance, who struck her a violent blow upon the back with his hatchet. At that moment the father sprung from her and seized the fork. The bear turned toward them with a furious growl and shaking of the head, and when thrust back, recovered and renewed the attack again and again until her strength entirely failed, and she was dispatched by the victors. The blood ran in streams from Mr. Weyburn's wounds.

The surviving pioneers of Central New York relate many curious adventures with these surly denizens of the forest. It was

believed that they were attracted by music, and on more than one occasion, when the young people were assembled to sing in the log school-houses, under the instruction of some strolling Yankee teacher of psalmody, Bruin drew nigh as if to enjoy the harmony. The Sunday meetings were often broken up to give chase to the un-gainly animal, drawn from his forest retreat by love of music, hunger, or an unwarrantable spirit of adventure. A large tract of land in the southeast part of Cayuga County has, from its early settlement, borne the name of Bear Swamp. Although so sickly that the whole district has been kept in a perpetual earthquake by the shaking of its ague-stricken inhabitants, Bear Swamp has had the honor of giving birth to a President of the United States. Mr. Fillmore is a native of Cayuga County. All honor to the sturdy, high-hearted man who, born in a Bear Swamp cabin, became, by his unassisted energy and good fortune, the chief of the republic.

The woods were filled with the choicest game, and it must have been a splendid sight to see the deer bounding away before the hunter, and the flocks of wild fowl laving in the crystal water of the lakes. The Iroquois could not have selected a more beautiful region for their homes and hunting-grounds. For the same reason the lake country was most tempting to the



RAPIDS OF SENECA RIVER.



PARKE HOTEL, CLIFTON.

early pioneer, but it required an immense expenditure of labor to fell the stately forests and bring the soil under cultivation. I have heard many stories concerning the industry and enterprise of the early settlers, of which the following will serve as a sample.

In the year 1798 the "Big Field," near Levanna, on the Cayuga, containing four hundred and thirty acres of heavily timbered land, was cleared by its proprietor and sown with wheat. This for the time was an extraordinary effort. The crop was estimated at fifteen thousand bushels, but in the absence of the owner, Mr. Richardson, the greater part of it was sold by his creditors, at sheriff's sale, at six cents per bushel, when the current price was one dollar. The affair had been secretly managed, and resulted disastrously for the enterprising settler.

So rapidly did the country fill with emigrants, that in twelve years after the arrival of Mr. Franklin scarcely an Indian was to be seen in the old and favorite haunts of the Iroquois. One can hardly believe that the red men of the forest celebrated their war dances, their corn feasts, and council gatherings there less than seventy years ago.

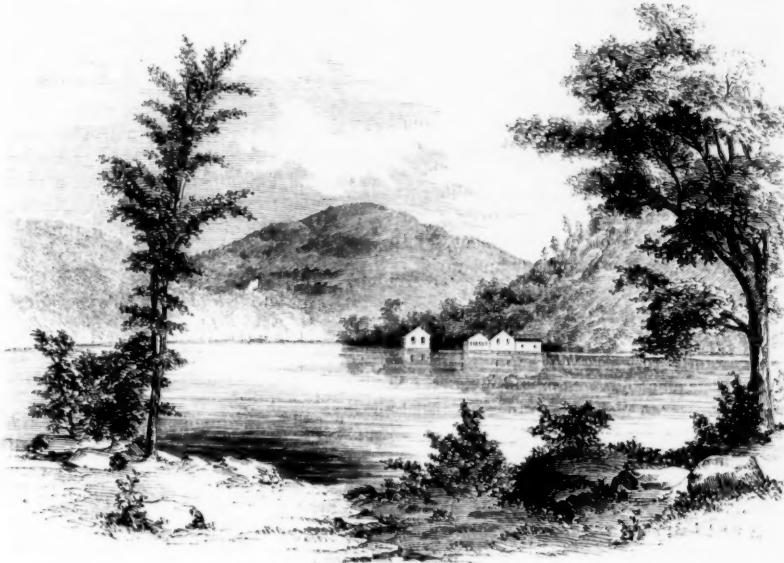
Half way between Geneva and Canandaigua by the rail is Clifton, one of the most charming watering places in our country, and thronged in summer by persons in quest of health and pleasure. The curative properties of the sulphur spring of Clifton were well known to the Indians.

On this spot, the most delightful in a region remarkable for pleasant scenery, the Senecas were accustomed to encamp and recruit their strength after distant expeditions, and in this way they came to esteem its healing waters quite as highly as ourselves. The early settlers also occasionally resorted to Clifton in pursuit of health, but the spring acquired no great celebrity until Mr. Parke, the present proprietor, erected a commodious hotel and beautified the grounds. It is now one of the most popular summer resorts in New York. The water, so strongly impregnated with sulphur that its odor can be perceived a long distance, gushes forth from the earth in a copious stream. Its principal bases are the sulphates of soda and magnesia, with strong admixtures of the carbonates and chlorides of the same metals. Like all sulphur waters, those of Clifton are especially beneficial in rheu-

matic complaints and cutaneous affections.

It was in the village of Palmyra, Wayne County, that Joseph Smith developed the system of Mormonism. He was born in Vermont, and removed to Western New York about the year 1820, with his parents, who were in humble circumstances. In Palmyra he bore the reputation of a lazy and vulgar young man. People who were acquainted with both the father and the son aver that they were addicted to disreputable habits. They were of doubtful moral character, and appear to have been firm believers in witchcraft. According

to the account given by Mr. Barber, in his historical collections, they at one time procured a mineral rod and dug in various places for money. Smith testified that when digging he had seen the pot or chest containing the treasure, but never was so fortunate as to get it into his hands. He placed a singular looking stone in his hat, and by the light of it pretended to make some wonderful discoveries of gold and silver treasures deposited in the earth. He began his career by founding the new sect when about the age of nineteen, and appointed a number of meetings in Palmyra for the purpose of declaring the divine



HEAD OF CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

revelations which he affirmed had been made to himself. He could, however, produce no excitement in the village. On applying to Mr. Crane, an honest Quaker, for means to print the revelations, he was told to go to work, or his career would terminate in the state prison. Young Smith, however, had better success with a Mr. Harris, a wealthy farmer of Palmyra, who became his disciple, and furnished \$3,000 for printing a large edition of the Mormon Bible.

According to Smith's story, the golden plates, from which the book of Mormon was transcribed, were discovered by him in a hill-side about three miles south of

Palmyra. It is stated by persons in Palmyra, that when he exhibited these plates to his followers they were done up in a kind of canvas bag. Smith made the declaration, that if any person should venture to uncover them the Almighty would strike him dead. He pretended that no one but himself could read what was engraved upon them; and that he was enabled to do so by looking through a peculiar kind of spectacles found buried with the plates.

The last page of the book of Mormon contains the testimony of eight witnesses, and is so remarkable that I give place to its insertion.

"Be it known unto all nations, kindred, tongues, and people, unto whom this book shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jun., the author and proprietor of this work, hath shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many leaves as the said Smith has translated we did handle with our hands, and we also saw the engravings thereof, all of which had the appearance of ancient work and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and *hefted*, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world that which we have seen, and we lie not, God bearing witness of it."

The truth of the matter is, that the book of Mormon was written as a religious romance in the old English phraseology, by an invalided clergyman of Cherry Valley. Joseph Smith, by some fortunate means, obtained possession of the same, and put it forth to the world as the Mormon Bible, purporting to be an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, which are a remnant of the house of Israel, written to the Samanites, and also to Jew and Gentile, by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and revelation.

Smith soon made a few converts in Palmyra, and then moved west, the more successfully to carry on his imposition. His subsequent career and the history of his sect are too well known to be enlarged upon in this connection. It is not improbable that the historian of future times will designate the founder of the sect of Mormon as the most remarkable man in the first half of the nineteenth century.

THE ROCK-CITY AND ITS EXPLORERS.

LESS than fifty years ago the ruined rock-city, whose extraordinary remains it is our purpose to describe and illustrate in the present article, was utterly unknown to European nations. The foot of no civilized traveler had strayed, even by accident, into its deserted streets, and only the faintest echoes of its secret marvels had reached the ears of the pilgrim as he passed beneath the shadow of Mount Hor. Tales of strange import had certainly been current among the wild Bedouin tribes infesting the surrounding region; but they were invariably received with incredulity by the few Franks who, under their guidance, trod the inhospitable

pathways of Arabia Petreæ. It was in the autumn of the year memorable for the disastrous retreat of Napoleon from Moscow that Petra first disclosed the well-guarded vestiges of its ancient magnificence to the eye of a modern European. How this discovery took place is worthy of narration.

Early on a morning toward the close of August, 1812, before the sun had begun to glare fiercely upon the wilderness once traversed by the liberated Hebrews, two men, attired as Arabs, might have been seen quitting Eldjy, a small village picturesquely situated near the entrance of Wady Mûsa, or the Valley of Moses. One of them, who was evidently acting as guide to the other, carried on his back a goat, while his companion, who was addressed as Sheikh Ibrahim, bore with him a skin of water. Any one in a position to overhear their conversation would have gathered the fact that the strange sheikh was bound for Mount Hor, under a professed vow to sacrifice the goat to Aaron, a superstitious rite with which the Bedouins seek to propitiate the favor of the first high priest of Israel, for whom they entertain an extraordinary veneration. Presently they reach and enter the ravine represented in our engraving, along which they with difficulty make their way for nearly two miles.

At length the precipitous sides of the valley gradually widen and expand, until the intruders upon these profound solitudes find themselves in the midst of an extensive area, shut in on all sides by an amphitheater of hills, and dotted over in every direction with ruins, the skeleton remains of an extinct city of the past. The faces of the rocks, too, were observed to be everywhere excavated into caverns, tombs, and temples, some of them displaying, even after long centuries of decay, the most classic taste and the most gorgeous architectural magnificence. The eye of the sheikh was eagerly, yet furtively turned on all these spectacles of departed grandeur; he even occasionally, though with timid, hesitating step, ventured within some of the mighty rock-hewn temples and palaces that overlooked his path. It was clear, however, that he was acting under some restraint; his impulses and his dread of danger were manifestly in a state of distressing conflict. The distrustful and anxious glances which

he ever and anon cast upon his companion, who seemed to be totally uninterested by all he saw, proved that he was in some way connected with these secret misgivings.

At length, on the sheikh turning aside to examine more narrowly one of the principal monuments, the suspicious guide exclaims: "I see now clearly that you are an infidel, who have particular business among the ruins of your forefathers; but, depend upon it, that we shall not suffer you to take a single para of all the treasures hidden therein, for they are in our territory, and belong to us."

Alarmed by this threat, Sheikh Ibrahim seeks to allay the suspicions of his guide, and earnestly protests that it is curiosity alone which prompts him to look at the ancient wonders around him, and that he has no other object in view in visiting Wady Müsa than to sacrifice to Aaron. After this explanation, they proceed onward until the decline of the sun warns them that the day is rapidly departing. Mount Hor is still at considerable distance, and it being clearly impossible to reach the tomb before nightfall, it is resolved to pause on a platform of the mountain, known as "Aaron's Terrace," and there immolate the victim. Here, then, in sight of the tomb, the goat is killed. As the blood begins to flow, the guide, in a fit of pious fervor, exclaims in a loud voice, "O Haroun, look upon us! it is for you we slaughter this victim. O Haroun, protect us and forgive us! O Haroun, be content with our good intentions, for it is but a lean goat! O Haroun, smooth our paths; and praise be to the Lord of all creatures." The sacrifice



PETRA; OR, THE ROCK CITY.

accomplished, the pair hastily return by the way they came, their retreat being accelerated by the dread of robbers, who prowl about in the recesses and labyrinths of the rocks.

The Sheikh Ibrahim of this romantic and hazardous adventure was none other than the celebrated Burckhardt, a man whom we may designate the pioneer of Eastern travel. To facilitate his researches in regions which fifty years ago were almost inaccessible to Europeans, he adopted the costume and simulated the character of an Arab from Damascus.

Stimulated by the reports of the extraordinary monuments of Wady Müsa, which reached his ears on approaching the Arabian peninsula, he felt anxious to explore that realm of old-world marvels, and judge how far its fame was indebted to an Oriental habit of exaggeration.

Accordingly, he pretended to have made a vow to slaughter a goat in honor of Aaron, whose tomb could only be reached by passing through the ancient city. In resorting to this censurable deception he calculated upon the superstitious reverence of his guide for the saint; nor was he mistaken, for the Arab at once acquiesced in the proposal, and accompanied him on his errand as we have seen. The only reward which the poor traveler was able to offer to the guide for his fatiguing journey was a pair of old horse shoes.

Taking into account the circumstances of restraint and terror under which Burckhardt made his hasty observations, his notices of the remains of Petra are surprisingly accurate. The publication of his description at once produced an excitement throughout Europe, almost equal to the sensation more recently created by the resurrection of Nineveh.

In 1828 Count Laborde, accompanied by M. Linant, passed the rocky barriers, but not without encountering much hostility. The success in this instance arose, in a great measure, from the popularity of the latter gentleman with the Arabs, who had become acquainted with him through his long residence in Egypt, and who on this occasion treated them with great liberality. Nor was this visit barren of results; for it is to the wonderful industry of Laborde, during the short time spent amid the fallen monuments of Petra, that the public are indebted for the first pictorial representations of the wonders of the place.

Eight years after this visit, Stephens, the American traveler, when on his way from Egypt to Palestine, turned aside to see this great sight, and contrived to penetrate to the city without encountering any opposition from the natives; indeed, he and his party fortunately saw only one Arab during the day and night which they spent there.

Almost close upon the footsteps of Stephens, at the close of May, 1838, came Dr. Robinson and his companions, with five camels, hired at Hebron. During the night succeeding their arrival they were beset by a troop of ragged, wild-looking Arabs, headed by "The Father of Olives," the identical old sheikh who, twenty years before, had so obstinately resisted the progress of Irby and Mangles. They had come to exact the fee imposed

on all travelers visiting their territories. This Dr. Robinson refused to pay, on the plea that Mohammed Ali had abolished all such extortions.

Then ensued fierce gesticulations, brandishing of swords, firing of muskets, and other measures of intimidation. All attempts at a compromise failed, the greedy old chief being bent on enforcing his exorbitant demands. To avoid bloodshed Dr. Robinson retreated by the way he entered, after a very partial examination of the wonders of the scene.

Bertou, who had been to Petra only a few weeks earlier, had not escaped so easily from the clutches of the stubborn old savage, he having been stripped of all he had, including powder, tobacco, soap, etc.

The next year, 1839, saw Mr. Roberts wandering amid these hoary relics of the past, and sketching those incomparable views, which will ever associate his name with the moldering capital of Edom. He got off by paying three hundred piasters, instead of one thousand.

A year later, and these solemn solitudes were again invaded by a large company of sixteen individuals, consisting of Englishmen, Americans, and Germans, with their attendants, and some fifty camels. Among this imposing caravan was Dr. Olin, whose description of the visit, in his volume of "Travels," is remarkably graphic and accurate. The tax paid to the Arabs by this party for permission to examine the ruins was commuted to seventy-five piasters each, or twelve hundred in all.

Next to the gratification of actually visiting any site of great interest, is the pleasure experienced in perusing the descriptions of such a visit by others. There are few persons possessed of a spirit of adventure and a love of travel, whose hearts would not leap at the prospect of a tour to Petra, and who would not cheerfully brave all the fatigues and risks of such an undertaking for the sake of the wondrous sights which it would enable them to contemplate, and the glorious memories which it would help them to treasure up. As such a pilgrimage, however, is too costly, both as regards time and money, to be within the reach of more than a few individuals of ample means and leisure, those who are compelled to stay at home may well be grateful for any account of the place, sufficiently graphic to enable them to realize

its wonders. This secondary pleasure we purpose to afford our readers, if they will for a brief period bear us company. For the illustration of the more prominent features and monuments of Petra, we shall be indebted, more or less, to the works of those explorers whose adventurous visits we have just reviewed. If our imaginary expedition lack the romantic accessories of excitement, and surprises, and blood-stirring disputes with the sordid natives, it will at least possess the recommendation of being quite free from danger, and will cost us less than a single piaster per head.

For many years after the discovery of the rock-girt metropolis of Idumea, it was believed that there was only one avenue by which access could be obtained to the central area. This impression was fostered by the Arab guides who accompanied the earlier travelers. The idea was confirmed, too, by the testimony of Diodorus. The different directions, however, from which subsequent visitors have entered the heart of the amphitheater, disprove the accuracy of the statement. For instance, Dr. Olin seems to have made his way into Petra over or through the southern hills, which are here not so lofty or abrupt as to be impassable. Miss Martineau, we may infer from her narrative, entered by the same difficult passage. This intrepid lady says: "Finding that we were not to arrive by the entrance which Laborde declared to be the only one, (the Sîk,) I determined not to dismount, in order to ascertain whether there really was more than one entrance practicable for beasts of burden. I entered Petra first, after the guide, and can testify to the practicable character of this entrance, as I did not alight until we reached the platform above the water-course." Bartlett, also, coming from Mount Hor, evidently penetrated by the same narrow, rugged pass.

Besides this southern portal, there is another means of ingress from the north, traversed by Dr. Olin, on his return to the area of the city, after exploring the Sîk and the wild rocky region beyond its mouth in an easterly direction. "In returning to Petra," he remarks, "our guide led us through another deep and wild ravine, which enters the northern extremity of the town. The way is narrow and precipitous, and practicable only for foot passengers. The mountains north of us resemble a cyclopean city of domes, and the rock is of

gray sandstone, which gives them a hoary and venerable aspect. In some parts of this route, immense masses of rock, which have fallen from the higher regions of the mountains, stand reclining against each other on the sides of the ravine, forming covered ways, under which we passed. With the exception of a few inconsiderable excavations, or niches, in the face of the mountain, we discovered no marks of art or industry, besides an aqueduct, extending the whole length of this wild valley."

But it is by neither of these avenues that we propose to enter the city. The grandest approach by far is from the east, known as the Sîk. Transporting ourselves thither in imagination, without the intervention of Arab guides, let us commence the exploration of this fearful pass, making an industrious use of our eyes as we pass along. About two miles distant, in an easterly direction, from the site of the old city, then, we find ourselves at the entrance of a narrow valley, shut in by sandstone cliffs, of no great height at first. This is one of the extensively ramified suburbs of Petra, and it gives us a foretaste of the antiquarian riches of the place. The tombs at once arrest our attention. See here, on our right hand, is an excavation, with a court in front, flanked by small galleries, resting on Doric columns. There is quite an Egyptian air about it, too; for on either side of the entrance into this court is a huge statue of a couchant sphinx or lion: they are too defaced to enable us to determine which. But we must not linger here.

Passing the façades of several sepulchers, which anywhere else would be objects of great curiosity, we pause before three tombs, very similar to the monuments named after Absalom and Zechariah, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. They consist of isolated masses of rock, which have been detached from the adjacent cliffs, having their sides chiseled into pilasters, pediments, and other decorations. There are excavations in the interior to contain the sarcophagi. Still advancing, we come to other remarkable repositories of the dead—one with a front of six Ionic columns, flanked by chambers—and another, high above it in the face of the cliff, bearing as an ornament four sculptured pyramids, still clinging to the living rock out of which they were hewn.

And now, after passing a while along this once populous street of tombs, we reach a spot where the valley, which has been gradually contracting its width, suddenly expands into a soft green area, adorned here and there with grass and shrubs. Emerging into this snug bosom of the rocks, we can at first discern no outlet except the one by which we have approached. Following the brook, which has hitherto been our wayside companion, however, we perceive at length, in the opposite wall of rock, a narrow cleft, through which the gurgling waters disappear. Here, then, shrouded by a little thicket of wild figs and oleanders, is the opening of the terrific chasm which anciently formed the only avenue to the city on this side.

A kind of awe settles upon the spirit as we enter the strange portal, which seems to shut us out from the living world. A dim, rock-strewn, almost subterranean road is before us; a veritable "valley of the shadow of death." A few paces only beyond the entrance of the Sik, a noble but decaying arch springs from one precipice to the other, and excites the astonishment of the beholder. The sides, as may be seen in our engraving, are enriched with niches and pilasters. Whether it were reared to commemorate some great exploit, or merely as an ornament over the gateway of this marvelous city, it is impossible to say. It is too narrow to have been a bridge, and too steep to have been an aqueduct. Its effect is highly picturesque and imposing. It has generally been deemed inaccessible; but Dr. Olin discovered some ancient steps cut in the rock, and masked by a thicket of shrubs and bushes, by which he was enabled to reach the summit, and examine the construction of the arch. In this elevated region, the same traveler observed traces of gardens, with remains of the gutters by which they were once irrigated.

No very keen eye is required to perceive that this passage, though now encumbered with thickets of oleander and fig, and fragments of rock, was once kept open with scrupulous care in the prosperous days of Petra. The waters of the brook, which now wander at their own will through the whole course of the ravine, were once conveyed along a channel elaborately hollowed in the rock. Vestiges of this ancient conduit still exist, as

also of aqueducts and pipes, by which the water was alike collected and distributed. During heavy rains, when a desolating torrent would have swept along this gorge, provision was probably made to carry the surplus waters away in different directions; indeed, the explorations of travelers have clearly shown this to have been the case. The bottom of the pass was anciently paved with large square stones, in which, in places, ruts have been worn by Idumean chariot-wheels, in their passage to and from the capital.

Ah! how instinctively the imagination rushes backward toward those long-vanished centuries, when up this pass came long trains of camels, laden with the silks, muslins, spices, and ivory of India, the gold of Ophir, the pearls of Arabia, amber and apes from Abyssinia, and the other luxuries of the rich East. Through this avenue tramped the servants of King Solomon, on their way to and from Eziongeber, his commercial port on the Red Sea. Nearly all the traffic of those old times passed through Petra, which was an immense dépôt and exchange for the merchandise of the East and of the West.

But see! what is that vision of architectural beauty which breaks upon us, from between the gray, perpendicular walls of the chasm, along which we must have proceeded now for more than a mile? Surely, it must be the celebrated Khusne, or Treasury of Pharaoh, in whose praise all travelers are so eloquent. At first only glimpses of the façade and pediments, and statues are seen, every turn in the road disclosing some new feature, until, on reaching the abrupt termination of the ravine, the entire front of the exquisite edifice bursts upon the view. It stands on a slightly elevated area fronting the principal approach to Petra, thus blocking up the way in that direction by what has been felicitously called a "barrier of enchantment." The position of the structure is wonderfully fine, and the chisellings are surprisingly fresh and beautiful. The architects of Petra, as Mr. Bartlett has remarked, must have had an excellent eye for the picturesque; and with consummate skill have they here availed themselves of the level face of a vast cliff, to dazzle the stranger, as he emerged from the long shady chasm opposite, with the most beautiful of their rock-hewn monuments. Most fortunate, too, were they in

the material upon which they had to work, for the exquisite rosy tint of the stone, contrasting with the gloomy masses around, adds to the beauty of the architecture.

Nor are we extravagant and singular in our admiration. The sober-minded Dr. Robinson, fresh from Rome, Greece, and Egypt, was moved to unwonted enthusiasm in recording his impressions of the spectacle; and Stephens writes of this "thing of beauty" as being to him "a joy forever."

Having surveyed the richly embellished exterior, let us enter. Ascending several broad steps, we cross the colonnade and gain access to a large chamber, of some fifty-four feet square and twenty-five feet high. In striking contrast with the outward decorations, the interior is quite plain. On each of the three sides is a small chamber, apparently for the reception of the dead. Behind this is an inner apartment, on the back wall of which, as our eyes become inured in the dim light, we trace the names of numerous travelers, who have left this memorial of their visit.

But we must linger here no longer. Other sights await us. The ravine, which seems as if it had just opened to afford a suitable situation for this beautiful monument, now closes again for a while, and the cliffs become less lofty. Our way now turns to the right, which we pursue, following the course of the stream. Sepulchers in abundance, some of them decorated with pilasters, and half covered with wild vegetation, look down upon us from the rocks on either hand.

At length the defile widens, and presently a strange wonder greets our eyes. Why here, as we make a sudden bend to the left, we actually come upon a THEATER, hewn out of the bosom of the mountain. This gathering-place of Idumean pleasure lovers is in good preservation, nearly all the rock-seats being almost entire. It has thirty-three rows of seats, ranged in a semicircular form, open to the valley, and could easily accommodate five thousand persons at a time. There are remains visible of a row of columns which formerly extended along the front, opposite the street. High in the overhanging rock, immediately behind the theater, are several excavations, which some have conjectured were galleries where persons of distinction sat to listen to the performances. They were, however, ill adapted

to such a purpose, and were, far more probably, tombs made before the theater was constructed. This vast area was open to the heavens, like the theaters of Greece and Rome, and the audience looked full upon the sepulchers which confronted them on the opposite cliffs. It was a strange taste which chose these gloomy environs as the arena of amusement and merriment.

The precipices at the back of the theater are hollowed in innumerable chambers, access to most of which may be obtained by flights of steps leading from the upper benches. Anxious to secure a good bird's-eye view of the city, into whose bosom we are now penetrating, we ascend one of the rugged flights of stairs leading to a lofty crag. The climb is toilsome and dangerous; but at length we have reached the summit; and, O! how magnificent the sight that bursts upon our gaze! From this spot the accompanying plan of the city is taken.

Look abroad. Far below on the right hand flows the stream, which, winding round the rocky point, crosses the open area in front, and then disappears in a cleft among the piles of rock on the opposite side. The principal buildings of the city stood along the banks of this brook, and the chief surviving edifices may be seen on the left hand, near its point of disappearance. Heaps of ruins, scattered to the north and south, show that the edifices of the primitive city covered these spots. But see the immense masses of rock which rise, like frowning fortresses, on the right of the picture, the lower parts of which are perforated with sepulchers. The left hand range is pierced by different ravines, and is also dotted with innumerable tombs—a region of death, looking down upon what was once a vast and crowded hive of noisy life far below. So that on all sides, if we are right in supposing that all these excavations were originally sepulchers, the inhabitants of this unparalleled city beheld the habitations of their dead engirdling them round.

But it is time to descend from our eyrie, that we may examine more minutely a few of those multitudinous excavations, whose imposing facades arrest and rivet attention. The task is done, and we find ourselves again within the embrace of the theater. Crossing the brook, by the aid of some fragments of ruin, we make for the great



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PETRA FROM THE BACK OF THE THEATER.

range of temples and tombs which appears on the right hand side of our sketch. On our way we pause a while to explore some of the excavations that thicken around our path as we advance. Animated discussions have often taken place among travelers as to whether these rock chambers were originally designed as tombs for the dead or dwellings for the living. In most cases, it is very difficult to determine the point, since very few instances are on record of the discovery of any human remains. Some of these caverns, however, were clearly sepulchers, since pits are still visible in which the dead had been laid; while others were as certainly dwellings.

Pursuing our onward course, along the eastern range, the next object of special interest is a structure which, like the Khûsne, is crowned with an urn, (marked 1 in the plan,) battered and mutilated by the bullets of the natives. As a specimen of architecture, it is very singular and unique. Its base springs from an artificial platform about one hundred feet above the level of the valley. Amid the masses of ruins which have accumulated here, we can discern five stupendous arches of solid masonry; and behind them are several chambers cut out of the mountain. Above this rises the great temple or tomb. Having clambered to the top of these

heaps of ruins, we step from them upon a broad platform, which is flanked by two galleries, twelve feet deep, supported by columns, and which run back to the front of the main apartment. The front of the edifice is adorned with four magnificent pilasters. There is a window over the ample doorway, and others between the columns. Let us enter. The interior, we at once perceive, though without embellishment, is in an excellent state of preservation, and still bears the marks of the chisel in every part. It has six recesses in the wall; and another large chamber adjoining it, into which we return to peep, has eighteen grave-like depressions sunk in the floor. But that for which this tomb is so justly celebrated is the splendid tinting of the rocks of which it is formed. The ceiling of the main hall is magnificent beyond description. In its northern half a brilliant deep red is the predominant hue, intermingled, however, with deep blue, azure, white, and purple.

The blue is usually the pale azure of the clear sky or of the ocean, but sometimes has the deep and peculiar shade of the clouds in summer when agitated by a tempest. It is more easy to imagine than describe the effect of tall, graceful columns exhibiting these exquisite colors in their succession of regular horizontal strata.

They are displayed to still greater advantage in the walls and ceilings of some of the excavations where there is a slight dip in the strata. This gives, in the perpendicular sides of an excavation, greater breadth and freedom to the exhibition of colors, while in the ceiling of a chamber the harmonious blending of the tints is indescribably beautiful.

We now approach what is known as the **CORINTHIAN TOMB**, of which we give a representation. Its magnificent façade rises to a great height, and forms two stories, richly adorned with columns, entablature, and pediment. The upper story is composed of three beautiful porches or miniature temples. The porches are separated by recesses or deep niches, which were probably occupied by statuary.

Adjoining this tomb is another immense façade. Springing from a broad platform of rock the front rises to a height of eighty or ninety feet. It is ornamented with a number of massive columns, between which there are four entrances. The peculiar character of the architectural ornaments will be seen to the left in the accompanying sketch.

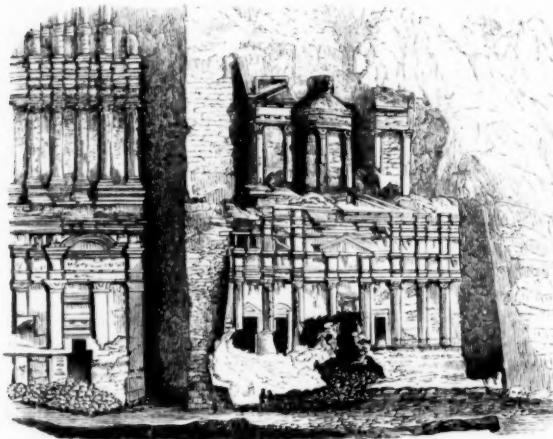
The two façades to which our attention has just been directed are among the finest in Petra. Their position, too, is favorable, commanding as they do the entire area of the city, so that they must have been visible from the chief thoroughfares and resorts of the citizens. The cliff out of which they are formed, and which towers high above them, is itself a magnificent object, and, indeed, it appears, at the first glance of the eye along its ample bosom, to be an immense and gorgeously decorated palace.

A glance at the plan will show our position. (See figure 2.) The face of the eastern cliffs continues to exhibit excavations as far as the eye can distinguish. Looking northward, the broken surface of the ground rises until it terminates in considerable elevations at a distance of about half a mile. Numerous dark fissures cleave this mountain range, many of which, according to the testimony of travelers, are crowded with the caverns of the dead. As time would fail us for the exploration of these wild defiles, which resemble in their general features the ravine we have already traversed, we give up the attempt, and turn off on the left hand toward the center of the old city.

The area outspread before us is undulating and very uneven, and not unlike the interior of some old quarry. From the top of some of the mounds over which we are climbing, we can detect a stream coming down from the northern ravines to join the ancient river that crosses the area of Petra. We reach it at a point where it was anciently spanned by a bridge, the ruins of which are still traceable.

Proceeding along the bank of the stream, we gain an idea of the early populousness of the city from the multitudinous fragments that everywhere encumber the spot. In places, large heaps of remains show where some palace or temple has moldered away. At the junction of the two streams are the ruins of another immense bridge, by the aid of which we contrive to transport ourselves to the left side of the river. Here we find ourselves on the site of all the principal public edifices of Petra; and grand and stately must they have looked in the palmy days of Idumea's prosperity and commercial glory.

Climbing up the terraced side of the stream, we reach a spacious platform, which will be seen indicated in the plan. (Figure 3.) This is, perhaps, the largest level space that will be found in the city. It is sheltered on two sides by rocks, about twenty feet in height, the faces of which have been smoothed by art. The eastern side is formed by a massive wall, in good preservation. The remaining side was once inclosed, also, by some barrier, of which a mound of rubbish and a part of the foundation stones still mark the direction and extent. This great platform was certainly a place of public resort; probably the Forum of Petra. The spacious bridge by which we have just crossed gave access from the northern side of the river, and two decayed staircases still exist by which the multitude ascended to this theater of business or pleasure. Several pedestals and an immense prostrate column still mark the unquestionable position of a colonnade—the magnificent entrance to the Forum, fronting the north, and standing immediately above the bridge, from which it separated by a broad paved thoroughfare, that extended from the eastern entrance by the Sîk through the most central and splendid portion of the city. It was on this platform that Dr. Olin and his large party encamped during their sojourn in this city of the dead.



THE CORINTHIAN TOMB.

But we must not linger even here, attractive as the spot is both to the antiquarian and the student of history. The banks of the stream, and especially the southern one, teem with memorials of past grandeur. A little to the west of what is supposed to be the Forum, we come upon some extensive ruins, which probably belonged to a temple, or to a place devoted to public business or amusement. They will be found marked (4) in the plan. The ground is covered with fragments of columns not less than five feet in diameter. Twelve of these, whose pedestals still remain in their places, once adorned either side of this stately edifice. Other massive pillars, also now prostrate on the ground, stood in the front and rear of the building. The site is bounded on the south by a nearly semicircular bulwark of rock, excavated by art.

But see! what have we here? Excepting the solitary pillar, just noticed, keeping watch through the ages over the scene of its pristine glory, all the architectural marvels we have been contemplating have been carved out of the living rocks—not reared. It would seem as if the hurricane of Divine wrath had swept through the doomed city, and hurled down all its edifices in one indiscriminate ruin. But here, at least, we have an exception to the nearly universal prostration. In front of us there springs part of an arch, commonly known among travelers as the Triumphal Arch. (Figure 5.) It is constructed in a late and florid style of architecture.

Under it are three passages; and a number of pedestals of columns, as well as other fragments, suggest the idea that a very magnificent colonnade was connected with it.

Passing under the arch, and along the paved platform which extends beyond, we are speedily brought to an immense structure of mason-work, to which this colonnade was, no doubt, intended as an approach. This dilapidated edifice is be-

lieved to have been a palace, and among the Arabs is called Kusr Pharooh, or Pharaoh's Castle. (Figure 6.) The walls are nearly entire, and, on the eastern side, are still surmounted by a handsome cornice. The front, which looks toward the north, was beautified with a row of columns, four of which are still standing. An open piazza extended the whole length of the building. In the rear of this piazza are three apartments, the principal of which is under a noble arch, about forty feet in height. Joists of wood may, in different parts, be seen, let in between the courses of stone, which were no doubt intended to receive the fastenings for ornaments of wood or stucco. The distribution of the interior into chambers and stories seems to show conclusively that it was not a temple, but rather a public edifice of a different character, or a private palace.

One other task remains, and then our pleasant expedition will be ended. Far away from hence, in a northwestern direction, and situated among the topmost crags of yonder mountains, like the eyrie of the eagle, is a rock-hewn temple, called El Deir, (the convent) which we must visit ere we depart from these scenes. The approach to this acropolis of the city is singularly difficult, wild, and romantic.

At one moment we are hidden among precipices, darkened with large yew-trees; then, through openings in the cliffs, we obtain peeps of the area of the city below, with its girdle of tombs. The way becomes more and more difficult as we ad-

vance ; passing along the edge of yawning chasms, the depths of which cannot be seen from above, while the intricate wilderness of rocky peaks, rising in all directions, affords a sublime spectacle.

“ There it is ! ” is the exclamation that joyfully escapes our lips, as we suddenly emerge upon beautiful green area of two acres or more, at the back of which stands the edifice of which we are in quest. El Deir, however, is more remarkable for its startling position than for its architectural beauties. It is a gigantic monument, excavated from the face of a towering cliff, and producing, from its vastness and the wildness of its situation, an impression almost of awe ; but it is very defective in style, for it is ponderous without grandeur, and elaborate without elegance. The interior resembles in its plainness the monuments already examined, consisting merely of one large chamber, with a recess or chapel at the extremity, reached by four steps. Here, where crowds of Edomites probably once congregated to join in their religious rites, the flocks of the Bedouin are now sheltered, for the temple has been degraded into a sheepfold.

Gazing abroad upon the desolations of the fallen city, we cannot fail to discern the inscriptions of Divine retribution alike upon tomb, and temple, and palace. Nothing can exceed the desolation of its present condition, although the signs of its former wealth and power are so durable as to have remained many centuries after it was deserted, and they look as if as many more may pass over them without working any visible change. The fulfillment of the prophecies has been most wonderful ; for although it was beyond the foresight of man to imagine that so opulent and powerful a city should be deserted and desolate, yet all human works and habitations are subject to a like fate ; but the memorable words, “ I will make thee small among the heathen,” have been actually accomplished to such a degree that the very site of

Petra itself was for many centuries unknown.

That a great city should be thus swept from the memory of man, and blotted out for a long season from the knowledge of the world, is a most striking manifestation of the truth of the prophetic record, and utterly exceeded all human foresight and sagacity. But every step in this region exhibits some wonderful accomplishment of the doom which was pronounced while it was flowing with riches and teeming with inhabitants ; every specific misfortune has overtaken this devoted kingdom, and yet there are innumerable remains of what it once was.

Taking out our pocket Bible, and searching for the denunciations uttered against this once proud capital, we are astonished at the literal accuracy with which they have been fulfilled ; and the remarkable words of Stephens, suggested by a similar survey to ours, rush to our minds ; and with their citation we will close this narrative. “ I would,” he says, “ that the skeptic could stand, as I did, among the ruins of this city amid the rocks, and there open the sacred book, and read the words of the inspired penman, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead : though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the handwriting of God himself in the desolation and eternal ruin around him.”



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE TOMBS OR DWELLINGS.



RUDIGER.

THIS beautiful poem, the production of Robert Southey, was written by him in 1796, the year that gave birth to other ballads, fruits of the same powerful and fertile mind. Although termed an English ballad, it cannot, in fact, be regarded as such in either character, construction, or reference to the scene in which it is laid. The poet himself, in his preface, gives us the best idea of what Rudiger is. He says: "Divers princes and noblemen being assembled in a beautiful and fair palace, which was situate upon the River Rhine, they beheld a boat, or small barge, make toward the shore, drawn by a swan with a silver chain, the one end fastened about her neck, the other to the vessel; and in it an unknown soldier, a man of a comely personage and graceful presence, who stepped upon the shore; which done, the boat, guided by the swan, left him, and floated down the river. This man fell

afterward in love with a pretty gentlewoman, married her, and by her had many children. After some years the same swan came with the same barge into the same place; the soldier, entering into it, was carried thence the way he came, left wife, children, and family, and was never seen among them after."

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendors shine,
And, rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam gayly on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the river stroll'd,
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream
The ev'ning gales came cold.

So as they stray'd a swan they saw
Sail stately up and strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along,

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
Long floating flutter'd light,
Beneath whose crimson canopy
There lay reclined a knight.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
Where having left the knight,
The little boat adown the stream
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Could with this stranger vie;
Was never a youth at aught esteem'd
When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
Might match with Margaret;
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth
Had strove to win the fair;
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize;
For knightly feats superior still,
And knightly courtesies.

His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair;
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast roll'd the months away;
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so bless'd as they?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
Absorb'd in silent thought,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught:

But soon he raised his locks again,
And smiled his cares away,
And 'mid the hall of gayety
Was none like him so gay.

And onward roll'd the waning months—
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hail'd with a father's name.

But silently did Rudiger
The little infant see;
And darkly on the babe he gazed—
A gloomy man was he.

And when to bless the little babe
The holy father came,
To cleanse the stains of sin away
In Christ's redeeming name,

Then did the cheek of Rudiger
Assume a death-pale hue,
And on his clammy forehead stood
The cold convulsive dew;

And falter'd in his speech, he bade
The priest the rites delay,
Till he could, to right health restored,
Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky
He saw the day decline,
He call'd upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine;

"And we will take the little babe,
For soft the breeze that blows,
And the mild murmurs of the stream
Will lull him to repose."

And so together forth they went;
The evening breeze was mild,
And Rudiger upon his arm
Pillow'd the little child.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the banks did roam;
But soon the evening wind came cold,
And all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger in silent mood
Along the banks would roam,
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.

"O turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
The rising mists behold,
The evening wind is damp and chill,
The little babe is cold!"

* "Now who can judge this to be other than one of those spirits that are named Incubus?" says Thomas Heywood, in his "Notes to the Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels," a poem printed by Adam Islip in 1635. "I have adopted his story," writes Southey, "but not his solution, making the unknown soldier not an evil spirit, but one who had purchased happiness of a malevolent being, by the promised sacrifice of his first-born child." Southey has borrowed themes of other ballads from this quaint old writer; one in particular, "Donica," who moved about the world many years after she was dead, eating and drinking, "although very sparingly," and indicating the absence of the soul only by "a deep paleness on her countenance." At length a magician coming by where she was, in the company of other virgins, as soon as he beheld her he said, "Fair maids, why keep you company with this dead virgin, whom you suppose to be alive?" when taking away the magic charm which was hid under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
The mists will do no harm,
And from the wind the little babe
Lies shelter'd on my arm."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
Why onward wilt thou roam?
The moon is up, the night is cold,
And we are far from home."

He answer'd not, for now he saw
A swan come sailing strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
Fast leap'd he with the child,
And in leap'd Margaret—breathless now,
And pale with fear and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on.

The full-orb'd moon, that beam'd around
Pale splendor through the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
A dim, discolord light;

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer fluttering fast
Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,
And she was mute with fear;
Nor sound but of the parting tide
Broke on the list'ning ear.

The little babe began to cry,
Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice
"Give me the child!" she said.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
Nor my poor heart distress!
I do but pay perforce the price
Of former happiness.

"And hush thee too, my little babe!
Thy cries so feeble cease:
Lie still, lie still; a little while
And thou shalt be at peace."

So as he spake to land they drew,
And swift he stepp'd on shore,
And him behind did Margaret
Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,
Nor house nor tree was there;
And there a rocky mountain rose,
Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawn'd,
No eye its depth might view,
For in the moonbeam shining round
That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's blood,
Her heart it paused with fear,
When Rudiger approach'd the cave,
And cried, "Lo, I am here!"

A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Return'd, "Lo, I am here!"
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held
The little infant nigh:
Then Margaret shriek'd, and gather'd then
New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
And with a strong, convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.^{*}

"Now help me, Jesus!" loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.

And loud he shriek'd, for now his frame
The huge black arms clasp'd round,
And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

LOVEST THOU ME?

Lovest thou me?
From the flowers beneath thy feet,
From the vine and garden tree,
Hast thou heard its music sweet?
Didst thou hear the gentle tone,
When the southern wind pass'd by,
Which, with sweetness all its own,
Waited for thy heart's reply?

Lovest thou me?
Didst thou hear its music low
Breaking through the agony
Of His darkest night of woe?
Didst bid thee quickly start,
While thy tears in torrents fell,
Answering from a full, deep heart,
Lord, thou knowest I love thee well?

Lovest thou me?
When life's high and brilliant schemes
Hope was planning well for thee,
Did it startle all thy dreams?
Didst thou quickly turn away
With a painful burning brow?
Didst thou then, without delay,
At the feet of Jesus bow?

Lovest thou me?
May the music of this tone
Never, for a moment, be
From my wayward heart withdrawn!
Now a voice responsive, deep,
Answers from the heart's deep cell,
While with gratitude I weep,
Lord, thou knowest I love thee well.

* Several of the translated ballads of Jamieson, Lewis, and others, record incidents of a similar character. When Southey borrowed the story, it was comparatively new to the English reader. It would be easy to quote many illustrative examples. Jamieson publishes one—from the Danish—entitled "The Merman and Marstig's Daughter," in which occurs the following stanza: the wedlock being followed by the drowning of the fair May.

"The priest before the altar stood:
'O what for a good naight may this be?'
The May leugh till herself, and said,

"God gif that gude knight were for me!'"

* * * * * * * * * * *
A translation, apparently of the same ballad, has been made by Mr. Charles Mackay; it is entitled "The Wild Water-man, or the Fate of the vain Maiden;" the following is the "moral:"

"I warn you, maidens, whovver you be,
Beware, beware of vanity;
Maidens, I warn you all I can,
Beware of the wild, wild water-man."



JEAN PAUL.

WITH the exception of Goethe and Schiller, no German author is more widely known than Jean Paul Frederic Richter; at any rate, no one is more widely known by name, if not through the medium of his works. He is the most untranslatable of all the Germans, so much so that he puzzles many of the Germans themselves. He was advised in his lifetime to translate some of his most enigmatical books into the common language of literature. If I am not mistaken, this has been attempted since his death. It seems a little absurd to say, after the manner of the cheap grammars, "JEAN PAUL MADE EASY;" but when you come to know the man the absurdity vanishes.

Goethe and Schiller had a wider reputation than Jean Paul, because they are more cosmopolitan than he. They were essentially men of the world, and for all time, especially Goethe, whose mind was as broad as Shakspeare's. The universality of their genius commends them to all cultivated nations.

"Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity,"

their works delight and instruct the world. Jean Paul, on the contrary, appeals to the thoughtful alone; nay, only to the most thoughtful—the sincere lovers and seekers after truth, who are willing to dig out an author's meaning, if it be buried in a crabbed and obscure style, under cart-loads of intellectual rubbish. That there

is a world of rubbish in Jean Paul, even his admirers allow; but it differs from the rubbish of dull and hackneyed authors. It is not so much the sweepings of his mind—dust, and cobwebs, and worthless odds and ends—as its natural imperfections, its magnificent towers and palaces, meaily built, or, worse still, in ruins. There is always something in Jean Paul, if we have the clew to it, and the patience to follow up the clew. But most of us lack patience; we read for amusement, and *pour passer le temps*: consequently Jean Paul is not for us. Still we have a sort of curiosity about him, just as we have about a famous city, or a dexterous mountebank. He commands our attention because he is unlike all other authors. Even in Germany, where literary nondescripts abound, he is Jean Paul *der Einzige*—the only.

He is the embodiment of certain tendencies of the German brain and heart, and as such is worthy of a careful study. Give him this study; deal fairly with him until we master the peculiarities of his style and manner of thinking, and the chances are that we become his warmest admirers, willing captives of his genius. He is able to hold his own against all odds, and even to extend the boundaries of his kingdom, conquering and turning his foes into friends. He is dangerous to young authors; in some cases to old ones: witness the change that came over Carlyle, after his acquaintance with the writings of Jean Paul. The style of Carlyle's early efforts is simple and un-

affected: his later style is about the worst that ever disfigured English literature, which is saying a great deal.

One of the first things that strikes us in reading him is his originality. "How queer and yet how original all this is! We never saw anything like it before," we say, and possibly we add, "and never desire to again." We do not know whether we like it or not. It is odd and strange, and clumsy and uncouth; but it is imaginative and poetical. We wonder how he came to have so rich and strong a mind, and so little control over it? Why don't he deliver himself like a man of the world, instead of writing so turgidly and thunderingly? We read on and on, now annoyed, now amused, and now delighted. A poetical image startles us; a glimpse of humor makes us smile; a touch of pathos sends the tears to our eyes. As a general thing the *style* of Jean Paul displeases his readers. It is too unlike the world-language of literature to be easily understood. Obscure in his own tongue, Jean Paul is still more so in English. He lacks directness and simplicity. Instead of stating his theme, and working it up in a clear and reasonable manner, he seizes it when it is but a dim and vague conception, and plays all sorts of vagaries with it, beclouding it with a crazy style, and burying it under a profusion of metaphors. Sometimes it is poetical prose; sometimes prose run mad. With all these drawbacks it is still magnificent writing, grand and stately in dictation, and noble in thought. The old Titans might have talked in just such music. It is Olympian—

"The large utterance of the early gods."

Jean Paul is often puzzling because he means so much. There is no poverty of matter in his books, but an *embarras de richesse*. He is too lavish with his barbaric pearl and gold.

To indicate his manifold faults and excellences would require pages, to criticise them in full, a volume. Such a volume may be written, but not while the English and American public are ignorant of "Hesperus" and "Titan." It would be love's labor lost.

He is one of the greatest humorists that ever lived, not only in his own country, but in the whole world, and in all time, worthy of a place beside Cervantes and Shakspeare. Humor is the ruling quality

of his mind, the central fire that animates his being. Titanic in his humor as in his earnestness, he oversteps all bound and limit, and riots without law or measure. His humor is not in all cases natural and unalloyed. It is often unnatural, extravagant, and absurd; but take it all in all, it is genuine, subtle, and spiritual, drawn from the deepest, and purest, and sweetest recesses of his being. His good and great heart is in it, his simple and tender nature, the kindness and friendliness of his genius.

He was born at Wunseidel, in the Fichtelgebirge, on the 21st of March, 1763. His father was a master in a gymnasium. A German gymnasium is not a place where young gentlemen climb poles, throw weights, use boxing-gloves, and develop their muscles generally, but an academy or school, divided into eight classes. Jean Paul's father was Tertius, or teacher of the third class. His mother was the daughter of a cloth-weaver in Hof, from whom John Paul (for Jean Paul was merely a *nom de plume*) derived his name. The day after his birth he was baptized; and when he was five months old he was taken by his parents to the death-bed of his paternal grandfather, who was then in his seventy-seventh year, and a rector of a gymnasium in Neustadt. "Let the old Jacob," said a clergyman present, "lay his hand upon the child that he may bless him." It was done, and the child was blessed.

Besides being a schoolmaster, Jean Paul's father was a good musician, and filled the post of organist in Wunseidel. Jean Paul was himself a musician, and many of his strangest stories were conceived while he was fantasizing on the piano-forte.

In 1765, the Tertius master was called to be pastor in Joditz. Jean Paul calls this portion of his life (he remained at Joditz till he was thirteen) his Idyllic years. He describes his joy of a winter evening, when he received from the city an A. B. C book, with a pointer to show the letters. After he had at home privately gone through the lower school classes, he entered the high school, which was opposite his father's parsonage.

One winter's day, when Jean Paul was eight or nine years old, his father brought him a little Latin dictionary, which was to be his, after he had read a page of it. He obstinately mispronounced the word

lingua, and the pastor took the book from him. He had no further chance of learning Latin.

He read everything that he came across, so craving was his thirst for knowledge. His father's library was rarely open, except when he was not at home. At such times, Jean Paul would creep into the book-shelves and hunt up a book. He read the "Orbus Pictus," a huge quarto, entitled "Conversations on the Kingdom of the Dead," and all the newspapers that he could find.

In the course of time "a tender, blue butterfly" visited the dewy flower of Jean Paul's heart. This butterfly was a blue-eyed peasant girl of his own age—his first love. He saw her on the Sabbath at church, as he sat in his father's pew; they were near enough to look at each other without being satisfied. In driving her cows from the pasture at night, she used to pass the parsonage. Jean Paul learned the sound of her cow's bell; and as soon as he heard it, flew to the court-wall to see her pass, and to give her a nod as she went by. Sometimes he reached his hand through the gate, and gave her sugared almonds. In his thirteenth year, the family removed to Schwarzenbach on the Saale, and out of love for his old residence, the pastor took with him a young tailor, whom he entertained for weeks. When snip returned to his home, Jean Paul sent by him many graphic portraits, sketched in wax and soot, presents to the blue butterfly!

When he was sixteen years of age his father died, leaving to Jean Paul his debts and the care of his mother. Shortly after the grandparents died also. Frau Richter was their favorite child, and they remembered her handsomely in their will, so handsomely, indeed, that the other relations instituted a suit to break the will. She removed to Hof, and Jean Paul went to Leipsic. He entered the University of Leipsic in May, 1781. It seems to have been understood by all that he was to study theology, and fill his father's place. "Man proposes, but God disposes," and always wisely. Jean Paul was not destined to become a preacher.

He saw but little of life at Leipsic, except what he observed in the streets and in the public gardens. He stood for hours once at the door of a hotel in Bavaria to see an ambassador enter, in order to be

able to describe one. He wrote letters to his friends about the books that he read, and his thoughts and opinions, and to his mother about their family affairs. His mother wrote him that his brother Adam had enlisted for a soldier, and Jean Paul tried to console her.

"The state," said he, "could not exist without soldiers."

She asked him to send her some coffee.

"I would gladly do so," he says, "but my want of funds is as great as yours. If only my expedient succeeds as I hope; in four weeks it will be decided; and I shall certainly know whether I shall be able to make money by it, or not."

The expedient that he alluded to was authorship. Jean Paul had determined to become an author, and was already writing a book. His mother was grieved because he was not preparing for the ministry, and inquired what kind of books he was writing.

"They are not theological, nor juridical," he tells her; "but satirical, or droll books."

In the same letter he asks her for eight Saxon dollars. Not to pay his victualer, whom he owes twenty-four dollars, nor his landlord, whom he owes ten dollars; but his washerwoman, who does not trust, (sagacious washerwoman!) and his milkman, and cobbler, and tailor, and also the maid-servant, who does not trust, of course!

"When I come to Hof at Whitsuntide," he writes, "I shall not only bring myself, but all my old linen, and you may send my stockings and shirts after your new recruit. I have no whole stockings, only some few that are patched. But what of that? Do not be angry that I write the whole day nothing but amusing books."

Jean Paul's first effort was anything but amusing, if the booksellers may be taken as judges; they refused it with a promptness that did them credit. It was a "Eulogy on Stupidity!"

His second attempt, "The Greenland Lawsuits," was more successful. Refused by all the Leipsic booksellers, a Berlin publisher accepted it, and gave Jean Paul fifteen *louis d'ors*, his first literary "blood money." Sixty-eight dollars and fifty-five cents are not a large sum for a book; but it heartened the young author, and enabled him to pay his debts,

and change his lodgings to a summer house in his landlord's garden.

After the publication of "The Green-land Lawsuits," he went to Hof to spend his vacation with his mother. While at Hof another butterfly hovered over the opening blossoms of his susceptible heart. Instead of giving her sugared almonds, he copied for her whole volumes of sugared extracts from late publications. She gave him a ring, and he gave her his profile, and so the affair ended.

Vacation over he returned to Leipsic, and wrote a second volume of "Green-land Lawsuits." He sold it to the publisher of the first volume for one hundred and twenty-six dollars. Encouraged by his success, he ventured on a third volume, but nobody would buy it. He sent it with letters stating his necessities to several distinguished persons, but they took no notice of him. When the money that he had received for his second volume was nearly gone he returned to his mother at Hof.

He was in debt to his victualer for his frugal midday meals, and she gave him no peace, but seasoned the viands with her peppery questions. "Now, Herr Richter, has not your golden ship arrived?" In despair he resolved to beat a retreat from the foe, and fled to his mamma!

This was the darkest period of his whole life. The lawsuit had stripped his mother of the little property she had inherited from her parents, and she was obliged to part with the old homestead. When Jean Paul made his memorable Hegira to Hof she was living with her other children in a small tenement containing but one apartment, in which she attended to her cooking, washing, spinning, and other domestic matters. He immediately made his return known to his friend, the pastor of Rehaw, and the pair exchanged their books and manuscripts.

The pastor's wife knew the circumstances of the Richters, and when Jean Paul visited her husband, she took care that he should not study the philosophy of hunger. But, in the meantime, the disconsolate victualer had tracked his runaway debtor, and, following him to Hof, he said, like the Biblical creditor, "Pay me that thou owest!" Jean Paul was in the deepest perplexity; but two of his friends, the brothers Otto, good Samaritans both, paid part of the debt, and be-

came his surety for the rest. One of the brothers, Christian Otto, became, in later years, his confidential critic. So much faith had Jean Paul in his friendly judgment, that he never published a line until it had twice gone through the ordeal of Otto's criticism. He gave one half of the day to writing, the other to invention in the open air. He took so many long walks in the neighborhood of Hof, and was so well acquainted with the atmospheric changes that his fellow-townsmen called him "The Weather Prophet." His mother chatted with him while he wrote, now imparting some trifling household intelligence, and now a glimpse into the lives of the villagers. He learned to know the hearts and sorrows of the poor; the latter he experienced himself.

In 1786, his twenty-third year, another friend returned from Leipsic to his father's residence in Topen, and suggested a plan to improve Jean Paul's fortune. It was to teach his (the friend's) younger brother French. He accepted the offer, and filled the situation of private instructor for nearly three years; disagreeable enough he found it too.

In all lives, great as well as small, there are, as it were, blanks, spaces of time so unimportant for biographical purposes that most biographers skip them. Such a space occurs in the life of Jean Paul, from his twenty-third to his twenty eighth year. Then a new era commences, and, as might have been expected, with a new book.

Speaking of his early satirical efforts Jean Paul says that for nine years he worked in his vinegar factory; but at last through the somewhat honey-sour "Life of the little Schoolmaster Wuz," he took the blessed step over into "The Invisible Lodge." The Little Schoolmaster Wuz is a poetical representation of Jean Paul's childhood. It was the first composition to which he lent his own life.

"The Invisible Lodge" was based on Jean Paul's experience in teaching. He calls it his pedagogical romance. When it was finished he sent the manuscript of it to a hofrath, or councilor, who had great influence with a Berlin publisher, whose daughter he was about to marry. The councilor was delighted with it. "This is no unknown author," he cried, as he read it; (it was sent anonymously;) "it is Goethe, or Herder, or Wieland."

He wrote Jean Paul a warm-hearted letter of praise, and as soon as the book was printed sent him thirty of the hundred ducats which the printer gave for it. The moment that Jean Paul received the money, (it was about two hundred and twenty-six dollars,) he set out from Schwarzenbach to Hof. He walked on and on in the starlight, building castles in the air, and entering, late at night, the low apartment in which his mother sat spinning by the light of the fire. He poured the whole treasure into her lap! At last Herr Richter's golden ship had arrived.

He now began his second romance, "Hesperus," and worked at it diligently before and after school. He finished it in 1794, and sold it, or rather threw it away, for two hundred Prussian dollars. "Hesperus" is the work by which Jean Paul is best known out of Germany. After its publication letters poured in upon him from every side. The appreciation of his friends and the consciousness that in striving to embody his own high ideal, he had, if not succeeded, at least reached a higher point than in his former efforts, made him happy despite his poverty.

In 1796 he wrote "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces." The Dream of the Dead Christ, the second Flower piece, translated by Madame de Staél, first made Jean Paul known out of Germany. The longest of the Flower pieces is the history of Siebenkas, the most personal of all his characters. Under a thin vail of fiction, he describes his transition from the every-day life of reality to the ideal life of poetry and the imagination. In the character of Lenette, the wife of Siebenkas, Jean Paul is said to have drawn his own mother. It represents a good but uninstructed and limited nature, contending with the petty difficulties of life, and menaced by the specter of want. We have all seen such natures, and happy are we, if we have escaped being influenced by them.

After writing the "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," Jean Paul made his first visit to Weimar, the German Athens. He met Herder, and Goethe, and Schiller, and the Duchess Amelia; in short, all the magnates of the place. Herder received him with open arms; but Goethe and Schiller were cold and dignified. Goethe was displeased at the want of art in his writings. Weiland was not at home; but

he wrote him a cordial greeting from where he was, somewhere in the Alps. The Duchess Amelia invited him to Tieffruth, and became one of his best friends. From her descriptions of Italy he derived his knowledge of Italian scenery, which he employs so exquisitely in "Titan." After his return from Weimar he laid "Titan" aside, and labored on two smaller subjects, "Jubelsenior," and "Kampaner Thal;" the latter, a work on the Immortality of the Soul. In June, 1797, his health was so much impaired by work, that he fled to the baths of Eger, in Saxony. While there, intelligence reached him of the death of his mother. He returned to Hoff with a bleeding heart.

His next published work was the old third volume of "The Greenland Law-suits;" the one for which he could obtain no publisher. It was originally entitled "Selections from the Papers of the Devil;" it was now published as "Palingenesien; or, Born Again." He worked away at the unfinished "Titan," writing, in the mean time, his history of "Charlotte Corday," and "Clavis Fichtiana." In 1800 he visited Berlin, and was introduced to the Queen Louisa, one of the four beautiful sisters to whom he dedicated "Titan." She invited him to Sans Souci, the old pleasure-house of Frederic the Great, and showed him the kindest attention. His visit to Berlin influenced the whole course of Jean Paul's after life; for it was in this city that he met his future wife. A learned Berliner gave him a festival or party. Coming a little too late to take the place which had been assigned to him, he took the only one that was vacant. It was by the side of a daughter of Herr Meyer, a counselor of the secret tribunal. Her heart beat when the great author sat down by her, and in her timid humility she shrank from conversing with him. The mildness and friendliness of his manner won upon her, and changed her timidity into an ingenuous confidence. With his natural weakness for butterflies, Jean Paul was attracted to the young lady; and when they rose from the table, he gave her the flower from his breast, (it is to be supposed that there were no sugared almonds near!) and asked her to introduce him to her father. He left Berlin in a few days, without openly declaring himself; but there seems to have been a sort of understanding that they were lov-

ers. In the fall he returned, declared himself, and was accepted.

Jean Paul Frederic Richter and Caroline Meyer were married in May, 1801. In that month of bloom and flowers, they traveled over the most beautiful parts of Dessau, visited the Herders, in Weimar, and settled for a time in Meiningen, where Jean Paul's first child and the last volume of "Titan" respectively saw the light.

His eldest daughter, Amelia, gives a beautiful picture of their life at Baireuth. She represents her father as entering her mother's chamber the first thing in the morning. His hound springs on before him, and the children hang about him, and seek, when he leaves the room, to thrust their little feet into his slippers behind. They go with him to the door of his study, where they leave him; sometimes they creep up stairs softly, and hammer against the door until he opens it, and lets them in. He gives them a fife and a trumpet, and goes on with his writing. They march up and down the room, tooting discordant music, now and then stopping to play with another member of the family—a pet squirrel, which their father used to carry in his pocket when he went out.

Jean Paul was fond of tamed animals, and generally kept one or two by him. Sometimes he had a mouse, then a great, white, cross spider, which he kept in a paper box with a glass top. There was a door in the bottom of the box by which he could feed the poor prisoner with dead flies. When he left his study for a walk he used to open the cage of his canaries to indemnify them for his absence.

From the time of his settlement in Baireuth in 1804, to his death in 1823, a period of nineteen years, the current of Jean Paul's life ran calmly and uneventfully, bearing him from the ripe fields of manhood to the wintery land of age. His reputation, now fully established, was maintained by his successive works, the chief of which were an "Introduction to Esthetics," a "Lexicon for Ladies," "Levana," "Circular Letter of Attila Schmalzle," "Bath-journey of Dr. Katerberger," "Peace Sermons," "Nicholas Margrof," "Life of Fibel," "The Comet," and "Selina."

The death of his son Max, at the age of nineteen, was a heavy blow to Jean Paul, and one from which he never recovered. From early childhood Max had

devoted himself to learning with incredible industry. In his fifteenth year he had read the Old and New Testaments in their original languages, and Homer and the Greek tragedians. His ascetical and mistaken sense of duty while in the gymnasium at München, and the University of Heidelberg, the intensity of his industry, the faithfulness with which he imitated his father's industry, the few comforts that he allowed himself, above all, the high tone of his religious enthusiasm, imperceptibly undermined the health of his mind and body. His death seemed to strike his father to the earth. He could not bear the sight of any book that his son had touched, and the word philology (the science in which Max excelled) went through his heart like a bolt of ice.

He wept so much in secret that his eyes became impaired, and he trembled for the loss of his sight. Wine, that had previously been a cordial to him, he could not bear to touch; and after employing the morning in writing, he spent the whole afternoon lying on the sofa in his wife's apartment, his head supported by her arm.

His increasing blindness compelled him to lay aside the composition of "Selina," a book on the immortality of the soul. He wrote, through his wife, to his nephew Otto Spazier, asking him to lend him his eyes and pen for its completion. Spazier came at once, (it was in October, 1823,) and found him lying on the sofa, shrouded in furs and supported by cushions. Early next morning he began a complete revision of his works. The nephew read aloud and Jean Paul inserted his corrections.

Eight days before his death the dark night settled upon him. Even then, however, he hoped the coming spring would bring for him the warm sun, the blue heaven, and the everlasting stars. Many times he raised his eyes to the window, hoping a faint ray would pierce the gloom. Music was his only consolation. Exhausted by the labors of the day, he longed for the refreshment of music in the evening. He could not bear to hear the voices of his children in the same room with him; so they sang in another apartment, that the sound of their voices might be muffled. One evening during the singing he said it seemed to him as if some one had drawn over him a soft and warm mantle, and when the sounds ceased he wondered that he found no covering upon him.

On the morning of the 14th of November, when his nephew came down, Jean Paul was absent from his study for the first time. Spazier found him in the apartments of his wife. She sat with her ear close to his mouth, for she only could understand the well-known but imperfect accents. He said "Good-morning" when his nephew entered, for his hearing was still acute. Owing to his blindness and the irregularity of his repose he had lost the consciousness of the course of time, and thought it was already evening. He was confirmed in this mistake by the presence of his physician, who usually made his visit in the evening; they did not undeceive him, but humored the error. His nephew read the newspapers to him, and some passages from Herder's spiritual works; but he seemed to thirst for the voices of his wife and children; his youngest daughter climbed perpetually on the back of his chair, and held her youthful face close to his. When noon arrived he said, "It is time to go to rest," and wished to retire. He was wheeled into his sleeping room, and all was arranged as if for repose. His wife brought him a wreath of flowers that a lady had sent him. As he touched them carefully, for he could neither see them nor smell them, he seemed to rejoice at the images of the flowers in his mind; he said repeatedly to his wife, "My beautiful flowers! my lovely flowers!" As he imagined it was night, his friends ceased to converse; he arranged himself as if preparing for repose, and soon sank into a tranquil sleep. At six o'clock the physician entered. Jean Paul still appeared to sleep; his features became every moment holier, his brow more heavenly, but it was as cold as marble to the touch. The tears of his wife fell upon it, but he remained immovable. At last a slight convulsion passed over his face. "That is death," said the physician, and all was quiet. The spirit had departed!

To English readers unacquainted with German, Jean Paul is nearly a sealed book, so little of him has been translated into English. Carlyle gives us two of his shorter stories, "Quintus Foxlein" and "Schmalzle Journey to Flatz," and Mrs. Lee, of Boston, from whose "Life of Jean Paul" we have derived the materials of the present sketch, has translated "The Twins" and "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces."

FASHION AND THE CHURCH.

WITHIN the last half century the aggressive activities of the Church have been greater than at any time since the apostolic age. Revivals of religion have been frequent in Christian lands; Bible, missionary, tract, Sunday-school, and other religious organizations have been making spirited assaults upon the territories of darkness, both at home and in the remotest regions of the earth. If we except the vast interiors of Asia and Africa, nearly the whole world is to-day feeling the power of influences which are either wholly or partly Christian; and no small portion of this territory has been brought under these influences within fifty years.

It might be supposed that the centers from which this light radiates must themselves be completely illuminated. Alas! this is a wild supposition. No part of Christendom is wholly Christianized; and, indeed, right at the central points whence the mightiest aggressive influences of the Church diverge, there may be found certain territories, not geographical, but social territories, which evangelical effort has not yet invaded; and toward which it is not even directed. I will indicate but one such territory, and that is, the circles of fashionable high life in our large cities.

Several periodicals, both secular and religious, have recently made allusion to these circles, setting forth the enormous expenditures which the present demands of fashion require. The statements there made may be somewhat exaggerated, although they claim to be within the limits of truth. They are unquestionably so nearly accurate, that we are justified in the conclusion that the expenses of a fashionable lady's wardrobe for the "morning reception," the "evening party," the "opera," the "ball-room," and the "Broadway promenade," for winter and for summer, are not reckoned by hundreds of dollars, but by thousands, or even tens of thousands!

Wardrobe alone! But expenses are not confined to wardrobe. Fashion is not so unmindful of congruity as to overlook the furniture and decorations of the drawing-room, the parlor, and the tea-table. These must be of a style and costliness to match. They are so. And it is not the ladies alone who pay a costly tribute to

fashion; the other sex are following almost *passibus aquis*. It is in this as it was in the "fall of man," *woman* was a little in advance; but man hastened to sustain her by accepting, imitating, and sharing the offense. Luxury and display characterize the united sphere of man and woman, as much as the separate hemisphere of either.

These facts give us an outside view of high life. Let us look *into* it if we can. I have said that the Church is not operating upon this class of society, nor even aiming to do it. Is she justifiable in this neglect? In order to answer this question, let us endeavor to fix the religious relation of these fashionable circles. What are they, evangelically estimated? It is no matter now whether many or few of the forgeries, defalcations, and financial suspensions, which have recently been neither few nor small, should be charged to these extravagances.

The commercial world has chiefly felt the shock of these things. Let us hope that commercial wisdom, so sagacious in other researches affecting her interests, will not lightly pass over these. But I will not enter that investigation; nor will I stop to lament over the precious millions of treasure, precious if rightly used, which are thus annually diverted from the Lord's treasury, where they properly belong, and squandered in luxurious living. I will notice only two aspects of this subject.

Let us consider how deeply engrossing to both heart and intellect the influences of fashion are upon her votaries. To pay one hundred and fifty dollars for a "white silk dress brocaded with gold in waving figures," or one hundred dollars a yard for Valenciennes flouncing, a quarter of a yard deep, or twelve hundred for an India cashmere shawl with a scarlet center, might be called a very *thoughtless* act.

There are very few persons who have not at some time been foolish enough to pay an extravagant sum for an article which was not really needed. But no man enters thoughtlessly upon a regular system of enormous expenditures; no man pursues such a system purposely and continuously without thought. Those men and women who make it a point to be even with the foremost in the display of wealth and fashion do not procure and fit up all the appliances for such display at "odd spells," and as a part of their recreations.

No matter how careless, how *void* of thought and feeling a man's manner may be when he dashes out the cash for this and that article of luxury, I affirm that a person must be *interested* in a matter which draws from his purse eight or twelve hundred dollars at a time, and repeats the draught with every veering of the wind of fashion.

If you desire illustration and proof, go to your wealthy and fashionable neighbor with the claims of some benevolent enterprise, and solicit a donation of a hundred dollars. At your first mention of that enterprise he seems pleased, for he is a friend to it. But you may spend the hour which you and he can spare in arguing the importance of the cause and pressing your claim. He does not controvert your arguments; he admits them all; he even adds others of his own. But how much nearer his purse are you now than when you began? None! He is "a friend to the cause;" he "wishes it success;" he "hopes you will obtain the amount you need."

Do not call him a hypocrite; he is not one; he feels precisely as he professes to feel. He is interested in the cause which you have presented, but his interest in it has not penetrated to that part of his inner man which guards the purse-strings. He cannot give you a hundred dollars for that enterprise; but as he leaves you he turns into the nearest "Emporium of Fashion," and with all ease hands out five hundred dollars for a shawl for his wife, or a necklace for his daughter.

What ails the man? What shock has his nature so suddenly received? None at all. The whole transaction is in the utmost harmony with nature. Just as the majestic river flows on in its own broad and deep channel so calmly that you might deem its waters asleep; but if you throw a dike across its bed, or attempt to turn its course into another channel, it becomes an irresistible power mocking your feeble efforts, and sweeping away your puny barriers with as much ease as the gale wafts a feather. So it is with the thoughts, feelings, and energies of mankind. They do easily and readily whatever accords with the deep current of their heart's affections.

But how has it happened that a man who is friendly to the cause of benevolence and piety should have the whole

current of his nature so profoundly moved in one direction, and that so averse to piety? The natural fondness of the human mind for luxury and display is doubtless the basis of the passion; and then it is strengthened by all his associations at home and abroad.

His standing of respectability demands a compliance with the rules of fashion; he must, therefore, give a practical attention to those rules. This is the subject of conversation with his most familiar associates; it becomes, therefore, the most heartfelt of his subjects of conversation and thought. But it is at home that he is most deeply imbued with this spirit. There the voice of affection whispers it into his ear; the glances of love look it into his eyes; it inspires all the domestic arrangements; it is the soul of every scheme of recreation and pleasure.

No wonder that the strongest movements of the soul should be in this channel. And when we consider the important fact, that in the circles of fashion the spirit of rivalry prevails more strongly, probably, than anywhere else, who can be surprised that the love of display becomes a passion too impetuous to be checked by the admonitions either of economy or of conscience?

Consider, now, how many thousands of persons, gifted by their Creator with the very highest mental endowments, are living for fashion alone! taxing their ingenuity and tasking their energies, simply to shine and outshine! How many manly hearts, naturally brave, and noble, and aspiring, have had every noble sentiment, every manly aspiration, every brave resolve, frittered away in the disgraceful race of vanity to which they have abandoned themselves! How many womanly hearts, naturally the shrine of all that is lovely, and trustful, and holy, the richest fountain of every kindly influence that blesses humanity, have been swept of all their goodness, and garnished out with a mere tawdry and meretricious glitter!

But the fact that the cause of truth and righteousness suffers a continual loss of all the bright examples, and elevating influence, and holy energy which these higher circles might contribute, is only a part of the evil which we lament. The blight upon those votaries of fashion themselves is positive and remediless. Borne on by a tide which they have become utterly un-

able to stem, they have no leisure, they have no heart, they have no intellect for anything beyond the whirl of luxury and pleasure, much less for anything averse to it. The seed of evangelical truth, if scattered here at all, would fall upon a soil so completely preoccupied that there would be no place for it to take root. I do not call in question the politeness of this class of persons, nor their social refinement, nor their respectful bearing even toward Christianity and religious institutions. I admit all these. But we are not now considering them with respect to social accomplishments; we are viewing them evangelically. What are they in this light? They certainly are not Christians: there is no piety in them: there is no room for any. They are *sinners*. The Gospel has no other name for them. The fearful utterances of the Bible against sinners are God's out-spoken verdict against this large and respected class of society. And they are very far gone toward ruin: there is scarcely a hope of their conversion. It may be that, when their round of pleasure is ended, and they lie on the bed of death, they will utter a few words of religious concern, and listen to a formal prayer or two from some one whose respect for refined society renders him unable to discern the danger of a dying sinner. Anything more favorable than this to their conversion cannot reasonably be expected. But what Christian, whose heart is alive to the vital truths of the Gospel, would deem a social position like that safe for the soul's eternal interests?

But I turn to another and much more important aspect of this subject; the influence which the fashionable circles exert beyond their own sphere. And at this point it is essential to our purpose to consider the relative social position of these classes. They are called "the higher circles," "the upper ranks of society," "the better classes." These are not to be considered merely as aristocratic titles which they have arrogated to themselves: they are titles which all others unhesitatingly bestow upon them. And there is much meaning in them: they show very clearly the relative position which these circles hold. It is the *highest* position: they are the *leading* ranks of society. They lead not only their own avowed members, they also lead all other classes; they lead the *Church*.

I do not assert that Christians generally go to the same excess of extravagance with others ; nor that the more humble and faithful followers of Christ keep up, in the race of fashion, with the formal and worldly professor. But how seldom can a Christian be found who, in making his or her arrangements for equipage and dress, has no reference to the example of some one who occupies a position a little nearer "the higher circles ;" and this one follows the style of another still further advanced in the same direction, and so on. Thus the eyes of the whole series, from beginning to end, are directed toward the same center and source of influence—the fashionable classes of society. *There* is the standard which gives law and stimulates imitation everywhere else. Go into any worshiping congregation on the next Sabbath, let your eye glance over the assembly, and tell me if the hats, coats, bonnets, shawls, dresses, and jewelry there, have not cost hundreds of dollars more than what you would have seen there if no "higher circles" had been in existence. It is undeniable that Christians generally dress with reference to "the fashions," much more than they do with reference to convenience, or health, or economy, or Christian simplicity. It is undeniable that they change the style of their dress, and that, too, at no trifling pecuniary sacrifice, much more frequently than they would if totally uninfluenced by the ranks of gayety and fashion. Let it be admitted that there is among religious people too much conscience, too much piety, nay, too much pride of Christian character, to imitate in full the examples found in the circles of fashion. This we know to be true ; but we know it to be equally true, that whatever "mode" those circles may adopt, it immediately becomes, even to the Church, nothing less than "the pattern showed on the mount ;" and imitations, far off, perhaps, at first, but real imitations are everywhere seen decorating the candidates for crowns and thrones on high ! Mortifying as the fact is, it cannot be denied, that, with respect to social position and influence, the Church is an underling, confessedly, willingly so ! Of whom do manufacturers of satins, laces, and velvets take counsel respecting the wants of the "best families ?" From whom do importers receive intimations as to "the demands of the trade ?" From whom do tailors, mil-

liners, and dress-makers obtain suggestions respecting the fashions for the opening season ? In short, what nook of society is so obscure or retired that it has not felt the "down lettings" of influence from the "upper classes ?"

Now if from these classes an influence goes forth which is so mighty to mold all other circles, we might reasonably expect that an influence of equal strength would go out to attract all other circles toward these. So it is ; and the suck of the maelstrom is felt far out on the surface and in the depths of society. The young, especially, feel the attraction. They behold the display of riches, and the exhibitions of elegance and taste in these wealthy families ; they see the gay and luxurious character of their lives, they feel the spell of their influence ; and very soon the ruling ambition of their hearts is, to share those pleasures and shine amid the leaders of that fascinating display.

Look at this evil : we have not seen the whole of it : I cannot present its aggregate. It absorbs the wealth of the country ; it fills the hearts of the people, it engrosses their thoughts, it exhausts their energies, it lays its grasp upon the ranks of the young, it leads captive in its train, talent, refinement, learning, and, alas that it must be added, piety ! It casts a perpetual blight upon the Church of God, enervating her energies, bringing down her standard of consecration and benevolence, crippling her faith, taming her into acknowledged subordination, and exacting from her a continual tribute of her very life-blood !

Such, evangelically considered, is the character, such the relative position, such the influence of fashionable society. To this state of things the Church has tamely submitted for ages. But the evil was never so great before as at this moment. For the few years past it has increased by gigantic degrees ; and now, if it does not threaten an utter extermination of true piety from the earth, it does threaten to cripple the power of the Church, as it has not been crippled since the dawn of the Reformation.

Must the Church submit to this ? If God has imposed such a doom upon her, let her submit. But no ; such a thought is impious. Rather let her, in the strength of grace, dare to assert an everlasting independence from so base a thralldom ; and to make her independence sure, let her

resolve to *conquer* the power to which she has so long ignobly bowed. With unfaltering confidence in the efficacy of Gospel truth, and in the grace of God, let the Church undertake the bold enterprise of reversing the relative position of the long-fixed grades of society. Let her dare to assume the position assigned her by her Lord and Master; the position of highest moral and social influence; the city set upon a hill; the light of the world!

A DARK DAY AT THE PARSONAGE.

M R. and Mrs. Hackit were seated comfortably by their bright hearth, enjoying the long afternoon afforded by an early dinner, when Rachel, the housemaid, came in and said,

“ If you please, have you heard as Mrs. Barton’s wuss, and not expected to live ? ”

Mrs. Hackit turned pale, and Mr. Hackit said, “ Thee’dst better have the pony chaise, and go directly.”

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Hackit, too much overcome to utter any exclamations. “ Rachel, come an’ help me on wi’ my things.”

When her husband was wrapping her cloak round her feet in the pony chaise, she said,

“ If I don’t come home to-night, I shall send back the pony chaise, and you’ll know I’m wanted there.”

“ Yes, yes.”

It was a bright frosty day, and by the time Mrs. Hackit arrived at the parsonage, the sun was near its setting. There was a carriage standing at the gate, which she recognized as Dr. Madeley’s, the physician from Rotherby. She entered at the kitchen door, that she might avoid knocking, and quietly question Nanny. No one was in the kitchen, but, passing on, she saw the sitting-room door open, and Nanny, with Walter in her arms, removing the knives and forks, which had been laid for dinner three hours ago.

“ Mr. Barton says he can’t eat no dinner,” was Nanny’s first word. “ He’s never tasted nothin’ sin’ yesterday mornin’, but a cup o’ tea.”

“ When was Mrs. Barton took worse ? ”

“ O’ Monday night. They sent for Dr. Madeley i’ the middle o’ the day yesterday, an’ he’s here again now.”

“ Is the baby alive ? ”

“ No, it died last night. The children’s

all at Mrs. Bond’s. She came and took ‘em away last night, but their father says they must be fetched soon. He’s up stairs now, wi’ Dr. Madeley and Mr. Brand.”

At this moment Mrs. Hackit heard the sound of a heavy, slow foot in the passage; and presently Amos Barton entered, with dry, despairing eyes, haggard and unshaven. He expected to find the sitting-room as he left it, with nothing to meet his eyes but Milly’s work-basket in the corner of the sofa, and the children’s toys overturned in the bow-window. But when he saw Mrs. Hackit come toward him with answering sorrow in her face, the pent-up fountain of tears was opened; he threw himself on the sofa, hid his face, and sobbed aloud.

“ Bear up, Mr. Barton,” Mrs. Hackit ventured to say at last; “ bear up, for the sake o’ the dear children.”

“ The children,” said Amos, starting up. “ They must be sent for. Some one must fetch them. Milly will want to—”

He couldn’t finish the sentence, but Mrs. Hackit understood him, and said, “ I’ll send the man with the pony carriage for ‘em.”

She went out to give the order, and encountered Dr. Madeley and Mr. Brand, who were just going.

Mr. Brand said: “ I am very glad to see you are here, Mrs. Hackit. No time must be lost in sending for the children. Mrs. Barton wants to see them.”

“ Do you quite give her up, then ? ”

“ She can hardly live through the night. She begged us to tell her how long she had to live; and then asked for the children.”

The pony carriage was sent; and Mrs. Hackit, returning to Mr. Barton, said she should like to go up stairs now. He went up stairs with her and opened the door. The chamber fronted the west; the sun was just setting, and the red light fell full upon the bed, where Milly lay with the hand of death visibly upon her. The feather-bed had been removed, and she lay low on a mattress with her head slightly raised by pillows. Her long, fair neck seemed to be struggling with a painful effort; her features were pallid and pinched, and her eyes were closed. There was no one in the room but the nurse, and the mistress of the public school, who had come to give her help from the beginning of the change.

Amos and Mrs. Hackit stood beside the bed, and Milly opened her eyes.

"My darling, Mrs. Hackit is come to see you."

Milly smiled and looked at her with that strange, far-off look, which belongs to ebbing life.

"Are the children coming?" she said, painfully.

"Yes, they will be here directly."

She closed her eyes again.

Presently the pony carriage was heard; and Amos, motioning to Mrs. Hackit to follow him, left the room. On their way down stairs, she suggested that the carriage should remain to take them away again afterward, and Amos assented.

There they stood in the melancholy sitting-room—the five sweet children, from Patty to Chubby—all, with their mother's eyes—all, except Patty, looking up with a vague fear at their father as he entered. Patty understood the great sorrow that was come upon them, and tried to check her sobs as she heard her father's steps.

"My children," said Amos, taking Chubby in his arms, "God is going to take away your dear mother from us. She wants to see you to say good-by. You must try to be very good and not cry."

He could say no more, but turned round to see if Nanny was there with Walter; and then led the way up stairs, leading Dickey with the other hand. Mrs. Hackit followed with Sophy and Patty, and then came Nanny with Walter and Fred.

It seemed as if Milly had heard the little footsteps on the stairs, for when Amos entered her eyes were wide open, eagerly looking toward the door. They all stood by the bedside; Amos nearer to her, holding Chubby and Dickey. But she motioned for Patty to come first, and clasping the poor pale child by the hand, said:

"Patty, I'm going away from you. Love your father. Comfort him; and take care of your little brothers and sisters. God will help you."

Patty stood perfectly quiet, and said, "Yes, mamma."

The mother motioned with her pallid lips for the dear child to lean toward her and kiss her; and then Patty's great anguish overcame her, and she burst into sobs. Amos drew her toward him and pressed her head gently to him, while Milly beckoned Fred and Sophy, and said to them, more faintly:

"Patty will try to be your mamma when I am gone, my darlings. You will be good, and not vex her."

They leaned toward her, and she stroked their fair heads, and kissed their tear-stained cheeks. They cried because mother was ill and father looked so unhappy; but they thought, perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again.

The little ones were lifted on the bed to kiss her. Little Walter said, "Mamma, mamma," and stretched out his fat arms and smiled; and Chubby seemed gravely wondering; but Dickey, who had been looking fixedly at her, with lip hanging down, ever since he came into the room, now seemed suddenly pierced with the idea that mamma was going away somewhere; his little heart swelled, and he cried aloud.

Then Mrs. Hackit and Nanny took them all away. Patty at first begged to stay at home and not go to Mrs. Bond's again; but when Nanny reminded her that she had better go to take care of the younger ones, she submitted at once, and they were all packed in the pony carriage once more.

Milly kept her eyes shut for some time after the children were gone. Amos had sunk on his knees, and was holding her hand while he watched her face. By and by she opened her eyes, and, drawing him close to her, whispered slowly,

"My dear—dear—husband—you have been—very—good to me. You—have—made me—very—happy."

She spoke no more for many hours. They watched her breathing becoming more and more difficult, until evening deepened into night, and until midnight was past. About half past twelve she seemed to be trying to speak, and they leaned to catch her words.

"Music—music—didn't you hear it?"

Amos knelt by the bed, and held her hand in his. He did not believe in his sorrow. It was a bad dream. He did not know when she was gone. But Mr. Brand, whom Mrs. Hackit had sent for before twelve o'clock, thinking that Mr. Barton might probably need his help, now came up to him and said:

"She feels no more pain now. Come, my dear sir, come with me."

"She isn't *dead*!" shrieked the poor desolate man, struggling to shake off Mr. Brand, who had taken him by the arm.

But his weary, weakened frame was not equal to resistance, and he was dragged out of the room.

They laid her in the grave—the sweet mother with her baby in her arms—while the Christmas snow lay thick upon the graves, and the day was cold and dreary; but there was many a sad eye watching that black procession as it passed from the parsonage to the church, and from the church to the open grave. There were men and women standing in that church-yard who had bandied vulgar jests about their pastor; but now, when they saw him following the coffin, pale and haggard, he was consecrated anew by his great sorrow, and they looked at him with respectful pity.

All the children were there, for Amos had willed it so, thinking that some dim memory of that sacred moment might remain even with little Walter, and link itself with what he would hear of his sweet mother in after years. He himself led Patty and Dickey; then came Sophy and Fred; Mr. Brand had begged to carry Chubby, and Nanny followed with Walter. They made a circle round the grave while the coffin was being lowered. Patty alone of all the children felt that her mother was in that coffin, and that a new and sadder life had begun for her father and herself. She was pale and trembling, but she clasped his hand more firmly as the coffin went down, and gave no sob. Fred and Sophy, though they were only two and three years younger, and though they had seen mother in her coffin, seemed to themselves to be looking at some strange show. They had not learned to decipher that terrible handwriting of human destiny, illness and death. Dickey had rebelled against his black clothes, until he was told that it would be naughty to mamma not to put them on, when he at once submitted; and now, though he had heard Nanny say that she was in heaven, he had a vague notion that she would come home again to-morrow, and say he had been a good boy, and let him empty her work-box. He stood close to his father, with great rosy cheeks and wide open blue eyes, looking first up at the minister who read the burial service, and then down at the coffin, and thinking he and Chubby would play at that, when they got home.

The burial was over, and Amos turned

with his children to reenter the house; the house where, an hour ago, Milly's dear body lay, where the windows were half darkened, and sorrow seemed to have a hallowed precinct for itself, shut out from the world. But now she was gone; the broad, snow-reflecting daylight was in all the rooms; the parsonage again seemed part of the common working-day world, and Amos, for the first time, felt that he was alone; that day after day, month after month, year after year, would have to be lived through without Milly's love. Spring would come, and she would not be there; summer, and she would not be there; and he would never have her again with him by the fireside in the long evenings. The seasons all seemed irksome to his thoughts; and how dreary the sunshiny days that would be sure to come! She was gone from him; and he could never show her his love any more, never make up for omissions in the past by filling future days with tenderness.

O the anguish of that thought, that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them; for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!

Amos Barton had been an affectionate husband, and while Milly was with him, he was never visited by the thought that perhaps his sympathy with her was not quick and watchful enough; but now he re-lived all their life together, with that terrible keenness of memory and imagination which bereavement gives, and he felt as if his very love needed a pardon for its poverty and selfishness.

Reader, whoever thou art, husband or wife, brother or sister, take to thine own heart—it will be a blessed thing when thine own dreary day of bereavement shall come—take, therefore, now to thine heart, the lesson taught thee by the dark day at the parsonage.

WHEN you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down upon those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.—

Dr. Moore.

THE BURNING SPECULA OF ARCHIMEDES.

OF all the inventions ascribed to Archimedes, there is none more extraordinary than that of the burning specula by which he is said to have set fire to the Roman fleet, while it rode at anchor in the harbor of Syracuse, and he himself was shut up within the walls of that city. The fact, however, seems not to have been called in question till the time of Descartes. That philosopher, trusting to certain optical laws which he had discovered, and which, though just, were not sufficiently comprehensive, ventured to deny the possibility of constructing specula which could burn at so great a distance. His authority was then an overmatch for the testimony of all antiquity: his opinion prevailed; and till the experiments which we are about to notice were made, the mirrors of Archimedes were regarded as a chimera.

For some years prior to 1747, the French naturalist, Buffon, had been engaged in the prosecution of those researches upon heat which he afterward published in the first volume of the supplement to his "Natural History." Without any previous knowledge, as it would seem, of the mathematical treatise of Anthemius, in which a similar invention of the sixth century is described, Buffon was led, in spite of the reasonings of Descartes, to conclude that a speculum or series of specula might be constructed sufficient to obtain results little, if at all, inferior to those attributed to the invention of Archimedes.

This, after encountering many difficulties, which he had foreseen with great acuteness, and obviated with equal ingenuity, he at length succeeded in effecting. In the spring of 1747, he laid before the French Academy a memoir which, in his collected works, extends over upward of eighty pages. In this paper he describes himself as in possession of an apparatus by means of which he could set fire to planks at the distance of two hundred, and even two hundred and ten feet, and melt metals and metallic minerals at distances varying from twenty-five to forty feet. This apparatus he describes as composed of one hundred and sixty-eight plain glasses, silvered on the back, each six inches broad by eight inches long. These, he says, were ranged in a large wooden frame, at

intervals not exceeding the third of an inch; so that, by means of an adjustment behind, each should be movable in all directions independently of the rest; the spaces between the glasses being further of use in allowing the operator to see from behind the point on which it behooved the various disks to be converged.

These results ascertained, Buffon's next inquiry was, how far they corresponded with those ascribed to the mirrors of Archimedes, the most particular account of which is given by the historians Zonaras and Tzetzes, both of the twelfth century. "Archimedes," says the first of these writers, "having received the rays of the sun on a mirror, by the thickness and polish of which they were reflected and united, kindled a flame in the air, and darted it with full violence on the ships which were anchored within a certain distance, and which were accordingly reduced to ashes." The same Zonaras relates that Proclus, a celebrated mathematician of the sixth century, at the siege of Constantinople, set on fire the Thracian fleet by means of brass mirrors. Tzetzes is yet more particular. He tells us, that when the Roman galleys were within a bow-shot of the city walls, Archimedes caused a kind of hexagonal speculum, with other smaller ones of twenty-four facets each, to be placed at a proper distance; that he moved these by means of hinges and plates of metal; that the hexagon was bisected by "the meridian of summer and winter;" that it was placed opposite the sun; and that a great fire was thus kindled, which consumed the Roman fleet.

From these accounts, we may conclude that the mirrors of Archimedes and Buffon were not very different either in their construction or effects. No question, therefore, could remain of the latter having revived one of the most beautiful inventions of former times, were there not one circumstance which still renders the antiquity of it doubtful: the writers cotemporary with Archimedes, or nearest his time, make no mention of these mirrors. Livy, who is so fond of the marvelous, and Polybius, whose accuracy so great an invention could scarcely have escaped, are altogether silent on the subject. Plutarch, who has collected so many particulars relative to Archimedes, speaks no more of it than the former two; and Galen, who lived in the second century, is the first writer by whom

we find it mentioned. It is, however, difficult to conceive how the notion of such mirrors having ever existed could have occurred, if they never had been actually employed. The idea is greatly above the reach of those minds which are usually occupied in inventing falsehoods; and if the mirrors of Archimedes are a fiction, it must be granted that they are the fiction of a philosopher.

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND.

IN 1853, there were in Europe about one hundred institutions for the blind, many of them, however, on a very small scale, and supported by religious fraternities. Of these, France had thirteen, nearly all of which, except those already named, had very few pupils, and were mostly under the care of some of the religious orders. The eleven were estimated to contain about one hundred and forty-five pupils.

Germany, including Austria and Prussia, has thirty-two institutions, divided among her different states as follows: Austria, nine; Prussia, eight; Bavaria, four; Wurtemburg, three; Dresden, Frankfort, Hamburg, Hamelin, Leipsic, Ratisbon, and Regensburg, each one. None of these are large, except those at Berlin and Vienna, and the whole have not more than one thousand pupils. There is at Vienna an asylum for the aged and infirm blind. The number of blind persons in Germany is estimated at more than thirty thousand. Switzerland has five schools for the blind, at Zurich, Schaffhausen, Lausanne, Berne, and Fribourg. None of these are large; those at Zurich and Lausanne are in very high repute.

Sweden has but one, at Stockholm, which is connected with the institution for the deaf and dumb. The institution was organized in 1806, but up to 1843 had had but eight blind pupils. In 1843 it was reorganized under the present director, M. O. E. Borg, a son of the founder of the institute, and is in a very flourishing condition, having about thirty-six pupils.

Russia has only three schools for the blind, viz., at St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Gatschina, neither of them on a very large scale, and affording but very trifling relief to its fifty thousand blind.

Belgium has three, one at Bruges, under

the care of the Abbé Carton, one at Brussels, and one at Liege. All are intended for deaf mutes as well as blind.

Spain has two; the one at Madrid is mainly intended to educate blind persons as teachers.

Great Britain has thirteen. Of these, that at Liverpool is the oldest, and had in 1855 seventy-nine pupils. As we have elsewhere stated, it is mainly an industrial school, reading and music being the only branches taught. The articles manufactured amounted that year to \$4,400. The schools for the blind in London, three in number, are richly endowed, but give no instruction except in industrial arts, reading, and music. The Edinburgh school is in advance of the others in literary advantages, but neither there nor anywhere else in Great Britain are the blind taught (except music) anything more than reading and the mere rudiments of geography, grammar, and arithmetic.

Ireland has six institutions of all kinds, viz., Simpson Hospital, for Blind and Gouty Persons, the inmates admitted for life and no instruction given. It has thirty-eight inmates. The Richmond National Institution has seventeen inmates, who are received for from three to seven years, and taught basket-making; the Molyneux Asylum for Blind Females has twenty-five inmates, who are received for life, and taught knitting, netting, reading, and music; the Ulster Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind has thirteen inmates, admitted for three years, and taught mat-making, knitting, and needle-work; the Limerick Asylum for Females has nine inmates, admitted for life, and taught knitting; the Cork Blind Asylum has twenty-nine inmates, received for from five to seven years, and taught basket and mat making, knitting, spinning, etc.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are about twenty-five thousand blind persons.

There are in Italy six blind institutions, at Naples, Palermo, Rome, Milan, Turin, and Padua. None of them are large. Portugal has one at Lisbon, and Turkey one at Constantinople.

Holland has three; the largest is at Amsterdam, and is an institution of very superior character, well endowed, and conducted with great ability, by Herr J. W. Van Dappelen. It has two departments. The Institute, which had in 1853 fifty-five pupils, thirty males and twenty-

five females, with twelve assistant teachers; and the workshop for the adult blind, with thirty inmates, fourteen men and sixteen women, under the care of a director and two assistants.

Twelve works for the blind had been published in Dutch in the raised letter, principally of an elementary character. The Psalms, the Gospel of St. Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles, were the only portions of the Scriptures published for the blind in that language. Many of the books used were in French and German. Braille's system of writing with points was in use. The apparatus of maps, globes, letter-boards, etc., in relief, was the most complete and extensive in any institution in Europe.

In the United States there are now twenty institutions for the blind, the oldest of which dates its actual organization from the year 1832. These institutions differ very greatly in size, in the number of pupils, the extent of their buildings, and appliances for instruction, and the skill and success of their management; but there is hardly one which, in the extent and success of its course of instruction, is not greatly in advance of the British schools, and the larger institutions, according to the testimony of the best European teachers, have no equals in Europe.

The first school for the blind chartered in this country was the Massachusetts Asylum, and Perkins Institution for the Blind, but its actual organization was a few months later than that of the New York Institution. The charter was obtained in 1829, through the efforts of Dr. J. D. Fisher, but it was not until 1832, when Dr. Samuel G. Howe, a young physician, educated at Paris, and whose heroism and bravery in the Greek revolution, in which he had enlisted as a volunteer, had won him a reputation, had devoted himself with all his zeal, enthusiasm, and genius, to the effort for their instruction, that a school was organized. Dr. Howe familiarized himself with the methods pursued, and the success attained in the European schools, before attempting to organize one at Boston; and on his return commenced with six pupils. The apparatus and processes in use for imparting instruction were rude, cumbrous, and ill adapted to their purpose; he immediately commenced simplifying and improving them. The raised letters in use (the French letter and Gall's)

seemed to him objectionable, and he at once began a series of experiments, which resulted in the adoption of a letter which is acknowledged to be superior to any other in its adaptation to the wants of the blind.

These were great triumphs for a young man to have accomplished, and they placed Dr. Howe at once in the front rank of the educators of the blind; but without detracting at all from his merits, it was certainly a happy and fortunate circumstance for the blind, that his zeal and enthusiasm in their cause should have found so ready response from the noble-hearted citizens of Boston. The exhibition of the proficiency of Dr. Howe's first pupils so interested Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, that he gave his spacious and elegant residence to the Institution for the Blind, on condition that \$50,000 should be contributed to endow it. This sum was speedily raised, and the institution, by private liberality and appropriations from the state, placed on a permanent foundation. This desirable result accomplished, Dr. Howe devoted himself with great zeal, among his other labors in their behalf, to the work of providing a literature for the blind. His earnest appeals led to the contribution of money for this purpose, and after having completed the Bible in the raised letter, the plates of which were subsequently purchased by the American Bible Society, and providing the necessary school manuals for the instruction of his pupils, he proceeded to issue such standard and classical works as the means in his hands permitted. The publication of an Encyclopedia in the raised letter has been a favorite project with him, and eight of the twenty volumes, of which it is to be composed, have been already issued. The enormous expense of works printed for the blind, will, unless some national appropriation is made for it, prevent them from becoming very numerous; but from the statistics we have given in a former number, it will be seen that by far the most valuable additions made to their literature have been issued from the Boston press.

The New York Institution for the Blind was chartered in 1831. The enterprise originated in the philanthropic spirit of Samuel Wood, a venerable member of the Society of Friends, now gone to his rest, but who for many years went about, like his Divine Master, doing good. Mr.

Wood's attention was first called to the subject by the ravages of epidemic ophthalmia in the Farm School (of which he was a visitor) in 1828. About the same time Dr. Samuel Akerly, a name deservedly honored by the medical profession in New York, became interested in the welfare of the blind, and in 1831, with no knowledge of what had been attempted elsewhere in this country, Dr. Akerly procured from the Legislature a charter for an Institution for the Blind, to be located in the City of New York.

After the first year many of those who were at first skeptical of its success became its fast friends. Several gentlemen volunteered to raise funds for it; the ladies held a succession of fairs for its benefit, and realized several thousand dollars. Mr. James Boorman gave the use of the land, and a building on the premises now occupied by the institution, for a number of years at a nominal rent, and subsequently sold the land to the trustees at a very low price. On the first of November, 1833, the school was removed to these premises from 62 Spring-street, where it had been located since the spring previous. The number of pupils was now sixteen. During the year Dr. Russ visited several towns in the interior, and thus awakened an interest in the institution.

In May, 1834, the Legislature authorized the managers to receive four indigent blind pupils from each of the eight senatorial districts of the state, and to draw from the state treasury one hundred and thirty dollars for the support of each. At the end of this year the number of pupils had increased to thirty-six. Basket-making and rug-making had been introduced, and a graduate of the Edinburgh Blind Institution had taken charge of the manufacturing department.

In the spring of 1836 the Legislature provided for the support of *eight* pupils from each senatorial district, and also appropriated twelve thousand dollars, on condition that the managers should raise eight thousand, the whole to be appropriated for the purchase of the land on which the institution was located, and for the erection of a work-shop.

During the year improvement was made in the processes of instruction. The pupils were supplied with books in the raised letter; maps in relief and other apparatus were furnished, and music was made a

prominent feature in the system of education. At the close of the year there were fifty pupils in attendance.

In 1839 the Legislature authorized the support of *sixteen* pupils from each senatorial district, and in 1848 an appropriation was made by the Legislature for erecting a building intended for workshops, refectory, dormitories, and sales-room for the adult blind. The entire cost of this building was between sixteen thousand and seventeen thousand dollars.

In 1850 the number of pupils was one hundred and forty-four. The funds of the institution were during this year considerably increased by bequests from its friends. In 1852, the present superintendent, Mr. T. Colden Cooper, was appointed superintendent.

Among the graduates of this institution, quite a number have achieved considerable literary distinction. Misses Crosby, Bullock, and Holmes, (the first of whom is still connected with the institution as a teacher,) have a deservedly high reputation as poetesses. The published letters of Mrs. De Krypt attracted much attention from their pleasing style.

Messrs. Arkman and Hall have published a work entitled "Beauties and Achievements of the Blind," partly selected, but exhibiting in its original portions decided talent. Rev. Adam Mac Lellan, a graduate of the institution, and also of the Union Theological Seminary, gives the promise of high abilities as a preacher.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind owes its origin primarily to Mr. Roberts Vaux, a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, and a member of the Society of Friends. As early as 1824, and for several subsequent years, he conversed very frequently with his friends on the subject of providing for their training and instruction.

In 1829 one of these friends, Mr. Joshua F. Fisher, visited Europe, and while there Mr. Vaux wrote him repeatedly requesting him to obtain the necessary information in regard to institutions for the blind, and ascertain whether a teacher could be procured from thence to open a school for the blind in Philadelphia. Mr. Fisher devoted much attention to the subject, and wrote several letters to Mr. Vaux, detailing the results of his investigations. In the autumn of 1832 Mr. Fisher returned

to America, and soon after Mr. Julius R. Friedlander arrived in Philadelphia, bringing letters to Mr. Robert Walsh and Mr. Vaux.

Mr. Friedlander was a native of Upper Silesia. He was of Jewish parentage, but was educated at the University of Leipsic, and while pursuing his studies there professed Christianity. After receiving his degree he was for a time tutor in the family of the Prince of Faunenberg, and won his entire confidence.

At an early period his attention was called to the condition and privations of the blind, and he informed himself fully concerning the processes adopted in their instruction. The interest thus excited, led him finally to devote himself to the work of enlightening their darkness. Regarding the United States as an unoccupied field in this great humanitarian enterprise, he resolved to make the effort to establish here a school for the instruction of those from whom God's providence had shut out the view of the beauties of nature.

Selecting Philadelphia as the most eligible point for such an enterprise, and having carefully qualified himself for the undertaking, by attendance upon the best schools for the blind in Europe, he entered at once upon the work for which God had so fully prepared the way. He commenced with a single pupil, and so thorough was his devotion to the instruction of that pupil, so earnest his labors for his improvement, so perfectly triumphant his success, that no one who witnessed it ever doubted that this enthusiastic philanthropist had entered upon his true vocation. His able and distinguished successor, in a letter to the writer, says:

"From the opening of the school the rare excellence of the teacher was apparent in all its condition and progress. He secured in an extraordinary degree the filial confidence of his pupils. His authority was eminently that of affection, powerful and prevailing for all purposes of order and obedience. His personal integrity, his intellectual attainments, his moral and social habits, and his direct preparation for the work, were all presented in proper relief at the outset. His was happily a zeal guided by knowledge, and an ardor tempered by sound discretion."

For six years he was spared to witness the growth and increasing interest of the school he had founded. His overwrought frame was, for the last two years of his life, the prey of a hopeless malady. Nei-

ther the skill of the most eminent physicians, nor the balmy air of the most genial of climates, availed to stay the progress of the destroyer. He returned to the bosom of his adopted family to die; and, amid the sound of grateful voices, and soothed, in his paroxysms of pain, by melodies which himself had evoked, he passed away peacefully and happily to the better land. Deep was the affliction of his pupils at his early departure, and many the tears which flowed from sightless eyes, over him who had been to them a parent, a brother, a friend.

In the cemetery at Laurel Hill rises in simple grandeur a lofty shaft, inscribed with the name of FRIEDLANDER, which testifies to the grateful remembrance in which the name of this eminent practical philanthropist is held.

After his death Dr. Joshua Rhoads, now the able and efficient principal of the Illinois Institution, filled the place for a short time. He was followed by David B. Tower, since a distinguished teacher and author, and he by Rev. Dr. John A. Vaughan. Joseph K. Fry was also superintendent for a short time. In 1849 William Chapin, the present accomplished and able principal, was appointed, and under his administration the institution has been eminently successful.

The number of pupils and other blind persons connected with the institution on the first of January, 1856, was one hundred and thirty-three, of whom one hundred were supported by the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland.

On the third of April, 1837, an act was passed appointing a board of "Trustees of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind," and empowering them to receive a donation of land in the vicinity of Columbus, to appoint a suitable person to superintend the erection of buildings, and to make provision for the opening of the school with a suitable teacher, in rented apartments. An appropriation of ten thousand dollars was made for the commencement of the school and the purchase of materials for the building.

In accordance with these provisions of the Legislature the necessary measures were taken, and the school publicly opened on the fourth of July, 1837, with five pupils, under the care of Mr. A. W. Penniman as teacher.

On the tenth of March, 1838, the Legislature made provision for the education of sixty indigent pupils, twelve to be admitted each year, and to remain five years. Fifteen thousand dollars were also appropriated to complete the buildings.

The "Virginia Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind," is located at Staunton. This institution originated in an act passed by the Legislature of the state on the thirty-first of March, 1838, appropriating twenty thousand dollars for a site and buildings for an asylum for deaf-mutes and blind, and ten thousand dollars annually for its support. By an act passed the twenty-seventh of March, 1839, this asylum was located at Staunton, and, by a subsequent act, a board of visitors was appointed to organize the institution, purchase a site, and superintend the erection of suitable buildings.

The asylum was organized the first of January, 1840, with six blind pupils. The corner-stone of the main building was laid the ninth of July, 1840, but, for want of funds, only the walls were erected, and the roof put on, until 1846, when, by the aid of an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars from the Legislature, granted the year previous, it was completed.

During the period from 1840 to 1846 artful demagogues had sought to prejudice the ignorant and unthinking against the institution, and had succeeded to some extent. After the completion of the building, however, the success which attended its instructions was such as to convince even its bitterest opposers of its importance.

The number of blind pupils in 1855 was forty. The buildings, of which a view was given in the November number of *THE NATIONAL*, are among the finest of their class in the country. The main building has a front of one hundred and eighty-two feet. There is also a fine building for chapel, recitation rooms, etc., eighty-four by fifty-four feet, recently erected, and several rear buildings for workshops, etc.

The Tennessee Institution for the Blind originated in a private school, taught by Rev. Mr. Champlin, in Nashville, in 1843. The progress made by the pupils was exhibited before the Legislature, during the winter of 1843-4, when that body appropriated three thousand dollars, and appointed three eminent clergymen as trustees of an "Institution for the Instruction of

the Blind." These trustees met in February, 1844, and made arrangements for the organization of the institution, and appointed Mr. William H. Churchman, a graduate of the Pennsylvania School, and, subsequently, for four years a teacher in the Ohio Institution, as principal. Mr. C. had been a pupil of Friedlander, and had inherited much of his spirit.

The school was opened in a hired house in Nashville, furnished through the benevolence of its citizens, on the tenth of April, 1844, with a single pupil. The number had increased, on the first of September, 1845, to fourteen, and their progress had been highly encouraging.

In 1847, fifteen pupils were in attendance, and in 1853 there were twenty-six pupils, and five other blind persons, connected with the institution.

The Kentucky Institute for the Blind is located at Louisville. It was opened in 1842. Of its early history, or present condition, we have not been able to obtain any information.

The first effort for the instruction of the blind in Indiana was made in 1844, when, through the efforts of some philanthropic gentleman in Indianapolis, the superintendent of the Kentucky Asylum was invited to exhibit some of his pupils before the Legislature. The result of this exhibition was the appropriation of the revenue of a two mill tax, to be expended under the direction of three trustees, to support blind children in the institutions of Ohio and Kentucky. Finding that many of the parents were unwilling to have their children sent out of the state for an education, the Legislature of 1846 passed a law for the purchase of a suitable site, and the erection of buildings, for an institute for the blind.

A lot of eight acres, adjoining the north line of the City of Indianapolis, was purchased, and rooms were rented temporarily, and the school organized, in October, 1847. A cheap building was erected on the rear of the site, which had been purchased, the next season, for the temporary accommodation of the school, and the permanent buildings were put under contract in 1848. They were not completed, however, till 1853. In beauty and convenience of arrangement they are not surpassed by any institution for the blind in this country. We have already in a previous number of *THE NATIONAL* given a view of them.

The cost of the building and grounds was about seventy-five thousand dollars; their present value is over ninety thousand.

Mr. Churchman, previously superintendent of the Tennessee Institution, was appointed principal, at the organization of the Indiana Institute, and remained in charge till the summer of 1853, when he resigned, and Rev. George W. Ames was chosen his successor. The number of pupils in 1854 was about fifty.

The Illinois Institution for the Blind was incorporated on the 13th of January, 1849, and organized at Jacksonville, by the trustees appointed by the Legislature, on the first Monday of April following. Mr. Samuel Bacon, a graduate of the Ohio Institution for the Blind, who had previously been engaged in the private instruction of the blind at Jacksonville, was engaged as principal.

During the same year a site, comprising twenty-two acres, having been purchased, the foundation of an edifice for the institution was laid. This edifice, of which a view was given in our April number, was completed, and the school removed to it, in January, 1854. It has enjoyed constant prosperity under the able management of Dr. Rhoads.

The Wisconsin Institution for the Blind was organized in 1850, and its edifice is now nearly completed. Its past history has not been prosperous, but the trustees have, during the past year, appointed Mr. Churchman, of whom we have already spoken, as principal, and from his high abilities we may safely predict a more successful future in store for it. The number of pupils in 1856 was only fourteen.

The Missouri Institution was established at St. Louis in 1851. We have been unable to obtain any later report than that of 1854. The buildings occupied by the institution had cost about forty-five thousand dollars. There were twenty-one pupils in attendance, and Mr. E. W. Whealan, formerly principal of the Tennessee Institution, was superintendent.

Of the Mississippi Institution, at Jackson, Mississippi, and the Asylum for the Blind at Mobile, Alabama, we have been unable to obtain any definite information. Both are very small.

The Georgia Institution, at Macon, was founded in 1852; its buildings are not yet completed. In 1856 it had eighteen pupils.

The Maryland Institution for the Blind

was organized in 1853, and had in the autumn of 1856 twelve pupils. It is under the charge of Mr. D. Loughery, himself a blind man. It is exciting considerable interest in Baltimore.

The Iowa Institution for the Blind was established at Iowa City in 1853. The buildings thus far erected for it have cost about six thousand dollars. It had in 1856 twenty-three pupils.

The Louisiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, at Baton Rouge, was organized in 1852, though the blind department was not opened till 1855. The edifice is a magnificent one, and affords ample accommodation for both classes of unfortunates. The principal, Mr. J. S. Brown, was formerly at the head of the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institute. He is a man of great ability and energy, and of a high order of practical talent.

The Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind is located at Flint, and was organized in 1854. Its edifices, now in course of completion, will be very beautiful and commodious. The blind department had eighteen pupils in 1856, and was under the charge of Mr. B. M. Fay, formerly connected with the Indiana Institution.

The North Carolina Institution, at Raleigh, and the South Carolina, at Cedar Spring, both receive blind as well as deaf-mute pupils. The former was organized in 1848, the latter in 1849. Mr. N. P. Walker is principal of the South Carolina Institution; Mr. William D. Cooke held the same position in the North Carolina Institution at the date of our latest report.

There are then in the United States twenty institutions designed in whole or in part for the instruction of the blind. Five admit the deaf and dumb also. Fifteen are devoted exclusively to the blind.

In these institutions there were in 1856 about nine hundred blind persons, probably not far from one twelfth of the whole number in the country. Some twelve hundred more, in all, have received their education from these institutions, since 1832. In comparing these results with those of the European institutions, we feel that the friends of the blind have great cause for gratulation that this noble department of charity has enlisted so thoroughly the sympathies of our people, and that the opportunities of education are so generally afforded to this afflicted class.

BRITISH INDIA—N^o III.

FTER the famous and decisive battle of Plassey, in which Colonel Clive scattered the forces of Surajah Dowlah, and created Meer Jaffier as the new and submissive Nabob of Bengal, and thus secured this great territory to the English, showers of wealth fell upon the Company and its servants. The breaking up of the vast and opulent empire of the Moguls—the play of ambition among aspiring nabobs, contending with each other for the provinces of that dismembered empire, each province of which was equal in magnitude and wealth to a kingdom, presented to the avaricious companies trading in the East, just the circumstances for the rapid but unjust acquisition of enormous wealth. In this contest of ambition and avarice striving after wealth and power, which were to be acquired by artifice and arms, no mind was better qualified, and no arms were better disciplined than those of the English, and the English prevailed. The conquest of Moorshedabad, a city on the Ganges now fallen to decay, but then the magnificent capital of Surajah Dowlah, placed in the hands of Clive a sum of 800,000 pounds sterling in coined silver, which was sent down the river in a fleet of one hundred boats, whose progress was that of a triumph, and the arrival of which at Fort William was at once an index of the wealth which lay before the adventurers, and an incentive to renewed efforts after greater acquisitions; while the facility with which it was acquired, could only lead to extravagance. Calcutta, which only a few months before had been desolated by the army of Surajah, now became more prosperous than ever; the signs of affluence soon began to appear in every English house. In gratitude for his services, the treasury of Bengal was thrown open to Clive, and “he walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds, and was at liberty to help himself.” Meer Jaffier sat upon the throne of Bengal, imbecile and depraved, and wholly dependent on the treacherous hand that had placed him in his new position. The recent revolution had unsettled the whole country, and many native chiefs were in open insurrection against the new nabob, while he was himself only the tool of his masters, and his territories a prey to the merciless avarice of his British allies.

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During this state of affairs, before the news of the battle of Plassey had reached London, the Directors sent dispatches to India, placing the English settlers in Bengal under a most cumbersome and absurd government, and at the same time excluded Colonel Clive from any participation in it. But the persons in India who formed this new government, who understood the state of things, and in whose eyes success had sanctified the treacheries of Clive, took on themselves the responsibility of disobeying the orders of the Directors, and invited the hero of Plassey and Moorshedabad to exercise the supreme authority. Clive consented, and was installed in his new dignity, and it soon appeared that the servants of the Company had only anticipated the wish of their employers, who in the meantime had received intelligence of Clive’s successes, which had made them masters of Bengal. On the receipt of this news, the Directors at once appointed Colonel Clive governor of their possessions in Bengal, addressing him in the strongest terms of flattery and praise, and conferring upon him high marks of honor and gratitude; thus giving their highest sanction to the artifice and treachery which gave them an empire in the East. The power of Clive, and that of the Company, was now boundless in India, not only because no bounds were placed to their unexpectedly acquired dominions, but also because they possessed the means of unlimited extension. Meer Jaffier regarded the new governor with slavish awe; he was the mere nominal Nabob of Bengal—Colonel Clive its real sovereign, and the East India Company its true proprietor.

The cumbersome government bestowed at this time on Bengal, was not only an anomaly, but an absurdity. The whole authority was of course invested in the East India Company. The body of proprietors of East India stock elected twenty-four Directors, to whom was intrusted executive power, the proprietors being careful to reserve exclusively to themselves all legislative authority. The holder of £500 of the Company’s stock was entitled to a voice in the Court of Proprietors, but to become a Director, it was necessary to hold stock to the value of £2000. Each presidency—Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta—was governed by a president, and a council of nine to twelve members, appointed by commission of the

Company. All power was lodged in the president and council jointly, every question that came before them being decided by a majority of votes. The charter of 1726 granted to the Company the power to establish a Mayor's Court at each of the presidencies, consisting of a Mayor and nine aldermen, empowered to decide in civil cases of all descriptions, subject to an appeal from their decisions to the president and council. The president and his council were also vested with the power of holding quarter sessions, for the exercise of penal authority in all cases except those of high treason, and also a court for the summary decision of pecuniary questions of inconsiderable amount. Beyond this, the powers of justices of the peace were added to the already overgrown power of the council, the president being at the same time commander-in-chief of all the military force within his presidency.

How could it be otherwise than that this irresponsible, unequal, and imperfect form of government, intended to control the affairs of vast territories, and to consult and secure the interest and welfare of millions of ignorant, degraded, and imbecile heathens, should rapidly become corrupt, and lead to ruinous embarrassments. The Company, a mere body of traders, of speculating adventurers, was invested with a great and irresponsible power, an anomaly among the governments of the earth. There was then no Board of Control. The Directors were, for the most part, merchants, "avaricious and unjust, ignorant of politics, inexperienced in government," and almost wholly unacquainted with the circumstances and wants of the mighty empire, which had so unjustly and so unexpectedly become subject to them. At the head of this government of India, intended to operate on the opposite side of the globe, was the Court of Proprietors, the theater of whose movements was in London. The opportunities of communication between this body and its servants on the other side of world, were few and uncertain, requiring nearly two years for an interchange of views and wishes, thus leaving each department of the cumbersome management to act in ignorance of the circumstances, and often in opposition to the wants and interests of the other. The meetings of the Court of Proprietors, a body now venerable in age, but venerable only for the frosts gathered on its

hoary locks, and not for the memory of its good deeds, were large and stormy, often even riotous, and characterized by personal and violent debates. The whole body was struggling for the carcass of a decaying empire, and each proprietor, like a vulture, was contending with his fellow for the largest and most delicate portion. Hence "turbulent and virulent discussions disgraced the proceedings of the assembly on questions of the most solemn importance. Fictitious votes were manufactured on a giant scale; thousands of pounds being expended by wealthy nabobs for East India stock, each £500 acquiring a new vote, by conferring it on a mere nominal proprietor, the pliant tool of the ambitious director."

While this was the character of the Court of Proprietors at home, corruption and oppression prevailed universally in the administration of the Company's servants in India. No longer satisfied with slow and moderate gains, and having full power and a wide and opulent field, a feverish excitement and an ungovernable avarice characterized all, as all were nearly irresponsible, and only left their quiet firesides in England with the hope of amassing speedy fortunes, with which to return and enjoy the ease and quiet of home. The officers of the Company were recognized as their own judges in all cases, and notwithstanding the establishment of the Mayor's Court, they still held all the judicial and executive functions, both civil and military, in their own hands. India, in the eyes of Englishmen, wore the character of a vast mine of wealth—a country of gold and silver, and glittering with rubies and diamonds; a country which had been acquired by the prowess of British arms, and therefore a legitimate province for plunder, the only value of which was as an open field for the adventures of avarice and ambition. A strong tide of emigration poured into the land of gold, like that which has recently populated California, and more recently still, the gold regions of Australia. And, indeed, the early adventures and lawless scenes connected with the occupancy of these two countries, approximated, though they by no means equaled, the tragic scenes of the first years of the British occupancy of India. A fallen empire lay at their feet; millions of powerless and despairing natives were their legitimate prey; the ter-

ritories, the gold and silver, the jewels and the possessions of the greatest dominion that ever prevailed in the East, were theirs. They seized and appropriated all. They monopolized the grounds, claimed the very products of the soil, rented out the lands on terms and for purposes prescribed by themselves, seized the manufactures and placed them under the control of their own servants, monopolized the entire trade of the country, and claimed even the very services of millions of helpless wretches, whom even despair would not drive to rebellion. The officers of the Company assumed the dignity and importance of sovereigns, and might receive at any time, as the price of their corruption, ten or twenty thousand pounds, the offering of unprincipled avarice and ambition.

But we may not stop here to enlarge upon the fearful corruptions and oppressions which characterized the early years of the subjugation of India to the absolute sway of the East India Company. Let it suffice to say, that at that time the fate of unbounded wealth and of millions of powerless human beings, was in the hands of a great company of avaricious traders, and a body of daring adventurers, resident in India, and thirsting for gold and plunder. Then were laid the foundations of all those fearful evils which for three fourths of a century have crushed the millions of India, and which to this day still extort the cry of those millions to ring annually in the ears of the British Parliament and English people. Such as the foreign proprietorship of the land; the collecting of land taxes by oppression and even torture itself; the claiming of the products of the soil at prices fixed by the government; the prescribing by a set of gold-thirsting officials what appropriation shall be made of the soil, whether it should be used for grain, or cotton, or opium, not according to the wants of the millions of the natives, but according to the necessities of the Company's exchequer; the monopoly of the whole internal and external trade; the fearful oppressions connected with the compulsory cultivation of the poppy and manufacture of opium; and even of those financial embarrassments which have steadily increased year by year, making it almost an impossible problem to humane Englishmen, how to relieve India from the dreadful wrongs which still overwhelm a hundred millions of her native subjects.

At that time almost the entire control of the newly acquired empire in India was in the hands of the East India Company, an irresponsible body that aimed much less at a judicious government of the territories they had acquired and of the people they had treacherously subjugated, than at enlarging the profits and facilities of trade at any price of dishonor. In after years, however, the British government itself became implicated in the events of East Indian history, and for more than half a century has been the proper and responsible representative of British authority in the East. Yet as the government of India has all along been characterized by injustice and inefficiency, by increasing embarrassments and growing wrongs and oppressions, so that almost every year the world hears the complaints and reads the petitions of the oppressed millions of India for redress, it is a common *ruse* for British officials and apologists still to throw the blame of all these wrongs and mal-administrations on the Company, and to screen the participation and responsibility of the crown and Parliament of Great Britain under the cover of the world-wide infamy of the Company. Indeed, the British government of India is still an anomaly—a veritable nondescript—being, at least nominally, divided between the crown and the East India Company, and hence spoken of as a “double government;” and hence, too, the whole responsibility of the English government is sometimes attempted to be evaded by declaring the Anglo-Indian Empire to be a “foreign dependency,” in proof of which we sometimes see adduced even two of India's great wrongs, namely, “that it does not enjoy that exemption from taxation for the benefit of the United Kingdom, enjoyed by other colonial possessions; and that it has remitted considerable sums as tribute to England.” The real connection of the crown and Parliament of England with the government and wrongs of India is, then, an interesting and important question, and in order to discover its true character and extent, we must glance at the history of Parliamentary interference in the affairs of the East India Company and its transactions in the East.

In 1772, when the corruptions of the East India Company had reached the extent already referred to, the Parliament of England began to interfere decisively

with the affairs of India. From that time until the present the home government has been gradually absorbing into itself the powers and privileges, and, perhaps we may add, the emoluments of the Company; and it requires but little acuteness to predict that before the same length of time shall again elapse, all the powers and rights of the Company will be absorbed by the imperial government, and the possessions of the Company will be held and controlled by the crown of England, while the Hon. East India Company, with its vast possessions and anomalous privileges, will have become a matter of astonishing history.

This interference began with the farcical examination and dubious censure of Lord Clive, when Parliament first condemned, and then assumed the conquests he had made. In the following year the ministry introduced two bills into Parliament, in which was distinctly asserted the claim of the British crown to all the territorial acquisitions of the Company. In addition to this, the bills provided for the complete regulation of the internal affairs of the Company, such as raising the qualification to vote in the Court of Proprietors from the possession of £500 of the company's stock to that of £1,000, giving to every proprietor possessed of £3,000 worth of stock two votes; of £6,000 three votes, and of £10,000 four votes.

They also changed the annual election of the whole twenty-four directors, and limited it to the annual election of six only. They invested the government of the presidency of Bengal, including Bahar and Orissa, in a governor-general and four councilors, rendering the other presidencies subordinate to that of Bengal, and even fixing the salaries of all the government officers, which was done, indeed, on a liberal scale, giving the governor-general as his annual salary as many pounds sterling as the President of the United States receives dollars, namely, £25,000. They established at Calcutta a supreme court of judicature, consisting of a chief justice and three associate judges, each appointed by the crown.

In carrying these new regulations into effect it was proposed that the first governor-general and councilors should be nominated by Parliament, and hold their offices for five years, after which the patronage of those great offices was to revert

to the directors, yet still subject to the approval of the British sovereign. It was also specifically determined that everything which related to the civil or military affairs of India, *to the government of the country, or the administration of the revenues*, should be laid before the ministers of Parliament, and that no person in the service of the king or Company should be allowed to receive presents on any pretext whatever, or engage in any kind of commercial speculation or pursuit.

These prerogatives claimed and exercised by the British Parliament, thus boldly breaking in upon the management of the East India Company, and these minute and authoritative regulations of the government of India, even as far back as 1773, show conclusively that the government of Great Britain even then claimed and exercised such an authority in India as constitutes it the proper and responsible representative of British sovereignty in India.

But even this is not the full extent of the authority and influence of the crown and Parliament of England in the affairs of the Anglo-Indian empire. The experience of less than ten years, notwithstanding the wholesome regulations already adopted, made it necessary for the home government still more decisively to interfere in the management of India, and to throw still greater limitations around the authority of the Company.

In 1784 the celebrated Pitt introduced his famous India bill, which originated the Board of Control. This body, which is still in existence, and which, if it had not itself furnished some of the greatest speculators in Indian stocks and trade, would have been the greatest safeguard against the mal-administration of the Company, consists of six members of the Privy Council, appointed by the crown, two of the principal secretaries of state being always members. The president of the board is, in fact, secretary of state for India, and is the officer responsible for the government and for the proceedings of the board. This Board of Control extends its superintendence over all the affairs, civil and military, of India. Macaulay says:

"It revises, cancels, or approves all dispatches, letters, orders, or instructions proposed to be sent out by the Board of Directors to the local government in India; it may also re-

quire the court to prepare and send out dispatches on any given subject, couched in such terms as it may deem fit; it may transmit, in certain cases, orders to India, without the inspection of the directors, and has access to all the Company's papers and records, and to all proceedings of the courts of directors and proprietors. It is clear, therefore, that from 1784, when the Board of Control was established, the real sovereignty of British India was taken out of the hands of the Company and placed in those of ministers."

Warren Hastings had been appointed Governor-General of India ten years before this time, a man that was to the government of India what Clive had been to the first establishment of British power in those territories. Clive, by the most indomitable courage and most unscrupulous measures, had founded the British dominion in India; Hastings, by the same means, gave it permanence, and a wider extension, but also drew upon himself and the government of India the attention of the British Parliament and people, which resulted in the above action. Hastings was recalled. On his return to England he was impeached by the House of Commons, and tried for high crimes and misdemeanors. And then followed a judicial farce similar to that which followed the return of Clive to England.

The trial was conducted with extraordinary pomp of state and theatrical show. The celebrated Burke and Sheridan exerted all their eloquence against the criminal, and the proceedings were continued through a period of eight years. It was proved that the administration of Hastings had been arbitrary in the extreme, and that he had committed many acts of injustice, oppression, extortion, and deliberate cruelty; but it was evident, at the same time, that these acts had enriched the East India Company, and greatly extended the power of Great Britain. Hastings was, therefore, acquitted in 1795, and left in possession of the vast fortune he had amassed, while the Company still added to his treasures a handsome yearly pension.

It is not our purpose to follow the local government of British India, but to study the present relations of the British Parliament to the affairs of India, and, therefore, we turn at once to the next great aggression of the home government on the power and authority of the Company. This took place in 1833, when, the charter of the Company having expired, it was

again renewed, but with very great modifications. The exclusive commercial privileges which the Company had so long enjoyed, giving them the monopoly of the entire trade with India and China, were revoked, and thus an ample field was opened up for the enterprise of British subjects in India. The Company was also restricted from carrying on trade as a mercantile association.

The political government and patronage of Hindoostan were still continued to the company for a period of twenty years; but all the other rights and possessions of the Company were ceded to the British government for an annuity of six hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling. One prolific source of evil to India was still left open by these modifications; in addition to the above annuity, the Company was still left to derive other revenues from taxation and other incidental sources. They have largely used this remaining prerogative, and secure an entire revenue of about a hundred millions of dollars annually, a very large proportion of which is derived from the tax or rent upon land. From time immemorial the soil has constituted the chief source of revenue, from the fact that the soil has always been looked upon as the property of the government. This oppressive principle was brought over into the British management of India, and constitutes to this day the source of the most grievous oppressions to millions of India.

In some districts the lands are rented directly to the ryots or cultivators; in others, large territories are held by certain lords, called zimindars, who pay to the government a fixed sum annually, which they collect or extort from the people; in some districts the lands are farmed out to the highest bidder, who remunerates himself by the extortions made from the people. As a result of this system this land-tax sometimes amounts to as much as one half the entire produce of the land occupied, and through the costly and oppressive mode of collection, the cultivator is often obliged to pay about three fourths of the produce of his soil! It is in the making of these collections that we discover the various systems of torture which were recently described before the British Parliament.

The next great source of revenue still left open for the avarice and oppression of

the Company is the monopoly of opium. In all the territories subject to the English the cultivation of the poppy and manufacture of opium are still monopolies of the government, and as the cultivation is extremely profitable to the Company, though impoverishing and sometimes ruinous to the cultivators, it is in many districts forced upon the people by a system of oppressive compulsion. The public treasury is still further replenished by other monopolies, as that of cotton, salt, etc., by duties on exports and imports, by licenses for the sale of opium, arrack, and toddy, by court fees, stamps, etc.

The supreme authority in India is now vested in the governor-general, who is also governor of the presidency of Bengal. He is nominated by the Court of Directors, subject to the approbation of the crown, and is assisted by a council of five members, three of whom are appointed by the Court of Directors from among persons who are, or have been, servants of the Company; the fourth is also chosen in a similar manner from among persons unconnected with the Company; and the fifth is the commander-in-chief, who takes rank and precedence immediately after the governor-general. The governor-general in council is competent to make laws for the whole of British India, and these laws are binding on all the courts of justice, unless annulled by higher authority. That higher authority is found in England, and is made up of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, who are under the authority of a Board of Commissioners, comprising several of the chief ministers of the crown, and bearing the name of the Board of Control, that board itself being subject to the British Parliament. By the act of 1833, the British Parliament has reserved to itself the right to supersede or suspend all proceedings of the governor-general, and also the right to legislate for India, and all the laws and regulations enacted in India are directed to be laid on the table of the House of Parliament. By the same act, the Board of Control is entitled to the most intimate acquaintance with, and control over, all the acts, regulations, and proceedings of the Court of Directors, as well as of the local government of India.

What, then, is the real government of British India? It is evident that it is, what British writers sometimes call it, "a

double government," but not in such a sense that it is "a foreign dependency," under the protectorate of Great Britain. It is obvious, that while it is a government apparently in the hands of the East India Company, it is in reality a government under the entire control of the Parliament of England, and which, though of a different form, is as essentially under the management of British sovereignty, as any colonial possession of the British Empire. Through the Board of Control, consisting of six members of the Privy Council appointed by the crown, the president of which is the secretary of state for India, the British government becomes involved in all the affairs of India, and responsible for the administration of a government controlling the interests of more than a hundred millions of people. It is very clear that the British government has been greatly embarrassed and trammeled in its administration of the affairs of these vast territories and these millions of helpless subjects, by the East India Company. But from the protracted and animated discussions which have recently taken place in the Parliament, and the loud and earnest calls which are daily coming up from the people for "Indian reform," we may infer that the modifications of the Indian government are not yet completed, and may conclude, that ere long the home government will make another great stride toward assuming for itself the last feeble semblances of power in the hands of the Company. We cannot but believe that it will be a happy day for India, when this shadow of a government shall be dissolved, and when the crown and Parliament of Great Britain shall openly acknowledge and independently exercise over India, the authority which they now possess, but which they allow to be trammeled and obscured by the figment of a local government in India.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Like a rivulet flowing by,
Like a summer zephyr's sigh,
Like a flower, all frail and fair,
Like a snow-flake in the air,
Such is life.

Like the flashing meteor's light,
Like the eagle's rapid flight,
Like the cataract's fearful sweep,
Like a wave upon the deep,
Even such is life.

MICROSCOPIC MARVELS.

IT is commonly supposed that when things cease to be visible to the naked eye, there is an end to measurement; all further speculations touching their magnitude—granting things invisible to have magnitude—are superfluous and a complete waste of time. When a village dame clearly sees nothing on a given patch of talc or glass, even with her spectacles astride her nose, she would consider it madness were you to tell her that the proportions of large and less still continue to exist within that boundary, beyond her ken; while the superlative least has never yet been found. But look at this brackish drop of water, which is part of an iron ladleful I scooped up the other day out of a ruined, sanded-up seaport, long deserted by human inhabitants. It is a pearly globule, the bigness of a good fat dew-drop, and clear, except that by looking sharp you can perceive a few specks, which are merely bits of dirt and rubbish. I let my spherical little fish-pond fall gently on a thin strip of glass, and submit it to the microscope. In the small quantity of saline fluid which will hang to the tip of a common goose-quill, I have captured a multitude of wild creatures here confined, whose bulk and stature vary as much as those of the birds and beasts in a menagerie.

The largest live lion which I see as yet, has the semblance of a great garden-slug, but is flatter and broader. He glides gracefully along, searching with his mouth to the right and left for—he best knows what. Now he turns himself, and swims sidewise, so as to give me a capital profile view of his person. He is marvelously lean, not a bit of fat about him, and so transparent that I can behold, through him, every object over which he passes. He is not at all disgusting in his looks, and is free from every symptom of sliminess. His surface glances with pearly hues, not from any defective achromatism of my objectives; in plain English, from any fault of my glasses, but from the extreme thinness of his outer coat, as is the case in soap-bubbles and films on water. He glides on his way in pleased content, and is soon out of our field of view. We might follow him by hitching the slide on which the drop of salt water rests, but let him gang his gait; for, enter a band of

waltzers, not keeping time, nor adhering very strictly to any set figure. They make me giddy to look at them as they whirl and spin. To avoid being utterly bewildered, I will fix my attention on the movements of a single individual. The present ballet-girl, a coryphée who dances in the front rank, has a body like a short-horned carrot, only pellucid as crystal; at her root end she has a pointed radicle, tip, or movable peg. Where the carrot leaves would sprout there is a diadem of long rays, which vibrate rapidly, but not too rapidly to be visible. By these evidently the dancer rises and sinks, revolves and rolls; they are probably the moustache which surrounds her mouth, and also the knife and fork with which she eats her dinner, as well as the fingers she catches it with. She is out of sight, and—whisk! who was that who ran across the room? swift as a swallow, but large and seemingly spherical? There! It stops for one instant, and I am in the presence, I suppose, of one of the rotifers, or wheel-animalcules, but can hardly tell from such a passing glance. I think I saw the wheels twisting about its head, and am sure I saw a yellowish meal safely stored in its portly paunch. Perhaps it is *Noteus quadricornis*; what do I know? as the French say when a knotty point puzzles their brains. Another smaller wheeler—it does not follow that he is more juvenile—throws himself into the ring, like Mr. Merriment, with a sudden summerset. He pirouettes a moment, in which feat he is aided by his bell-shaped proportions, and then darts off to another station with a flea-like skip, pirouettes again, leaps aside, and disappears. He favors us with a very short performance, and is continuing his part behind the scenes. I shift the glass slide a little bit, and fall upon a shower of shooting stars. They flash across the field in all directions. They are white, clear, and roundish; that is all I can see, for they are excessively quick and extremely small. But if extreme rapidity perplexes, deliberate movements are sometimes ludicrous. There's a droll creature, who gives you time to look at him. He walks into the circus thus: he makes a bow till he touches the floor with his head. He then stands on his head and makes another bow in the same direction, till he touches the floor with his foot or feet; for his figure is altogether that of a worthy

peasant ready dressed to run a race in a sack. His march is that of a recruit cautiously practicing to the sober measure of the Dead March in Saul. But is he only hoaxing us, after all? masking his real character? This certainly must be his brother, who creeps in hurriedly on his belly, never leaving hold of the ground with his tail during the whole of his course. What versatility? I begin to suspect he is only the great slug in another disguise; and yet, no, it cannot be possible? But let us not be in too great a hurry about what is possible. How hungry he is. He has seized some unfortunate victim, and shakes it as a terrier does a rat. Now he is tugging away at some microscopic oyster, which will not be torn from its rock. A globular creature rolls before him; he opens wide his mouth, or the top of his sack; the bolus is somewhat of the biggest, but down it goes. He gives a gulp or two, shrugs his shoulders to make all right, and you can see the new morsel descend to his digestive apparatus. Now he hunts the ground for more, like a stanch hound upon a doubtful scent; and now he pecks about, tossing his head, like a turkey gobbling mast in a beech and oak-tree wood. Perhaps, when he has at last got his fill, he too will take to bowing, in evidence of his amiable disposition. Who and what is he? Blank Rotifer, Esquire, I guess. But do you think I know, even by sight, every creature I have circumvented in my drop? Of the rotifers alone there are heaven only knows how many species.

Besides the stars of the company, there are plenty of second and third-rate performers, who glide in and out modestly enough, keeping up the by-play of the scene; while others, standing stock-still, make up parts of the fixed tableau. Among the former are those little things, of various size, with a general resemblance to a weaver's shuttle, some with a single hole in the middle, others with two holes, one at each end; and others with three perforations visible, which slide slowly backward and forward without any evident object, sometimes knocking against each other, as if they were playing at blind-man's buff with every one of the party blinded. They are diatomaceæ, naviculæ, what-nots; some say they are animals, while the dons will have it they are only plants. I should like to plead for the

animality of that neat little canoe-like fellow, who feels his way before him with a long, sharp, flexible bristle as he sails along. All this is in the water; but, by a touch at the fine adjustment, so as to shift the focus a shade, we catch the surface of the drop, and on it behold a floating emerald with a circlet of bristling rays surrounding it. You have just time to look at it steadily, and lo! it skips from side to side. Its radiating fringe is a set of agile feet and legs, with which it cuts capers on its briny spring-board.

But the quantity of saline liquid in our little reservoir is sensibly diminished by evaporation; it is low-water here, independent of the moon's age. I could easily create a bumping spring-tide by a supply introduced on the tip of a quill tooth-pick; but we will leave things to take their course. The plot thickens; all our characters crowd the stage together in alarm at the scantiness of their native element. Excitement gains ground; it is a water-riot; it is the last scene of Gustavus the Third; it is the market chorus of Masa-niello, minus the music, as far as we can hear. By the way, there really exists music unheard by the ears, as there are sights unseen by the eyes, of humanity. Who will take up the science of mieracoistics practically, so as to furnish us with a manifying ear-trumpet, which shall render the conversation of lady-birds audible? But the catastrophe of our drama approaches fast; our grand pantomime attains the acme of its interest. The indefatigable clowns, demons, pantaloons, and columbines, are stranded on shoals, which gradually grow shallower and shallower, till dry land appears; they flourish their celia, wave their bristles, contract and dilate their bug-like bodies for a moment; and then all is dry and still in death. Fancy a multitudinous caravan of men, horses, camels, and negro-slaves, all scorched up and withered in the Great Desert by the burning breath of an arid simoon. The tragedy is no more than what we have just witnessed. The monads, the wheelers, the volvoxes, and the creepy-crawlies lie flattened husks; some of them burst and emptied by the final struggle, like fire-balloons torn through a thicket of thorns. The drought also makes manifest to sight what was before unperceived; minute crystals of salt, in pyramids, crosses, lozenges, rhombs; and

other sharp-pointed angular shapes, rapidly appear on the field of battle, sometimes thrusting their spear-heads into the bodies of the slain, or entombing them beneath a translucent mausoleum. The graveyard of the departed animalcules is profusely strewn with glittering gems. Here lies our gallant Noteus, the dashing cavalry officer, with a sparkling rosette of brilliants for his head-stone ; there, reposes poor little Ensign Whirligig, with a shining cross at his foot, and a polished stiletto of salt by his side ; further on, the remains of General Slug are fairly crushed by a great Egyptian pyramid built of hundreds of layers of thousands of glassy bricks.

And these are among the common things so much sought after now-a-days, as if they were distant or hard to find. The clew to them lies in your own quicksightedness and activity of mind ; therefore it is that ninety-nine out of every hundred men and women quit the world without having once beheld them. Do you wonder, now, that I have spent more than half an hour in watching the contents of this single drop of water with which a bit of window-glass has been smeared ? The crystals alone, without the animals, are a remarkable spectacle ; they are the rapid marshaling, in perfect discipline, of hitherto straggling and mutinous atoms. A hundred years ago, when minute crystalline forms were a recent discovery, the learned believed that the piquant flavor of salt, and of vinegar especially, was owing to the multitude of floating, oblong, quadrangular salts, each of which, tapering from its middle, has two exquisitely sharp ends. The theory then held was, that saline particles, striking upon the nerves of animals, excite the sensations of taste and smell ; and as their forms and degrees of impulse are almost infinitely diversified, the sensibility of pain or pleasure arising therefrom must be varied almost infinitely, according to the greater or less delicacy of the organs they strike on. Are you, judicious reader, able to confirm or refute the hypothesis ? Or do you hold that the savoriness of salt is the result of a delicate galvanic action on the surface of the tongue ? Unfortunately, the question is a poser for my own poor noddle.

Minute portions of what we call the larger creatures are not less interesting than minute creatures themselves in their integrity. Thus : not to risk a more pre-

cise definition, the popular notion of a hair, or of hairs, is a something long, cylindrical, and wire-like as to proportion, and single, simple, or undivided as to shape ; unquestionably smooth in respect to surface. But hairs are subject to all sorts of freaks and caprices ; they start off into complexities of which you never dreamed them capable. I fancy I discover an agreement of whim in the hairs from creatures of the same natural family and with similar instincts. Certain tribes seem to have made it their study to supply us with wool whose serrated or scaly edges shall furnish us with blankets, hosen, and hats from the close felting properties which they induce. Mouse's hair is jointed, and seemingly made up of back-bone-like divisions, which are shown by alternate bands of black and transparent material. For easier inspection, take the lock of hairs you mean to treasure in your casket from the belly or armpits of the animal, as finer in texture and more translucent. The tips in which they terminate are pointed and polished in most workman-like style.

Other small rodents—the loir, or larger dormouse, for instance—exhibit an analogous furry structure. The hair of bats is still more surprising. Generally, it is as if you were to place a lot of long-spouted funnels one within the other, so as to leave a considerable distance from funnel to funnel. An Indian bat is generally selected to furnish show-hair ; but our native bats deserve attention, though their fur is rather spiral than cup-shaped in its pattern. The mole, a worm and insect-eater, furnishes hair which has a slight vespertilineous touch superadded to the rodent type. A series of protuberances are visible along the hair, like the wooden knobs by which a flag-staff is mounted. But on the same beast, nay, on man himself, the constitution of bristles varies according to the spot on which they grow. We may liken hair to a genus of plants, of which one species is a native of the eyebrows, another of the beard ; a third thrives in the lowlands of the legs, while Alpine hairs betake themselves to the summit of the head. As a rule, the hairs of insects are more complicated than those of quadrupeds. Among insects, the hairs of larvæ and caterpillars are more elaborate than those of the creature in its perfect (or, rather, its final, because all is perfect) form. Neverthe-

less, the orange hairs from the red-tailed bee, and the black, white, and yellow ones from the great queen humble-bee, are beautifully transparent wands, something like the stem of the white lily without the flowers, but with the leaves.

The next time you meet a hairy caterpillar, stop him, and rob him of two or three tufts of hair. You need not maltreat him, or do him personal injury. Simply twitch out with a pair of pincers the souvenir you want to put into your locket; but spare his life, and let him go home to his anxious friends, tossing his head disdainfully. Or, instead of allowing him to get off so easily, suppose you put him into prison, Bomba-wise, because his beard and whiskers are too long to your liking, and keep him there, without benefit of *habeas corpus*. By feeding your captive, you may keep him alive till his natural term of caterpillar existence is expired. He will undergo metamorphosis; and you can compare the scales which he wears as a butterfly or a moth with the bristles which beset him while a creeping thing, and which may have rendered good service in his juvenile days. One young larva whom I partially plucked, had spiny prickly fur of two or three kinds; besides those, some of his longest and handsomest hairs were in shape, not in color, like a peacock's tail-feathers. These thorny, branching, sharp-pointed hairs, are a more formidable-looking defensive armor than the quills of the prickliest porcupine in Africa. All these tiny hairs are to be examined whole and at once, so far as the field of the microscope will admit them. But lovers of minims chop up larger hairs into the thinnest possible slices, exactly as you would your cucumber, and serve them cold with Canada balsam, instead of with pepper, oil, and vinegar. How else could we examine the elementary structure of the whiskers, smellers, manes, and tufts of sundry wild beasts; the spines of hedgehogs, the quills of porcupines, and the horns of rhinoceroses? all of which are eccentric hairs in disguise, who escape running mad by a narrow shave.

Let us not quite forget the hairs of vegetables. In some, as in those of the *Tradescantia* or spider-wort, a circulation is visible. The fresh-gathered leaf of a French bean is adhesive to the touch, without being clammy or glutinous. You will find the phenomenon to result from

little hooked hairs which lay hold of whatever they are brought into contact with. On aged, worn leaves, the hooklets are broken. But for hooks in earnest, look at those which surround the fruit of the common burdock; slightly magnified, you might do crochet-work with them; under a power a trifle higher, you might hang up on them haunches of venison or legs of beef. Down may be spoken of in the same paragraph as hairs; the down of the seeds from many composite flowers is extremely pleasing to eyes that can see what it is. Transparent, thorny filaments, of spun-glass brightness, are the winged distributors of the wide-spread germs of thistle, groundsel, dandelion, sow-thistle, and a host of their congeners. One of the prettiest is the down of the garden lettuce-seed. Botanists tell us that many of the parts of plants are merely hairs under a modified form. According to this view, a nettle-sting is only a perverted hair, whose disposition is soured into misanthropy and a propensity to mischief. Bring a nettle-sting into the microscopic court, and he will confess that in his basement story he has a concealed stock of poison, which, mounting through a central tube, like the venom from a viper's fang, enters your skin when pierced. By pressing the witness, a drop of the deleterious fluid will appear in evidence against him, hanging in a globule at his dagger's point.

Many objects that are simply dead white to the naked eye, under a magnifier are beautifully transparent. Instances, the mildew on a rose-leaf; the pollen of many flowers—of the common borage, to take one; the down and bristles of many leaves; and minute crystals, especially those of snow. Tiny particles of snow, neatly caught without injury as they drop from the sky, are among the most beautiful of winter objects; with the drawback that you cannot comfortably observe them before a blazing fire. But, well wrapped up in a bearskin coat, in the cool retreat of a garret with a north aspect, you may pick and choose among the grand crosses of all the orders and legions of honor that have ever been invented. Sometimes the fine snow-powder that drifts in between the rickety tiles of your attie will answer the purpose exceedingly well; but the microscope discriminates beautifully between formless and formful materials. Thus, white arsenic in powder is shapeless under

the microscope ; there are no distinctive characters to be seized, unless the absence of regular crystalline forms ; the same of colophane, a powdered resin, which is kept in the pharmacy as a styptic. Lycopod dust, which much resembles the latter to the naked eye, both being seen as a fine yellowish powder, presents roughly rounded grains, of very equal diameter, which might be mistaken, at first sight, for irregular-shaped pollen-grains. Dextrine, with its clear, white, semi-transparent, ovoid or ovalish grains, has a likeness to other pollen. Camphor, crushed as near to powder as you can get it, presents the appearance of clear lumps of ice, as produced at table in summer-time.

Still, living creatures are the most attractive minims. The first wheel-animalcule I ever saw strongly impressed me with his courage and intelligence. I had put a cyclops, or water-flea, upon the slide, in as large a drop of water as a pin's head will carry. While contemplating the heart-beats and the intestinal motions of my black-eyed monster, I observed that he was tormented by some rapid little creature, which darted about him as a gadfly worries an ox. Its flight through the water resembled that of the humming-bird sphinx through the air, poisoning itself likewise at intervals, which allowed me to view it at its stationary moments. It was like a bell-shaped, cut-glass chandelier endowed with life ; the handle of the bell was a highly-flexible prehensile, crystalline tail, cleft into a finger and thumb at the tip ; and around the rim of the bell were what seemed like rapidly-circling little wheels, whose motion the eye could only follow as a mist. Why the rotifer should thus dodge the monoculus ; whether to pick his teeth, as the trochilus of old did for the crocodile ; whether to sting him, as a wasp does a terrier dog who unearths his nest ; whether to prey on parasites that infest him, as gulls are said to feed on the balani of the whale ; whether to lay eggs on or in him, as the bat-fly does on the horse's coat and the ichneumon-fly in the caterpillar's skin ; I know not, and I don't know who does. Certain it is, that these unexplained relations have existed between water-fleas and wheelers for these hundred years past. On looking at my cyclops, I saw in his stomach an undigested wheeler which he had not long devoured : for it was still alive. The one uncaught con-

tinued his persecutions fearlessly, until the water began to fail. As the drop evaporated into thirsty air, little rotifer tucked himself under cyclop's body, as the dampest spot he could select, leaving the tip of his tail outside to ascertain the prospect of moister weather, exactly as you stretch your hand out of doors to feel whether it is beginning to rain or not. Could you have done better than the animalcule under the same circumstances ? Does it not read like a man crouching under a dying camel in a Saharan wilderness, and sustaining life to the last moment on the juices of the more massive animal ?

As to the size of our minims, living or dead, Leuwenhoek measured them by grains of sand selected of such an equal size that a hundred of them placed in a row should extend an inch in length. Observing an animalcule swimming or running past his standard grain, he estimated by comparison the magnitude of the former. Natural objects whose size is known and which do not vary, have since been employed as micrometric measures ; the spores of the puff-ball fungus have a diameter the eight thousand five hundredth of an inch, while those of the lycopodium are the nine hundred and fortieth of an inch across. Fixed artificial standards are now generally substituted for natural ones. Dr. Wollaston has obtained a platinum wire only the thirty thousandth of an inch in thickness ; but minute scales, engraved on glass, with a diamond point, are now most commonly employed. Suppose, for example, a line, the twentieth of an inch in length, traced across the center of a glass disc. Let this line be divided into a hundred equal parts, every fifth division being distinguished by a longer line, and every tenth by a still longer one. Each of these divisions will be the two thousandth, the intervals between the fifth divisions will be the four hundredth, and those between the tenth divisions the two hundredth part of an inch.

This microscopic scale will be seen magnified with the microscope ; and any microscopic object laid upon it will be equally magnified, so that its dimensions can be ascertained by merely counting the divisions of the scale included between those which mark its limits when placed in different positions on the scale. But, in truth, inches and their fractions ought to be utterly discarded from measurements

which are independent of popular prejudice. Here, at least, we may employ a decimal scale founded on the meter, fearless of resistance from the vested interests of ells, pence, pottles, pennyweights, and other influential members of the Weights-and-Measures Corporation. In the scales delivered with French instruments, a millimètre (about the twenty-fifth of an inch) is divided into one hundred parts. The microscopist can apply to his science a reform which as yet is refused to our everyday affairs, and will measure his minims by the decimal fraction of the earth's meridian from equator to pole.

A CHAPTER ON WOLVES.

GIVE a dog an ill name," we know the proverb. Well, you can't call him anything worse than a wolf; a name which is, indeed, his own, in Latin, the *genus Canis* comprising a tolerably wide range of the carnivorous mammalia, from the little King Charles in your wife's work-basket, to the prowling hyæna in the Libyan waste. The wolf and the dog belong to the same family. The close resemblance between their general anatomy, their mutual proneness to go mad, and the ridiculous blindness which affects them on entering the world, and which terminates simultaneously in each, establish a popular as well as a scientific identity.

Morally, however, the two animals are as distinct as possible. The dog is the Tom Jones of the canine world; the wolf its Blifil, with ferocity superadded. Buffon, who sometimes allows his antipathies to get the better of his philosophy, calls the wolf a felon animal; a brute capable of committing the most cowardly crimes, such as frightening children to death and eating them afterward; or following a tired horse till he drops, and then remorselessly dining on the unresisting carcass. I, too, may be prejudiced, without being a philosopher, but I confess that I agree with Buffon, who observes in another place:

"There is nothing good in the wolf; he has a base, low look, a savage aspect, a terrible voice, an insupportable smell, a nature brutal and ferocious, and a body so foul and unclean that no animal or reptile will touch his flesh. It is only a wolf that can eat a wolf."

This opinion is endorsed by Cuvier, who gives the wolf his *coup de grace*: "No animal," he declares, "so richly

merits destruction as a wolf." He is, in fact, the Ishmael of the carnivora.

A recent French writer, a sportsman in the district of Le Morvan, in the middle of France, says:

"The aspect of the wolf has in it something sinister and terrible, which his sanguinary and brutal disposition does not belie. His head is large, his eyes sparkle with a diabolical and cannibal look, and in the night seem to burn like two yellow golden flames."

This lurid light, in all probability, suggested the belief in a strange beast which William Finch, merchant, who, in 1607, set down his *Observations on Sierra Leone*, says is found in the neighborhood of that settlement. He says:

"The negroes told us of a strange beast [which the interpreter called a Carbuncle] oft seen, yet only by night; having a stone in his forehead incredibly shining, and giving him light to feed, attentive to the least noise, which he no sooner heareth but he presently covereth up the same with a filme or skinne, given him as a natural covering, that his splendor betray him not."

To continue the description of the wolf proper. It is omnivorous; but so, indeed, are they all. The above sportsman says:

"He attacks not only cows, oxen, horses, sheep, goats, and pigs, but also fowls and turkeys, and especially geese, for which he has a great fancy, [trenching here on the rights of the fox,] game, fawns, roe-bucks, and even wild boars."

D'Aubenton affirms that the wolf eats frogs. We know, from Shaw and others, that he stays his stomach with mud; and it would not surprise me to hear that he dined occasionally on whelks and winkles, if he only knew how to get at them. Not that he is devoid of ingenuity, if we are to believe what is told of one of the family, as it is narrated in a Report of the African Kingdom of Congo, gathered by Phillippe Pigafetta, out of the Discourses of Master Edward Lopez, a Portugall, translated out of Italian into English, by Master Abraham Hartwell, and here abbreviated. Senhor Lopez vouches for the following:

"There are wolves also which love the oyle of palmes [a love not unknown to some men, as Mr. Coppock, perhaps, can testify] beyond all measure. They will smell this oyle afarre off, and steale it in the night-time out of their [the negroes'] houses of straw, and sometimes from those that carry it by the way, whiles the poore soules doe rest themselves and sleepe. The oyle is made of the palm-tree; it is thicke and hard like butter. And it is a marvell to see [I

should think so] how these wolves doe take a bottle that is full of this liquor between their teeth, and so cast it on their shoulders, and runne away withall, as our wolves here doe with a sheepe."

It would have been an agreeable pendant to this story, had Senhor Lopez described the way in which the wolf lubricated his lank chaps when at home with his bottle. Another ingenious expedient of this same Congo wolf is told by Father Jerome Merolla of Sorrento, a Capuchin missionary, who made a voyage to that part of Southern Africa in the year 1682. He tells us :

"The wolves that infest those parts are so very subtil, that they will scratch through the walls of the houses, built here with palme leaves, on purpose to come at the people, whom having found, they incontinently devour, or tear to pieces. A certain woman," he goes on to say, "once happening to go a little further from her house than ordinary, left her child within asleep: while she was gone, a wolf broke in and lay down close by the child that was asleep. The mother coming soon after, went in to feed her child, and spy'd the wolf, who, seeing himself discovered, immediately fled."

With all submission to Father Merolla, this wolf was an ass.

Authors differ very much about the properties of these African wolves; but my opinion of the wolf, based on the authority of observers in all parts of the globe, is, that a wolf is a wolf all the world over, whether he be white, as in the Arctic regions; "gray-headed [the hypocrite] and speckled with black spots like the tyger," as in Ethiopia; black, as in the North American prairies, or striped with gray and black, as at the Cape of Good Hope. Look for the wolf in the very Antarctic regions, and you will find no improvement in his character, though he occupies an intermediate position, with respect to his general habits, between the *Canis lupus* and the *Canis vulpes*. Mr. Waterhouse, in his *Zoology of the Voyage of the Beagle*, under Captain Fitzroy, says he was assured by several of the Spanish countrymen at the Falkland Islands, that they used repeatedly to kill wolves by means of a knife held in one hand, and a piece of meat to tempt them to approach them in the other. The Falkland Islands wolves subsist almost exclusively on the upland geese; which, from fear of them, like the eider-ducks of Iceland, build only on the small outlying islets. Mr. Waterhouse observes :

"These wolves do not go in packs; they wander about by day, but more commonly in the evening; they burrow in holes; are generally very silent, excepting during the breeding season, when they utter cries which were described to me as resembling those of the *Canis Azare*."

Commodore Byron (in 1765) describes the fierceness of the Antarctic wolves in the following terms :

"The master having been sent out one day to sound the coast upon the south shore, reported at his return that four creatures of great fierceness, resembling wolves, ran up to their bellies in the water to attack the people in his boat, and that, as they happened to have no fire-arms with them, they had immediately to put the boat off in deep water. . . . When any of these creatures got sight of our people, though at ever so great a distance, they ran directly at them; and no less than five of them were killed this day. They were always called wolves by the ship's company, but, except in their size and the shape of the tail, I think they bore a greater resemblance to a fox. They are as big as a middle-sized mastiff, and their fangs are remarkably long and sharp. There are great numbers of them upon the coast, though it is not perhaps easy to guess how they first came hither, for these islands are at least one hundred leagues distant from the main. They burrow in the ground like a fox, and we have frequently seen pieces of seals which they have mangled, and the skins of penguins lie scattered about the mouths of their holes. To get rid of these creatures, our people set fire to the grass, so that the country was in a blaze as far as the eye could reach, for several days, and we could see them running in great numbers to seek other quarters."

The early adventurers in New England had also their experience of wolves. One of the party of Captain Miles Standish, who, in the year 1620, founded the settlement of Plymouth, thus describes a pleasant interview with two of these worthies :

"This day, in the evening, John Goodman went abroad to use his lame feet, that were pittifullly ill with the cold hee had got, having a little spannel with him; a little way from the plantation two great wolves ran after the dog, the dog ran to him, and betwixt his legs for succour; he had nothing in his hands, but tooke up a sticke, and hit him, and they presently ran both away, but came againe; he got a paile boord in his hand, and they sate both on their tailes, grinning at him a good while, and went their way and left him."

One of the wolves described by Captain Sherrard Osborne, in his recent account of Sir R. McClure's successful voyage of discovery, did something more than grin on a similar occasion; for a deer being killed, there was a regular tussle between

a wolf and a sergeant of marines which should have the animal, each holding on by opposite legs till the wolf was scared away.

Amicable relations may, however, be established with wolves as well as with other animals usually untamable. Captain Richard Whitburne, in his description of Newfoundland, in the year 1615, gives us an instance :

"It was well knowne to eight and fortie persons of my companie, and divers other men, [plenty of witnessess,] that three generall times, the wolves of the countrie came downe neare them to the sea-side, where they were laboring about their fish, howling and making a noise : so that each time my mastiffe dogge went unto them, [as the like in that countrie hath not been seene,] the one began to fawne and play with the other, and so went together into the woods, and continued with them, everis of these times, nine or ten daies, and did return unto us without any hurt."

But to do the wolf "a shrewd turn," as old English writers have it, is undoubtedly the general rule : "There seems," says Audubon, "to be a universal feeling of hostility of men against the wolf." It rarely happens that wolves begin the fray with man, and only one instance of their doing so occurred within his knowledge, which he thus describes :

"Two young negroes, who resided on the banks of the Ohio, in the lower part of the State of Kentucky, about twenty-three years ago, [he is writing in 1835,] had sweethearts living on a plantation ten miles distant. After the labors of the day were over, they frequently visited the fair ladies of their choice, the nearest way to whose dwelling lay directly across a great cane brake. As to the lover every moment is precious, they usually took this route to save time. Winter had commenced, cold, dark, and forbidding, and after sunset scarcely a glimpse of light or glow of warmth, one might imagine, could be found in that dreary swamp, excepting in the eyes and bosom of the ardent youths, or the hungry wolves that prowled about. The snow covered the earth, and rendered them more easy to be scented by the famished beasts. Prudent in a certain degree, the young lovers carried their axes on their shoulders, and walked as briskly as the narrow path would allow. Some transient glimpses of light now and then met their eyes, but so faint were they that they believed them to be caused by their faces coming in contact with the slender reeds covered with snow. Suddenly, however, a long and frightful howl burst upon them, and they instantly knew that it proceeded from a troop of hungry, perhaps desperate, wolves. They stopped; and, putting themselves in an attitude of defense, awaited the result. All around was dark, save a few feet of snow, and the silence of night was dismal. Nothing could be done to

better their situation ; and, after standing a few minutes in expectation of an attack, they judged it best to resume their march. But no sooner had they replaced their axes on their shoulders and begun to move, than the foremost found himself assailed by several foes. His legs were held fast as if pressed by a powerful screw, and the torture inflicted by the fangs of the ravenous animals was for a moment excruciating. Several wolves in the meantime sprung upon the breast of the other negro, and dragged him to the ground. Both struggled manfully against their foes; but in a short time one of them ceased to move, and the other, reduced in strength, and perhaps despairing of maintaining his ground, sprang to the branch of a tree, and speedily gained a place of safety near the top. The next morning, the mangled remains of his comrade lay scattered around on the snow, which was stained with blood. Three dead wolves lay around, but the rest of the pack had disappeared, and Scipio, sliding to the ground, took up the axes, and made the best of his way home, to relate the sad adventure."

It is by means of pitting that the farmers get the better of these marauders. Audubon tells us how, while between Henderson and Vincennes, he chanced to stop for the night at a farmer's house by the side of the road :

"After putting up my horse and refreshing myself, I entered into conversation with mine host, who asked if I should like to pay a visit to the wolf-pits, which were about half a mile distant. Glad of the opportunity, I accompanied him across the fields to the neighborhood of a deep wood, and soon saw the engines of destruction. He had three pits, within a few hundred yards of each other. They were about eight feet deep, and broader at bottom, so as to render it impossible for the most active animal to escape from them. The aperture was covered with a revolving platform of twigs, attached to a central axis. On either surface of the platform was fastened a large piece of putrid venison, with other matters by no means pleasant to my olfactory nerves, although no doubt attractive to the wolves. My companion wished to visit them that evening, merely, as he was in the habit of doing so daily, for the purpose of seeing that all was right. He said the wolves were very abundant that autumn, and had killed nearly the whole of his sheep and one of his colts, but that he was now paying them off in full; and added, that if I would tarry with him a few hours next morning, he would beyond a doubt show me some sport rarely seen in those parts. We retired to rest in due time, and were up with the dawn. 'I think,' said my host, 'that all's right, for I see the dogs are anxious to get away to the pits, and although they are nothing but curs, their noses are none the worse for that.' As he took up his gun, an ax, and a large knife, the dogs began to howl and bark, and whisked around us, as if full of joy. When we reached the first pit we found the bait all gone and the platform much injured, but the animal that had been entrapped had scraped a subterranean passage for himself, and

so escaped. On peeping at the next, he assured me that three famous fellows were safe enough in it. I also peeped in and saw the wolves, two black and the other brindled, all of goodly size, sure enough. They lay flat on the earth; their ears lay close over their head, their eyes indicating fear more than anger.

"But how are we to get them out?"

"How, sir?" said the farmer. "Why, by going down, to be sure, and ham-stringing them."

"Being a novice in these matters, I begged to be merely a looker-on.

"With all my heart," quoth the farmer: "stand here and look at me through the brush."

"Whereupon he glided down, taking with him his ax and knife, and leaving his rifle to my care. I was not a little surprised to see the cowardice of the wolves. He pulled out successively their hind legs, and with a side stroke of the knife cut the principal tendon above the joint, exhibiting as little fear as if he had been marking lambs.

"'Lo!' exclaimed the farmer, when he had got out, 'we have forgotten the rope; I'll go after it.'

"Off he went, accordingly, with as much alacrity as any youngster could show. In a short time he returned, out of breath, and wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, 'Now for it.' I was desired to raise and hold the platform on its central balance, while he, with all the dexterity of an Indian, threw a noose over the neck of one of the wolves.

"We hauled it up motionless with fright, as if dead, its disabled legs swinging to and fro, its jaws wide open, and the gurgle in its throat alone indicating that it was alive. Letting him drop on the ground, the farmer loosened the rope by means of a stick, and left him to the dogs, all of which set upon him with great fury, and soon worried him to death. The second was dealt with in the same manner; but the third, which was probably the oldest, as it was the blackest, showed some spirit the moment it was let loose to the mercy of the curs.

"This wolf, which we afterward found to be a female, scuttled along on its forelegs at a surprising rate, giving a snap every now and then at the nearest dog, which went off howling dismally, with a mouthful of skin torn from its side. And so well did this ferocious beast defend itself that, apprehending its escape, the farmer leveled his rifle at it, and shot it through the heart, on which the curs rushed upon it, and satiated their vengeance on the destroyer of their master's flock."

To imitate a wolf, or, rather, to personate one, is sometimes found advantageous. The Black Foot Indians, on the Upper Missouri, do this, Mr. Catlin tells us:

"There are several varieties of the wolf species in this country, the most formidable and most numerous of which are white, often sneaking about in gangs or families of fifty and sixty in number, appearing in the distance on the green prairies like nothing but a flock of sheep. Many of these animals grow to a very

great size, being, I should think, quite a match for the largest Newfoundland dog. At present, while the buffaloes are so abundant, and these ferocious animals are glutted with the buffaloes' flesh, they are harmless, and everywhere sneak away from man's presence. They always are seen following about in the vicinity of herds of buffaloes, and stand ready to pick the bones of those the hunters leave on the ground, or to overtake and devour those that are wounded, which fall an easy prey to them.

"While the herd of buffaloes are together they seem to have little dread of the wolf, and allow them to come in close company with them. The Indian then has taken advantage of this fact, and often places himself under the skin of this animal, and crawls for half a mile or more on his hands and knees, until he approaches within a few rods of the unsuspecting group, and easily shoots down the fattest of the throng."

But the white wolf occasionally attacks the buffalo in *propria persona*; always, however, with great odds in his favor, for he is a wary gamester. Mr. Catlin says:

"A short time since, as one of my hunting companions and myself were returning to our encampment with our horses loaded with meat, we discovered, at a distance, a large bull encircled with a gang of white wolves. We rode up as near as we could without driving them away; and, being within pistol-shot, we had a remarkably good view, where I sat for a few moments and made a sketch in my note-book; after which we rode up and gave the signal for them to disperse, which they instantly did, withdrawing themselves to the distance of fifty or sixty rods, when we found, to our great surprise, that the animal had made desperate resistance, until his eyes were entirely eaten out of his head, the gristle (gristle) of his nose mostly gone, his tongue was half eaten off, and the skin and flesh of his legs torn literally into strings.

"In this tattered and torn condition the poor old veteran stood bracing up in the midst of his devourers, who had ceased hostilities for a few minutes, to enjoy a sort of parley, recovering strength, and preparing to resume the attack in a few moments again. In this group some were reclining to gain breath, while others were sneaking about and licking their chaps in anxiety for a renewal of the attack; and others, less lucky, had been crushed to death by the feet or horns of the bull. I rode nearer to the pitiable object as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him, 'Now is your time, old fellow, and you had better be off.' Though blind and nearly destroyed, there seemed evidently to be a recognition of a friend in me, as he straightened up, and, trembling with excitement, dashed off at full speed upon the prairie, in a straight line. We turned our horses and resumed our march, and when we had advanced a mile or more we looked back, and on our left, when we saw again the ill-fated animal surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable voracity he unquestionably soon fell a victim."

We need no later instances than these to satisfy us of the cruel nature of the wolf, even if the terrible legend of little Red Riding Hood had not been fixed in every one's mind from infancy. Pliny, however, who is always finding out something unknown to every one else, discovers certain valuable qualities in the wolf, though, to be sure, their effect is somewhat neutralized by their being only applicable after his death. He writes:

"It is a common saying that the muffle or snout of a Wolfe, kept long dried, is a counter-charme against all witchcraft and sorcerie, which is the reason they usually set it upon the gates of country farms. The same force the very skin is thought to have which is flayed whole of itself, without any flesh, from the nape of the necke. And, in truth, over and above the properties which I have reported already of this beast, of such power and virtue is it that if horses chance to tread in the tracks of a Wolfe their feet will be immediately benumbed and astonished. [To astonish a horse's foot must be something.] Also their lard is a remedie for those who are empoysoned by drinking quicksilver. [According to Buffon, the remedy would be worse than the disease.] As touching the fat or grease of a wolf, Massarius writeth that in old time it was much esteemed before any other, and had the price above all. And hee saith that new wedded wives are wont upon their marriage day to anoint the side parts of their husband's houses therewith at their first entrance, to the end that no charmes, witchcrafts, and sorceries might have power to enter in."

Pliny even discovers something better than a remedy against witchcraft:

"It is commonly thought and verily believed that in the tail of this beast there is a little stringe or hair that is effectually to procure love, and that when he is taken at any time, [this is considerate of him.] he casteth it away from him, for that it is of no force and vertue unless it be taken from him whiles he is alive."

The cure of bodily ailments likewise comes within the scope of a dead wolf's capacity:

"A Wolfe's liver taken in a draught of wine, warme, cureth the cough! For a grieve of the liver, caused by obstructions, the liver of a Wolfe, dried and taken in honeyed wine, is a proper recit."

Among the occult properties possessed by wolves is one about the Evil-eye. Pliny says:

"It is commonly thought in Italie that the eye-sight of wolves is hurtfull; inasmuch as if they see a man before he espie him they cause him to lose his voice for a time."

I have cited Audubon to show one way

in which wolves, when troublesome, (as they always are,) may be got rid of. Here are three other methods. The first is that of the Swedes, (whose acquaintance with wolves is comparatively recent, they being a rarity in Sweden in the year 1720,) who destroy them by stuffing the carcass of a sheep with a species of lichen, or tree-moss, which is considered a certain poison; but it must be observed that the lichen is mixed with powdered glass, which would kill anything, even an old uncle from whom one had expectations. The second method is described by Shaw as follows:

"In the northern parts of the world the wolves, during the spring, get on the ice of the sea in order to prey on the young seals, which they catch asleep; but this repast sometimes proves fatal to them, for the ice, detached from the shore, carries them to a great distance from land before they are sensible of it. It is said that, in some years, a large district is, by this means, delivered from these pernicious beasts, which are heard howling in the most dreadful manner far in the sea."

The knowledge of this incident may have suggested the following lines of Campbell:

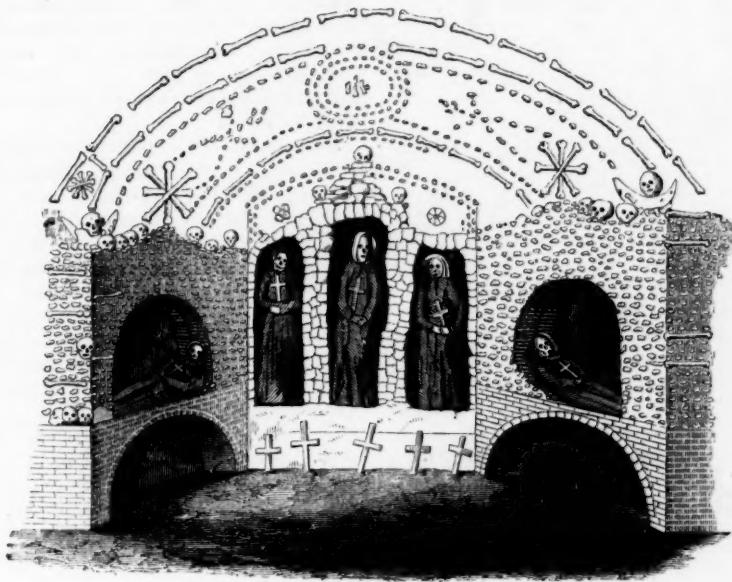
"And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore!"

The third and last method is taken from Pliny, who says:

"Wolves will not come into my lordship or territory, if one of them bee taken, and when the legs are broken, bee let blood with a knife by little and little, so as the same may be shed about the limits or bounds of the said field, as he is drawne along, and then the bodie buried in the very place where they began first to drag him."

Having fairly buried the wolf, I leave him. If he be resuscitated in these columns it will be as the Were-wolf, respecting whom there is much to be said.

NEVER do anything that can denote an angry mind; for, although everybody is born with a certain degree of passion, and, from untoward circumstances, will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call "out of humor," yet a sensible man or woman will not allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it; never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided; and always avoid saying anything that you may wish unsaid.—*Lord Collingwood.*



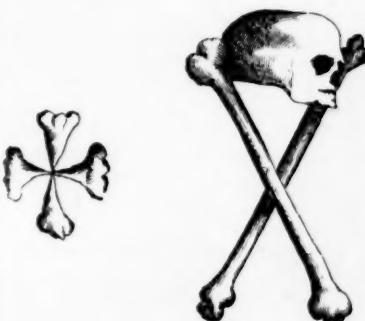
SCENE IN THE SEPULCHRAL CHAPEL.

THE CHURCH OF THE CAPUCHINS, AND ITS GHASTLY CEMETERY.

IN the Piazza Barberini, at Rome, is the Church of the Capuchins, an edifice not only interesting for its works of art, but also for its unique cemetery, which occupies the crypt of the building. In this church is found the great picture by Guido, of the Archangel Michael and Satan. This is certainly one of the most remarkable and dignified works of this artist. The well-known critic, Forsyth, calls it "The Catholic Apollo." He says: "Like the Belvedere god, the archangel breathes that dignified vengeance which animates without distorting; while the very devil derives importance from his august adversary, and escapes the laugh which his figure usually provokes."

It was not uncommon for the great artists of former times to revenge themselves upon persons who had excited their enmity by introducing the likenesses of such individuals appended to some ignominious form. Now we see the head of a man upon the body of a dragon; or again with ass's ears, as in the great picture by Michael Angelo, of the Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel. The pope's master of ceremonies, Biagio, when called

upon to express his opinion of this great work, objected to the nudity of the figures, and declared the picture "better fitted for a brothel than a church." This criticism induced the pope to make objections to it on this account. Michael Angelo, on hearing this, replied: "Tell his holiness, that this is but a small affair, and easily to be remedied; let him reform the world, and the picture will reform itself." Meantime the pope employed Daniele da Volterra to paint drapery upon the most prominent figures. Hence he received the





epithet of Brachettone, (breeches-maker.) But the great artist had his revenge

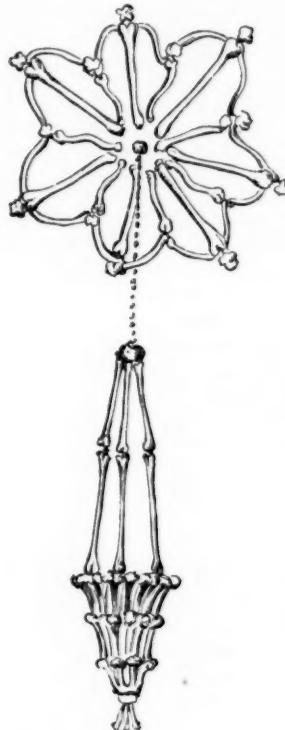
upon Biagio, whom he introduced in the right angle of the picture, as Midas with ass's ears, standing in hell, with his body surrounded by a serpent. The master of ceremonies complained to the pope, who requested Michael Angelo to alter it; but he declared that "it was quite impossible, for though his holiness was able to effect his release from purgatory, he had no power over hell."

But to return to the church of the Capuchins. The Lucifer, in the picture by Guido, is said to be a likeness of Cardinal Pamphil, afterward Innocent X., who had displeased the artist by his criticisms. This is one of those paintings which will never cease to haunt the imagination. Unequal though it may be



to other great works in Rome, still it becomes, like the face of his Beatrice Cenci and his St. Sebastian in the museum of the Capitol, so indelibly impressed upon the mind, that one feels certain he will bear its impress to the world whither we are all hastening.

The basement of this edifice is occupied as the cemetery of the monks. Here are four low-vaulted chambers, of one of which I present an engraving. It will be perceived that nearly the whole is formed of human bones. The first impression on



entering this unique repository of the dead, is startling and horrible. The remains of mortality are all about, skull-bones, thigh-bones, rib-bones, shoulder-blades, etc., strike the eye. The adaptation of all these to principles of taste is most remarkable. Here are gracefully formed chandeliers imitation of stucco ornaments, a figure of time with his scythe and scales, architectural ornaments of the *cinque cento* style, grinning cherubs with wings, and all these formed entirely from human bones, even

to the chains by which the chandeliers are suspended.

In the midst of niches formed of skulls, bones, etc., stand or recline skeletons of the Capuchins, in the same costumes which they wore while living. The first impression is one of horror; but it gives place to a feeling of mere curiosity, the whole scene becoming almost ludicrous. The skeleton monks seem to be staring at the visitor with every variety of expression of countenance. The skin and hair are not entirely removed from the bones; the former has become dry, and is drawn over the features of the face, looking like tanned sheep-skin. This monk, on the right, has a waggish expression of countenance. The one

in the middle niche has a demure look, like those seen haranguing the people from the altars of the Coliseum. The one next to him, upon the left, has quite a different expression of countenance, impossible to explain. While, upon the extreme left, the reclining figure expresses all that can be imagined of horror and suffering. In the engraving will be observed several crosses; these mark the spot where the Capuchins are interred, the earth having been brought from Jerusalem. Whenever a monk dies, he is buried in the oldest grave, from which the bones of the last incumbent are removed to make room for the new comer. If the person, whose bones have been exhumed, has led a life remarkable for devotion and deeds of charity, his remains are preserved entire, and the skeleton placed in one of the niches, dressed in the costume he wore in life. Otherwise the bones are disjointed, and used to form the various ornaments.



A young and cheerful-looking monk accompanied us to the cemetery; and for a few extra pauls, gave me permission to make the sketches which I present. I inquired of him if the prospect of having his bones eventually placed in this strange receptacle was not horrible. He replied, that the anticipation of the event, was in its effect upon his mind, quite contrary, and that the most ardent desire he had in life was, that he might be able to live so worthily, that when his spirit passed to the next world, his bones might be so treasured here, as to be placed in one of the niches. The monk, it seems, was not without a certain degree of modest and harmless ambition. He evidently hoped not to have his bones mingle with the common mass, to be transformed into chandeliers, or other ornaments, but to preserve his individuality, like the skeletons which hold the place of honor in the niches.



SPRING FLOWERS.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill ;
 The air was cooling, and so very still,
 That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
 Fell droopingly in slanting curve aside,
 Their scanty-leaved and finely tapering stems
 Had not yet lost their starry diadems,
 Caught from the early sobbings of the morn.
 The clouds were pure and white as flocks new
 shorn,
 And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they
 slept
 On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
 A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
 Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;
 For not the faintest motion could be seen
 Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

There was wide wandering from the greediest
 eye,
 To peer about upon variety ;
 Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
 And trace the dwindleddedgings of its brim ;
 To picture out the quaint and curious bending
 Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending :
 Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
 Guess where the jaunty streams refresh them-
 selves.
 I gazed while, and felt as light and free
 As though the fanning wings of Mercury
 Had play'd upon my heels : I was light-hearted
 And many pleasures to my vision started ;
 So I straightway began to pluck a posy
 Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.

A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them ;
 Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without
 them ;
 And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
 And let long grass grow round the roots, to
 keep them
 Moist, cool, and green ; and shade the violets,
 That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.
 A filbert-edge with wild-brier overtwined,
 And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
 Upon their summer thrones ; there too should be
 The frequent checker of a youngling tree,
 That with a score of bright-green brethren
 shoots
 From the quaint mossiness of aged roots :
 Round which is heard a spring head of clear
 waters,
 Prattling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
 The spreading blue-bells ; it may haply mourn
 That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
 From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thought-
 lessly
 By infant hands left on the path to die.
 Open afresh your round of starry folds,
 Ye ardent marigolds !
 Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
 For great Apollo bids
 That in these days your praises should be sung
 On many harps, which he has lately strung ;
 And when again your dewiness he kisses,
 Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :
 So haply when I rove in some far vale.
 His mighty voice may come upon the gale.
 Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
 With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
 And taper fingers catching at all things,
 To bind them all about with tiny rings.
 What next ? A turf of evening primroses,
 O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;
 O'er which it well might take a pleasant
 sleep,
 But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
 Of buds into ripe flowers.

THE NEW METAL, ALUMINUM.

A NEW metal ! yes, a new metal ; and
 A yet as old as the world we inhabit !
 We mean, therefore, by this adjective, only
 that it is new to human discovery, as was
 the "New World" when its existence was
 first made known to our race by the great
 adventurer Christopher Columbus.

Indeed, the metal, aluminum, can scarcely
 be said to be new to science, as it was
 really discovered, and some of its proper-
 ties determined, thirty years ago ; and it
 is half a century since Davy, by his great
 discovery of the compound nature of the
 alkalies and alkaline earths, by analogy
 of reasoning almost demonstrated its ex-
 istence in the earth, in combination with
 oxygen.

But to the *arts* it may be said, in the
 strictest sense, to be *new* ! Indeed, this

language may be liable to objection from
 another quarter, as conveying the impres-
 sion that the metal is *already known* in
 the arts, which can hardly be said to be
 the fact. But there seems now good
 reason to expect, that, at no very distant
 day, it will come into general use, for all
 purposes to which it may be found adapted :
 and this magazine, being interested in
 everything, moral or physical, pertaining
 to the advancement and elevation of our
 race, it is proposed in this paper to give
 a brief sketch of its history, and the mode
 of reducing it from its ores, with some
 account of its characteristic properties
 and probable uses. In doing this, special
 pains will be taken to avoid the use, as
 much as possible, of technical terms ; and
 if some of our more scientific readers
 should think that we might have pre-
 sumed a little more upon their acquire-
 ments, we beg them to remember that we
 desire to be understood by those not of
 their class, and even by the children, many
 of whom, we happen to know, are ac-
 customed to resort to these pages for in-
 struction and amusement.

ORES OF ALUMINUM.

THE preparation of a metal begins with
 the finding of the ore ; that of aluminum
 is abundant, and easily accessible. It is
 found in all the varieties of clay, potter's
 clay, fire clay, and common blue clay, and
 even in old bricks and broken crockery ! In
 combination with oxygen, this metal forms
 the earth alumina, which has been known
 more than a century, as constituting an
 essential ingredient of all clays. The
 other constituents of clay are silica, (pow-
 dered flint,) lime, and oxyd of iron, the
 latter giving to bricks their fine red color.
 Alumina is also found in *alum*, a substance
 which has been long known and used for
 important purposes, and which has the
 honor of giving name to the metal and its
 compounds.

DISCOVERY OF METALLIC ALUMINUM.

THE discovery of this metal is so inti-
 mately connected with that of others, that it is
 quite impossible to describe them sepa-
 rately. At the beginning of the present centu-
 ry, the alkalies, potash and soda, and the
 earths, lime, baryta, magnesia, alumina,
 etc., were considered as simple substances,
 that is, as composed of one kind of matter

only, although the illustrious Frenchman, Lavoisier, with the almost miraculous foresight of true genius, had, twenty years before, intimated his opinion that they were really metallic oxyds.

In the year 1807, Davy, then a young man, by means of the galvanic current effected the decomposition of potash, proving it to be, not a simple substance, but a compound of a metal until then unknown, and the gaseous substance, oxygen. To the new metal he gave the appropriate name, *potassium*, which it still retains. Thus was effected, in the science of chemistry, one of those advancing steps, so simple, and apparently trifling in itself, and yet, to the scientific mind, so wonderfully significant! From that moment, to the mind of Davy, sodium, barium, calcium, magnesium, aluminum, etc.—the radical metals, severally, of soda, baryta, lime, magnesia, and alumina—had as real an existence as potassium, on which alone, of all the class, human eye had ever rested!

Reasoning from analogy, logicians tell us, is not usually considered of the most convincing kind; and it may be so in ordinary cases; but here the argument, it must be admitted, was entirely from analogy, and yet it carried with it the force of absolute conviction.

The way being now prepared, the separation—the discovery, we call it—of sodium, barium, calcium, and the metals of several other earths, followed, as a matter of course, in a few days, or months, by methods, in some cases, a little varied from that adopted for potassium. But it was not for Davy, great as was his genius, to obtain metallic aluminum, in any appreciable quantity; applied to its compound, alumina, all his methods failed except merely to produce a gray mass, which might perhaps contain some of the metal, mixed with other substances. The wonderful fertility of his genius, and his almost unrivaled skill in unlocking the long concealed apartments of Nature's mighty storehouse, needed not this further proof of their power.

A period of twenty years now passed away, and Wöhler, name scarcely less illustrious than that of Davy, by a process of his own, succeeded, in 1827, in procuring the veritable metal, aluminum; but only as a gray powder, or in small scales. He also decomposed several others of the earths,

and, for the first time, obtained thin metallic bases. Others, repeating Wöhler's processes, obtained aluminum in small grains, but, like him, they all failed in their attempts to fuse the gray powder to a mass; consequently, while many of its properties were satisfactorily determined, others, from necessity, remained unknown.

The difficulty of fusing the powdered metal into a mass is a necessary consequence of its high melting point—nearly the same as that of copper or silver—and its strong tendency to oxydize, by contact of the atmosphere, at high temperatures. The difficulty is now overcome by fusing it with some substance, as the double chloride of aluminum and sodium, which envelops it, and thus excludes the air.

Another quarter of a century now elapses; our scanty stock of knowledge concerning this metal and its compounds becomes fully established by very many repetitions of previous experiments, but no additions are made. At length M. Saint Clair Deville, professor of chemistry in the Ecole Normale, in Paris, a few years ago, instituted a new series of experiments, which resulted in his obtaining the metal in compact masses, and demonstrating that it possesses properties likely to render it useful in the arts. Another point equally important was established by him, viz., that it could be prepared at a comparatively *moderate cost*; and if happily the present expectation in regard to it shall hereafter be realized, the arts will owe to him a debt of gratitude that cannot well be overestimated.

METHODS OF REDUCING ALUMINUM FROM ITS ORES.

As we have already seen, all the varieties of clay are *ores* of this metal; and some or all of these are found everywhere. Moreover, as clay-beds are always at or near the surface, the cost of mining it may be said to be nothing; and the price of the metal in the market will therefore depend entirely upon the cost of separating it from its ores. This point will now engage our attention.

No general directions can be given for reducing metals from their ores; each particular ore of each particular metal must be treated according to the circumstances of the case. Davy, as we have seen, first effected the separation of potassium from its oxyd (potash, a compound

of potassium and oxygen) by means of the galvanic current; but the mode is tedious and expensive. Soon afterward, Gay-Lussac and Therard, in France, decomposed potash and obtained its radical metal by heating intensely a mixture of potash (or its carbonate) and iron filings; and at a still later period, the same was done by another individual, by heating carbonate of potash with charcoal, or a mixture of iron filings and charcoal.

The rationale of the process is easily understood, whether iron and charcoal together are used, or only one of them. Both carbon (charcoal) and iron, at high temperatures, have a very strong affinity for oxygen; and, therefore, when they are heated in contact with potash (oxyd of potassium) the oxygen of the potash is absorbed by them, and, of course, separated from the potassium, which, now taking the gaseous state, distills over into a receiver provided for it. Because of its strong affinity for oxygen, it must not be allowed to come in contact with the air, by which it would be instantly oxydized, that is, reconverted into potash. Nor can it be received in water, as it is by this instantly ignited, and the same compound formed. The method is to receive it in a vessel of *naptha*, a bituminous liquid composed entirely of carbon and hydrogen, and therefore inert toward this metal, and capable of preserving it without change, and free from contact with the air.

Sodium is separated in the same manner from its oxyd, (soda,) but, on account of certain peculiarities, its preparation is less difficult and less expensive than that of potassium.

Now, as alumina is an oxyd of aluminum, why may we not apply the same process for aluminum, and by heating intensely a mixture of clay, charcoal, and iron filings, obtain the desired metal? Perhaps we may not be able to give the reasons fully, but we know the experiment was early made and failed; this metal, so long hid from us, though ever present before our eyes in one of its compounds, is not to be obtained by any such *direct* process. But if we may not give the full reason, it is easy now to see that this process for potassium and sodium requires for its success that the metal separated by it should be *volatile*, so as to be *distilled* over into the receiver, and is therefore unsuited to aluminum, which lacks this property.

Davy, recognizing the strong affinity of potassium and sodium for oxygen, attempted the separation of aluminum by pouring potassium, in vapor, over heated alumina, but without any satisfactory result. He, however, obtained indications which confirmed him in his opinion of the real nature of alumina.

All efforts to procure from alumina its radical metal having failed, it is plain that some other of its compounds must be found, before complete success can be attained; and this was at length supplied by Oersted, of Copenhagen, in the discovery of the chloride of aluminum, which he prepared by pouring dry chlorine over a mixture of alumina and charcoal when heated. Wöhler, taking this aluminous compound, obtained from it its radical metal, simply by heating it with potassium. He first put at the bottom of a porcelain crucible some fragments of potassium, and covered them with chloride of aluminum; he then applied the heat of a spirit lamp, and in a few minutes the decomposition was complete. The chlorine was of course transferred from the aluminum to the potassium, forming chloride of potassium, and leaving the aluminum in its metallic state. The chloride of potassium, being soluble in water, is readily washed out from the metal, which is thus obtained as a gray powder.

The methods used for separating aluminum at the present time are essentially the same as the above; but, instead of pure chloride of aluminum, the double chloride of aluminum and scodium is used. It is prepared by passing dry chlorine gas over a mixture of clay, charcoal, and common salt heated to redness. The double chloride, being very fusible, separates from the materials in the liquid form, but becomes solid when cold. Instead of potassium, sodium is now used altogether, for the reason that its preparation is less expensive than that of potassium, and a less quantity of it is required for reducing the aluminous chloride.

To recapitulate in few words, then, the preparation of metallic aluminum requires the following operation, namely:

- 1st. The preparation of the double chloride of aluminum and sodium.
- 2d. The preparation of metallic sodium.
- 3d. The decomposition of the chloride of aluminum by means of the sodium.

It is true that the metal has been obtained by heating together powdered cryolite, (a double fluoride of aluminum and sodium, found in Greenland,) by which the first operation above mentioned is avoided; but probably the mode would not be found more economical than the other, especially when practiced on a large scale.

PROBABLE COST OF ALUMINUM.

THIS is a point of vital importance; for, however excellent the metal may be, its adoption in the arts will depend very much upon the price at which it can be procured; and this, we have seen, will depend almost entirely upon the cost of reducing it from the ore.

The price of sodium, a necessary article in the process, as sold by the small quantity, in New York, has been for many years one or two dollars per drachm; and when M. Deville commenced his labors in Paris it was then worth one hundred dollars a pound! And, in his first experiments, he found that no less than *ten pounds of sodium* would be required to produce a *single pound of aluminum*! This, certainly, promised poorly for the use of aluminum in the arts! But how wonderful, often, the results of science skillfully applied! M. Deville, by operating on a large scale, and without any essential change in the mode, has been able to reduce the cost of sodium to about ninety cents per pound! But low as this seems, it is likely to be still more reduced in this country; and Mr. Alfred Monnier,* of Camden, New Jersey, we are informed, has been able to prepare it at a cost of only twenty-five cents per pound!

At present the solution of a pound of aluminum requires, at Mr. Monnier's works, sixteen pounds of the double chloride, and nearly three pounds of sodium, so that the cost of the aluminum is about four dollars a pound; but it is thought that it may eventually be prepared at one fourth of this sum. When we take into considering that, bulk for bulk, its weight is less than one third of that of brass, the price is about equal to that of the latter metal; for with equal volume its strength appears to be about the same as that of brass.

* See Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, January, 1857.

PROPERTIES OF ALUMINUM.

ALUMINUM has the genuine metallic luster, and a color nearly as white as silver. It is as hard as brass or German silver, and probably will be found to have nearly the same strength or tenacity as these, regard being had to volume, not to weight. Compared with other metals it is very light, its weight being only one fourth of that of an equal volume of silver. It may be rolled or hammered, or drawn into wire with facility, so that it may readily be worked into any desirable forms. Its melting point is a little below that of copper or silver.

With several other metals it forms alloys, which appear to possess interesting properties. Some of these, having a low melting point, will serve well for solders; and some of its alloys with silver and copper are noted for their brilliant white, or golden yellow color.

Aluminum preserves its bright color and luster without change by the atmosphere or by moisture; nor is it readily corroded by any of the acids, except the hydrochloric. Unlike copper, lead, and some others of the metals, its compounds are not poisonous.

It is not easy now to determine all the uses to which this metal may be applied; but the properties enumerated above plainly indicate that it will not be useless. For articles for the table, as spoons and forks, for kitchen utensils, for keys, for watch and clock movements, and perhaps even watch-cases, for buckles of all kinds, and for philosophical instruments, as well as many other purposes, it would seem well adapted.

By the aid of science man is gradually extending his dominion over material nature, and subjecting the elements more and more to his service; and within the last few years some of his proudest achievements have been accomplished, as in the art of *photography* and the *electric telegraph*. And just now, in this new metal, so long concealed in every hill-side, and even in the very dust of our streets, science seems about to make over to the arts one of her occasional bestowments, by which both the knowledge and power of our race are, at an instant, so widely increased. But, if our highest anticipations in regard to it may not be fully realized, enough is already known to assure us that its introduction in the arts will constitute no unimportant epoch.

UNCLE GEORGE; OR, THE FAMILY MYSTERY.

MY Uncle George was the unlucky member of our family: the rest were all clever; he was slow in capacity. The rest were all remarkably handsome; he was the sort of man that no woman ever looks twice at. The rest succeeded in life; he failed. His profession was the same as my father's. He had, like my father, the best medical education; and he profited by it, by dint of dogged industry, so as to be quoted among his medical brethren as one of the promising surgeons of his time. But he never got on when he started in practice for himself; for he never succeeded in forcing the conviction of his knowledge and experience on the wealthier class of patients. His coarse, ugly face, his hesitating, awkward manners, his habit of stammering when he spoke, and his incurable slovenliness in dress, repelled people. The sick poor, who could not choose, employed him, and liked him. The sick rich, who could—especially the ladies—declined to call him in when they could get anybody else. In experience he gained greatly by his profession; in money and reputation he gained nothing.

There are very few of us, however dull and unattractive we may be to outward appearance, who have not some strong passion, some germ of what is called romance, hidden more or less deeply in our natures. All the passion and romance in the nature of my Uncle George lay in his love and admiration for my father. He sincerely worshiped his eldest brother as one of the noblest of human beings. When my father was engaged to be married, and when the rest of my family did not hesitate to express their unfavorable opinion of the disposition of his chosen wife, Uncle George, who had never ventured on differing with any one before, to the amazement of everybody, undertook the defense of his future sister-in-law in the most vehement and positive manner. In his estimation, his brother's choice was something sacred and indisputable. The lady might, and did, treat him with unconcealed contempt, laugh at his awkwardness, grow impatient at his stammering—all that made no difference to Uncle George. She was to be his brother's wife; and, in virtue of that one great fact, she became, in the estimation of the poor surgeon, a very

queen, who, by the laws of the domestic constitution, could do no wrong.

When my father had been married a little while, he took his youngest brother to live with him as his assistant. If Uncle George had been made president of the College of Surgeons, he could not have been prouder and happier than he was in his new position. I am afraid my father never understood the depth of his brother's affection for him. All the hard work fell to George's share: the long journeys at night, the physicking of wearisome, poor people, the drunken cases, the revolting cases—all the drudging, dirty business of the surgery, in short, was turned over to him; and day after day, month after month, he struggled through it without a murmur. When his brother and sister-in-law went out to dine, it never entered his head to feel disappointed at being left unnoticed at home. When the return dinners were given, and he was asked to come in at tea-time, and left to sit unregarded in a corner, it never occurred to him to imagine that he was treated with any want of consideration or respect. He was part of the furniture of the house, and it was the business as well as the pleasure of his life to turn himself to any use to which his brother or sister-in-law might please to put him.

So much for what I have heard from others on the subject of my Uncle George. My own personal experience of him is limited to what I remember as a mere child. Let me say something, however, first about my parents, my sister, and myself.

My sister was the eldest born and the best loved. I did not come into the world till four years after her birth; and no other child followed me. Caroline, from earliest days, was the perfection of beauty and health. I was small, weakly, and, if the truth must be told, almost as plain-featured as Uncle George himself. It would be ungracious and undutiful in me to presume to decide whether there was any foundation or not for the dislike that my father's family always felt for my mother. All I can venture to say is, that her children never had any cause to complain of her. Her passionate affection for my sister, her pride in the child's beauty, I remember well, as also her uniform kindness and indulgence toward me. My personal defects must have been a sore trial to her in secret,

but neither she nor my father ever showed me that they perceived any difference between Caroline and myself. When presents were made to my sister, presents were made to me. When my father and mother caught my sister up in their arms and kissed her, they scrupulously gave me my turn afterward. My childish instinct told me that there was a difference in their smiles when they looked at me and when they looked at her, that the kisses given to Caroline were warmer than the kisses given to me, that the hands which dried her tears in our childish griefs touched her more gently than the hands which dried mine. But these and other small signs of preference like them, were such as no parents could be expected to control. I noticed them at the time rather with wonder than with repining. I recall them now without a harsh thought either toward my father or my mother. Both loved me, and both did their duty by me. If I seem to speak constrainedly of them here, it is not on my own account. I can honestly say that with all my heart and soul.

Even Uncle George, fond as he was of me, was fonder of my beautiful child-sister. When I used mischievously to pull at his lank, scanty hair, he would gently and laughingly take it out of my hands; but he would let Caroline tug at it till his dim, wandering, gray eyes winked and watered again with pain. He used to plunge perilously about the garden, in awkward imitation of the cantering of a horse, while I sat on his shoulders; but he would never proceed at any pace beyond a slow and safe walk when Caroline had a ride in her turn. When we interrupted him over his dirty work in the surgery, he used to tell me to go and play until he was ready for me; but he would put down his bottles, and clean his clumsy fingers on his coarse apron, and lead Caroline out again, as if she had been the greatest lady in the land. Ah, how he loved her! and, let me be honest and grateful, and add, how he loved me too!

When I was eight years old and Caroline was twelve, I was separated from home for some time. I had been ailing for many months previously; had got benefit from being taken to the sea-side; and had shown symptoms of relapsing on being brought home again. After much consultation it was at last resolved that I

should be sent to live, until my constitution got stronger, with a maiden sister of my mother's, who had a house at a watering-place on the coast.

I left home, I remember, loaded with presents, rejoicing over the prospect of looking at the sea again, as careless of the future and as happy in the present as any boy could be. Uncle George petitioned for a holiday to take me to the sea-side, but he could not be spared from the surgery. He consoled himself and me by promising to make me a magnificent model of a ship. I have that model before my eyes now, while I write. It is dusty with age; the paint on it is cracked, the ropes are tangled, the sails are moth-eaten and yellow. The hull is all out of proportion, and the rig has been smiled at by every nautical friend of mine who has ever looked at it. Yet, worn out and faulty as it is, inferior to the cheapest miniature vessel now-a-days in any toy-shop window, I hardly know a possession of mine in this world that I would not sooner part with than Uncle George's ship.

My life at the sea-side was a very happy one. I remained with my aunt more than a year. My mother often came to see how I was going on, and, at first, always brought my sister with her. But, during the last eight months of my stay, Caroline never once appeared. I noticed also at the same period a change in my mother's manner. She looked paler and more anxious at each succeeding visit, and always had long conferences in private with my aunt. At last she ceased to come and see us altogether, and only wrote to know how my health was getting on. My father, too, who had at the earlier periods of my absence from home traveled to the sea-side to watch the progress of my recovery as often as his professional engagements would permit, now kept away like my mother. Even Uncle George, who had never been allowed a holiday to come and see me, but who had hitherto often written and begged me to write to him, broke off our correspondence. I was naturally perplexed and amazed by these changes, and persecuted my aunt to tell me the reason of them. At first she tried to put me off with excuses; then she admitted that there was trouble in our house; and finally she confessed that the trouble was caused by the illness of my sister. When I inquired what that illness was, my aunt said it was

useless to attempt to explain it to me. I next applied to the servants. One of them was less cautious than my aunt, and answered my question, but in terms that I could not comprehend. After much explanation, I was made to understand that "something was growing on my sister's neck that would spoil her beauty forever, and perhaps kill her, if it could not be got rid off." How well I remember the shudder of horror that ran through me at the vague idea of this deadly "something!" A fearful, awe-struck curiosity to see what Caroline's illness was, with my own eyes, troubled my inmost heart; and I begged to be allowed to go home and help to nurse her. The request was, it is almost needless to say, refused.

Weeks passed away, and still I heard nothing except that my sister continued to be ill. One day I privately wrote a letter to Uncle George, asking him in my childish way to come and tell me about Caroline's illness. I knew where the post-office was, and slipped out in the morning unobserved, and dropped my letter into the box. I stole home again by the garden, and climbed in at the open window of a back parlor on the ground floor. The room above was my aunt's bed-chamber, and the moment I was inside the house I heard moans and loud convulsive sobs proceeding from it. My aunt was a singularly quiet, composed woman; I could not imagine that the loud sobbing and moaning came from her; and I ran down into the kitchen to ask the servants who was crying so violently in my aunt's room.

I found the housemaid and the cook talking together in whispers, with serious faces. They started when they saw me, as if I had been a grown-up master who had caught them neglecting their work. "He's too young to feel it much," I heard one say to the other. "So far as he's concerned, it seems like a mercy that it has happened no later."

In a few minutes they had told me the worst. It was indeed my aunt whom I heard crying in the bedroom. Caroline was dead.

I felt the blow more severely than the servants or any one else about me supposed. Still, I was a child in years, and I had the blessed elasticity of a child's nature. If I had been older, I might have been too much absorbed in grief to observe my aunt so closely as I did, when she was com-

posed enough to see me, later in the day. I was not surprised by the swollen state of her eyes, the paleness of her cheeks, or the fresh burst of tears that came from her when she took me in her arms at meeting. But I was both amazed and perplexed by the look of terror that I detected in her face. It was natural enough that she should grieve and weep over my sister's death; but why should she have that frightened look also, as if some other catastrophe had happened? I asked if there was any more dreadful news from home besides the news of Caroline's death. My aunt said, No, in a strange, stifled voice, and suddenly turned her face from me. Was my father dead? No. My mother? No. Uncle George? My aunt trembled all over as she said No to that also, and bade me cease asking any more questions. She was not fit to bear them yet, she said; and signed to the servants to lead me out of the room.

The next day I was told that I was to go home after the funeral, and was taken out toward evening by the housemaid, partly for a walk, partly to be measured for my mourning clothes. After we had left the tailor's I persuaded the girl to extend our walk for some distance along the sea-beach, telling her, as we went, every little anecdote connected with my lost sister that came tenderly back to my memory in those first days of sorrow. She was so interested in hearing, and I in speaking, that we let the sun go down before we thought of turning back.

The evening was cloudy, and it got on from dusk to dark by the time we approached the town again. The housemaid was rather nervous at finding herself alone with me on the beach, and once or twice looked behind her distrustfully as we went on. Suddenly she squeezed my hand hard, and said, "Let's get up on the cliff as fast as we can." The words were hardly out of her mouth before I heard footsteps behind me: a man came round quickly to my side, snatched me away from the girl, and catching me up in his arms without a word, covered my face with kisses. I knew that he was crying, because my cheeks were instantly wetted with his tears; but it was too dark for me to see who he was, or even how he was dressed. He did not, I should think, hold me half a minute in his arms. The housemaid screamed for help; I was put

down gently on the sand, and the strange man instantly disappeared in the darkness.

When this extraordinary adventure was related to my aunt she seemed at first merely bewildered at hearing of it; but in a moment more there came a change over her face, as if she had suddenly recollected or thought of something. She turned deadly pale, and said in a hurried way very unusual with her, "Never mind; don't talk about it any more. It was only a mischievous trick to frighten you, I dare say. Forget all about it, my dear; forget all about it."

It was easier to give me this advice than to make me follow it. For many nights after I thought of nothing but the strange man who had kissed me and cried over me. Who could he be? Somebody who loved me very much, and who was very sorry. My childish logic carried me to that length. But when I tried to think over all the grown-up gentlemen who loved me very much, I could never get on, to my own satisfaction, beyond my father and my Uncle George.

I was taken home on the appointed day to suffer the trial, a hard one, even at my tender years, of witnessing my mother's passionate grief, and my father's mute despair. I remember that the scene of our first meeting after Caroline's death was wisely and considerately shortened by my aunt, who took me out of the room. She seemed to have a confused desire to keep me from leaving her after the door had closed behind us; but I broke away, and ran down stairs to the surgery, to go and cry for my lost playmate with the sharer of all our games, Uncle George.

I opened the surgery door, and could see nobody. I dried my tears, and looked all round the room; it was empty. I ran up stairs again to Uncle George's garret bed-room; he was not there; his cheap hair-brush and old cast-off razor-case that had belonged to my grandfather, were not on the dressing-table. Had he got some other bed-room? I went out on the landing, and called softly, with an unaccountable terror and sinking at my heart, "Uncle George!"

Nobody answered; but my aunt came hastily up the garret stairs.

"Hush!" she said. "You must never call that name out here again! Never." She stopped suddenly, and looked as if her own words had frightened her.

"Is Uncle George dead?" I asked.

My aunt turned red and pale, and stammered. I did not wait to hear what she said; I brushed past her, down the stairs; my heart was bursting; my flesh felt cold. I ran breathlessly and recklessly into the room where my father and mother had received me. They were both sitting there still. I ran up to them, wringing my hands, and crying out in a passion of tears, "Is Uncle George dead?"

My mother gave a scream that terrified me into instant silence and stillness. My father looked at her for a moment, rang the bell that summoned her maid, then seized me roughly by the arm, and dragged me out of the room.

He took me down into his study, seated himself in his accustomed chair, and put me before him, between his knees. His lips were awfully white, and I felt his two hands, as they grasped my shoulders, shaking violently.

"You are never to mention the name of Uncle George again," he said in a quick, angry, trembling whisper. "Never to me, never to your mother, never to your aunt, never to the servants, never to anybody in this world! Never, never, never!"

The repetition of the word terrified me even more than the suppressed vehemence with which he spoke. He saw that I was frightened, and softened his manner a little before he went on.

"You will never see Uncle George again," he said. "Your mother and I love you dearly; but if you forget what I have told you, you will be sent away from home. Never speak that name again; mind, never! Now kiss me, and go away."

How his lips trembled; and, O, how cold they felt on mine! I shrunk out of the room the moment he had kissed me, and went and hid myself in the garden. "Uncle George is gone; I am never to see him any more; I am never to speak of him again." Those were the words I repeated to myself, with indescribable terror and confusion, the moment I was alone. There was something unspeakably horrible to my young mind in this mystery which I was commanded always to respect, and which, so far as I then knew, I could never hope to see revealed. My father, my mother, my aunt, all appeared to be separated from me now by some impass-

able barrier. Home seemed home no longer, with Caroline dead, Uncle George gone, and a forbidden subject of talk perpetually and mysteriously interposing between my parents and me.

Though I never infringed the command my father had given me in his study, (his words and looks, and that dreadful scream of my mother's which seemed to be always ringing in my ears, were more than enough to insure my obedience,) I also never lost the secret desire to penetrate the darkness which clouded over the fate of Uncle George. For two years I remained at home, and discovered nothing. If I asked the servants about my uncle, they could only tell me that one morning he disappeared from the house. Of the members of my father's family, I could make no inquiries. They lived far away, and never came to see us; and the idea of writing to them, at my age and in my position, was out of the question.

My aunt was as unapproachably silent as my father and mother; but I never forgot how her face had altered, when she had reflected for a moment, after hearing of my extraordinary adventure while going home with the servant over the sands at night. The more I thought of that change of countenance in connection with what had occurred on my return to my father's house, the more certain I felt that the stranger who had kissed me and wept over me must have been no other than Uncle George.

At the end of my two years at home, I was sent to sea by own earnest desire. I had always determined to be a sailor from the time when I first went to live with my aunt at the sea-side; and I persisted long enough in my resolution to make my parents recognize the necessity of acceding to my wishes. My new life delighted me; and I remained away on foreign stations more than four years. When I at length returned home, it was to find a new affliction darkening our fireside. My father had died on the very day when I sailed for my return voyage.

Absence and change of scene had in no respect weakened my desire to penetrate the mystery of Uncle George's disappearance. My mother's health was so delicate that I hesitated for some time to approach the forbidden subject in her presence. When I at last ventured to refer to it, suggesting to her that any prudent

reserve which might have been necessary while I was a child need no longer be persisted in, now that I was growing to be a young man, she fell into a violent fit of trembling, and commanded me to say no more.

It had been my father's will, she said, that the reserve to which I referred should be always adopted toward me; he had not authorized her, before he died, to speak more openly; and, now that he was gone, she would not so much as think of acting on her own unaided judgment. My aunt said the same thing, in effect, when I appealed to her. Determined not to be discouraged even yet, I undertook a journey, ostensibly to pay my respects to my father's family, but with the secret intention of trying what I could learn in that quarter on the subject of Uncle George.

My investigations led to some results, though they were by no means satisfactory. George had always been looked on with something like contempt by his handsome sisters and his prosperous brothers.

I found that my uncle's surviving relatives now spoke of him slightly and carelessly. They assured me that they had never heard from him, and that they knew nothing about him, except that he had gone away to settle, as they supposed, in some foreign place, after having behaved very basely and badly to my father. Beyond this nothing was known about him. In what the alleged baseness of his behavior consisted, none of his brothers and sisters could tell me. My father had refused to pain them by going into particulars, not only at the time of his brother's disappearance, but afterward whenever the subject was mentioned.

George had always been the black sheep of the flock, and he must have been conscious of his own baseness, or he would certainly have written to explain and to justify himself. Such were the particulars which I gleaned during my visit to my father's family. To my mind they tended rather to deepen than to reveal the mystery.

That such a gentle, docile, affectionate creature as Uncle George should have injured the brother he loved by word or deed, at any period of their intercourse, seemed incredible; but that he should have been guilty of an act of baseness at

the very time when my sister was dying, was simply and plainly impossible. And yet there was the incomprehensible fact staring me in the face, that the death of Caroline and the disappearance of Uncle George had taken place in the same week! Never did I feel more daunted and bewildered by the family mystery than after I had heard all the particulars in connection with it that my father's relatives had to tell me.

I may pass over the events of the next few years of my life briefly enough. My nautical pursuits filled up all my time, and took me far away from my country and my friends. But, whatever I did, or wherever I went, the memory of Uncle George, and the desire to penetrate the mystery of his disappearance, haunted me like familiar spirits. Often, in the lonely watches of the night at sea, did I recall the dark evening on the beach, the strange man's hurried embrace, the startling sensation of feeling his tears on my cheeks, the disappearance of him before I had breath or self-possession enough to say a word.

Often did I think over the inexplicable events that followed, when I had returned, after my sister's funeral, to my father's house; and oftener still did I puzzle my brains vainly in the attempt to form some plan for inducing my mother or my aunt to disclose the secret which they had hitherto kept from me so perseveringly. My only chance of knowing what had really happened to Uncle George, my only hope of seeing him again, rested with those two near and dear relatives. I despaired of ever getting my mother to speak on the forbidden subject after what had passed between us; but I felt more sanguine about my prospects of ultimately inducing my aunt to relax in her discretion. My anticipations, however, in this direction were not destined to be fulfilled.

On my next visit I found my aunt prostrated by a paralytic attack, which deprived her of the power of speech. She died soon afterward in my arms, leaving me her sole heir. I searched anxiously among her papers for some reference to the family mystery, but found no clew to guide me. All my mother's letters to her sister at the time of Caroline's illness and death had been destroyed.

More years passed; my mother followed my aunt to the grave; and still I was as

far as ever from making any discoveries in relation to Uncle George. Shortly after the period of this last affliction my health gave way, and I departed, by my doctor's advice, to try some baths in the south of France. I traveled slowly to my destination, turning aside from the direct road, and stopping wherever I pleased. One evening, when I was not more than two or three days' journey from the baths to which I was bound, I was struck by the picturesque situation of a little town placed on the brow of a hill at some distance from the main road, and resolved to have a nearer look at the place, with a view to stopping there for the night, if it pleased me. I found the principal inn clean and quiet—ordered my bed there—and after dinner strolled out to look at the church. No thought of Uncle George was in my mind when I entered the building; and yet, at that very moment, chance was leading me to the discovery, which, for so many years past, I had vainly endeavored to make; the discovery which I had given up as hopeless since the day of my mother's death.

I found nothing worth notice in the church, and was about to leave it again, when I caught a glimpse of a pretty view through a side door, and stopped to admire it. The churchyard formed the foreground, and below it the hill-side sloped away gently into the plain, over which the sun was setting in full glory. The *curé* of the church was reading his breviary, walking up and down a gravel-path that parted the rows of graves. In the course of my wanderings I had learned to speak French fluently; and when the priest came near me I said a few words in praise of the view, and complimented him on the neatness and prettiness of the churchyard. He answered with great politeness, and we got into conversation together immediately.

As we strolled along the gravel-walk, my attention was attracted by one of the graves standing apart from the rest. The cross at the head of it differed remarkably, in some points of appearance, from the crosses on the other graves. While all the rest had garlands hung on them, this one cross was quite bare; and, more extraordinary still, no name was inscribed on it. The priest, observing that I stopped to look at the grave, shook his head and sighed.

"A countryman of yours is buried there," he said. "I was present at his death; he had borne the burden of a great sorrow among us, in this town, for many weary years, and his conduct had taught us to respect and pity him with all our hearts."

"How is it that his name is not inscribed over his grave?" I inquired.

"It was suppressed by his own desire," answered the priest, with some little hesitation. "He confessed to me in his last moments that he had lived here under an assumed name. I asked his real name, and he told it to me, with the particulars of his sad story. He had reasons for desiring to be forgotten after his death. Almost the last words he spoke were, 'Let my name die with me.' Almost the last request he made was, that I would keep that name a secret from all the world excepting only one person."

"Some relative, I suppose," said I.

"Yes—a nephew," said the priest.

The moment the last word was out of his mouth, my heart gave a strange answering bound. I suppose I must have changed color also, for the *curé* looked at me with sudden attention and interest.

"A nephew," the priest went on, "whom he had loved like his own child. He told me that if this nephew ever traced him to his burial-place, and asked about him, I was free in that case to disclose all I knew. 'I should like my little Charley to know the truth,' he said. 'In spite of the difference in our ages, Charley and I were playmates years ago.'"

My heart beat faster, and I felt a choking sensation at the throat, the moment I heard the priest unconsciously mention my Christian name in reporting the dying man's last words. As soon as I could steady my voice and feel certain of my self-possession, I communicated my family name to the *curé*, and asked him if that was not part of the secret that he had been requested to preserve.

He started back several steps, and clasped his hands amazedly.

"Can it be!" he said in low tones, gazing at me earnestly, with something like dread in his face. I gave him my passport, and looked away toward the grave. The tears came into my eyes, as the recollections of past days crowded back on me. Hardly knowing what I did, I knelt down by the grave, and smoothed

the grass over it with my hand. "O, Uncle George, why not have told your secret to your old playmate! Why leave him to find you *here*!"

The priest raised me gently, and begged me to go with him into his own house. On our way there, I mentioned persons and places that I thought my uncle might have spoken of, in order to satisfy my companion that I was really the person I represented myself to be. By the time we had entered his little parlor, and had sat down alone in it, we were almost like old friends together.

I thought it best that I should begin by telling all that I have related here on the subject of Uncle George, and his disappearance from home. My host listened with very sad face, and said, when I had done:

"I can understand your anxiety to know all that I am authorized to tell you; but pardon me if I say first that there are circumstances in your uncle's story which it may pain you to hear," he stopped suddenly.

"Which it may pain me to hear as a nephew?" I asked.

"No," said the priest, looking away from me; "as a son."

I gratefully expressed my sense of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted my companion's warning, but I begged him at the same time to keep me no longer in suspense, and to tell me the stern truth, no matter how painfully it might affect me as a listener.

"In telling me all you knew about what you term the Family Mystery," said the priest, "you have mentioned as a strange coincidence that your sister's death and your uncle's disappearance took place at the same time. Did you ever suspect what cause it was that occasioned your sister's death?"

"I only know what my father told me, and what all our friends believed—that she died of a tumor in the neck, or, as I sometimes heard it stated, from the effect on her constitution of a tumor in the neck."

"She died under an operation for the removal of that tumor," said the priest in low tones. "And the operator was your Uncle George."

In these few words all the truth burst upon me.

"Console yourself with the thought that

the long martyrdom of his life is over," the priest went on, after allowing me a few moments to control the violent agitation which his disclosure had caused in me. "He rests: he is at peace. He and his little darling understand each other, and are happy now. That thought bore him up to the last, on his death-bed. He always spoke of your sister as his 'little darling.' He firmly believed that she was waiting to forgive and console him in the other world; and who shall say he was deceived in that belief?"

Not I! Not any one who has ever loved and suffered, surely!

"It was out of the depths of his self-sacrificing love for the child that he drew the fatal courage to undertake the operation," continued the priest. "Your father naturally shrank from attempting it. His medical brethren, whom he consulted, all doubted the propriety of taking any measures for the removal of the tumor, in the particular condition and situation of it, when they were called in. Your uncle alone differed from them. He was too modest a man to say so, but your mother found it out. The deformity of her beautiful child horrified her; she was desperate enough to catch at the faintest hope of remedying it that any one might hold out to her, and she persuaded your uncle to put his opinion to the proof. Her horror at the deformity of the child, and her despair at the prospect of its lasting for life, seem to have utterly blinded her to all natural sense of the danger of the operation. It is hard to know how to say it to you, her son, but it must be told, nevertheless, that, one day, when your father was out, she untruly informed your uncle that his brother had consented to the performance of the operation, and that he had gone purposely out of the house because he had not nerve enough to stay and witness it. After that, your uncle no longer hesitated. He had no fear of results, provided he could be certain of his own courage. All he dreaded was the effect on him of his love for the child, when he first found himself face to face with the dreadful necessity of touching her skin with the knife. It is useless to shock you by going into particulars. Let it be enough if I say, that your uncle's fortitude failed to support him when he wanted it most. His love for the child shook the firm hand which had never trembled before. In a word,

the operation failed. Your father returned and found his child dying. The phrensy of his despair when the truth was told him, carried him to excesses which it shocks me to mention—excesses which began in his degrading his brother by a blow, which ended in his binding himself by an oath to make that brother suffer public punishment for his fatal rashness in a court of law. Your uncle was too heart-broken by what had happened to feel those outrages as some men might have felt them. He looked for one moment at his sister-in-law, (I do not like to say your mother, considering what I have now to tell you,) to see if she would acknowledge that she had encouraged him to attempt the operation, and that she had deceived him in saying that he had his brother's permission to try it. She was silent; and when she spoke, it was to join her husband in denouncing him as the murderer of their child. Whether fear of your father's anger or revengeful indignation against your uncle most actuated her, I cannot presume to inquire, especially in your presence. I can only state facts. Meanwhile, your uncle turned to your father, and spoke the last words he was ever to address to his eldest brother in this world. He said: 'I have deserved the worst your anger can inflict on me, but I will spare you the scandal of bringing me to justice in open court. God is my witness that I honestly believed I could save the child from deformity and suffering. I have risked all, and lost all. My heart and spirit are broken. I am fit for nothing but to go and hide myself and my shame and misery from all eyes that have ever looked on me. I shall never come back, never expect your pity or forgiveness. If you think less harshly of me when I am gone, keep secret what has happened; let no other lips say of me what yours and your wife's have said. I shall think that forbearance atonement enough—atonement greater than I have deserved. Forget me in this world. May we meet in another, where the secrets of all hearts are opened, and where the child who is gone before may make peace between us!' He said those words, and went out. Your father never saw him or heard from him again."

I know the reason now why my father had never confided the truth to any one, his own family included. My mother had

evidently told the worst to her sister, under the seal of secrecy. And there the dreadful disclosure had been arrested.

"Your uncle told me," the priest continued, "that he took leave of you by stealth, in a place you were staying at by the sea-side. He had not the heart to quit his country and his friends forever, without kissing you for the last time. He followed you in the dark, and caught you up in his arms, and left you again before you had a chance of discovering him. He revealed the story of his past life to no living soul here but me; and to me he only spoke when his last hour was approaching. What he had suffered during his long exile no man can presume to say. I, who saw more of him than any one, never heard a word of complaint fall from his lips. He had the courage of the martyrs while he lived, and the resignation of the saints when he died. Just at the last, his mind wandered. He said he saw his little darling waiting by the bedside to lead him away; and he died with a smile on his face, the first I had ever seen there." The priest ceased, and we went out together in the mournful twilight, and stood for a little while on the brow of the hill where Uncle George used to sit. How my heart ached for him, as I thought of what he must have suffered in the silence and solitude of his long exile! Was it well for me that I had discovered the Family Mystery at last? I have sometimes thought not. I have sometimes wished that the darkness had never been cleared away which once hid from me the fate of Uncle George.

YORICK'S CHAMBER.

AN UNEXPECTED INTERVIEW.

IT is, of course, to an Englishman that we are indebted for the following interesting narrative. He had just arrived at Calais. To the question, "Where now?" he replied, "To the Hôtel Dessin." But we must let him give an account of himself and tell his own story.

I deny that I am romantic; I deny, unequivocally, that I am influenced by fictitious sympathies. I never was an idealist in my life; I never mean to be one; and yet I told the coachman to drive me to the Hôtel Dessin.

The fact was, that I had been reading

the *Sentimental Journey* all the way from St. Omer; and when I reached Calais, and jumped into a *fiacre*, the name rose to my lips almost before I was aware of it. So away we rattled through a tangle of gloomy little streets, and into the courtyard of "mine inn."

An aristocratic-looking elderly waiter, with a ring and a massive gold watch-chain, sauntered out from a side-office, surveyed me patronizingly, and said in the blandest tone:

"What is it that monsieur desires?"

"A private room to begin with. At what hour is your table d'hôte?"

"We have no table d'hôte at the Hôtel Dessin," replied the waiter languidly; "our visitors are served in their apartments."

"Then let me have a dinner as speedily as possible, and a good one, remember."

He looked at me again, as if implying that my tone was not sufficiently deferential, yawned, rang a feeble little bell, and sank, exhausted, upon a bench beside the door. A pretty chamber-maid attended the summons.

"Marie, conduct monsieur to one of the vacant rooms on the corridor by the garden. And, Marie, on thy return, my child, bring me a glass of absinthe and water."

Leaving this gentleman extended on the bench in an ostentatious state of ennui, I followed my conductress up stairs and along a passage full of doors. One of these bore an inscription which at once arrested my attention and my footsteps: STERNE'S ROOM.

"Stay, mademoiselle!" I exclaimed; "can I have this one?"

Marie smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Certainly," she said, unlocking the door. "The chamber is at monsieur's service. The English adore it. And why? Because somebody or other slept in it many years ago. How droll they are, these English! Comment! is monsieur English? Ciel! what a mistake I have committed. Monsieur will never forgive me."

It needed, however, no great amount of protestation on my part to convince Mademoiselle Marie that I was not in the least affronted; so she drew up the blinds, dusted the table in a pretty ineffectual sort of way with the corner of her apron,

hoped that monsieur would ring if he required anything, and tripped gayly out of the room.

As for me, I threw myself into a chair and surveyed my new quarters. A portrait of Sterne hung over the fireplace. It was painted on panel, oval-shaped, dark with age and varnish, and looked as though it had been taken during his visit to Calais, if one might judge by the cracks and stains of it. The cheek rested on the hand; the eyes were turned full upon me with that expression of keen penetration which characterizes every one of his portraits. I sat for a long time looking at it, till the waiter came and prepared the table.

"And now, garçon," said I, after a considerable interval, during which I had been very satisfactorily employed, "and now, garçon, do you really mean to tell me that this is Sterne's room?"

"Upon my honor, monsieur," replied the waiter, laying his hand upon his heart.

"But how can you be certain after three quarters of a century, or perhaps more, have gone by?"

"The event, monsieur," said the waiter, "has been preserved in the archives of the house. We pledge ourselves to the veracity of the statement."

I surveyed the man with admiration. He was the grandest waiter I had ever seen in my life, and I had had some little experience, too.

To my right lay a delicious garden, radiant with beds of verbena and scarlet geranium, and flooded with the evening sunlight. The great trees nodded and whispered, and the windows at the opposite side of the quadrangle shone like burnished gold. I threw open the *jalouises*, wheeled my table up, plucked one of the white roses that clustered outside, and fancied I could smell the sea-air.

"And so," said I, complacently peeling my peaches, "this is actually Sterne's room! He once sat beside this casement where I am now seated; looked out into this garden, where—but who knows? Perhaps the opening scenes of the *Sentimental Journey* were even written in this chamber, and here am I with the book in my pocket."

I took the volume out, and turning the leaves idly, came to the chapters that treat of the *désobligeante*. I was decidedly in a soliloquizing mood.

"Now, if I were beginning, instead of ending my journey," said I, "there's nothing I should have preferred to the *désobligeante*. No doubt there is one to be had somewhere. What if the identical vehicle be still in the stables! That's nonsense, of course; and yet I should just like to make the inquiry."

There was a tap at my door.

"A thousand pardons," observed the waiter, looking in. "Monsieur is alone?"

"Go to the mischief," said I, savagely. Fortunately it was in English, so he did not understand me.

"There are two gentlemen here, monsieur; two milords, your countrymen, who desire particularly to be permitted to see this apartment for a moment."

"An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen," I muttered to myself, quoting page nineteen of the *Sentimental Journey*.

"Am I honored with monsieur's permission to show them up?"

I was forced to say yes, not very graciously, I fear; and he ushered them in accordingly.

The first was a spare, eager-looking man, with keen, quivering nostrils, and a brow furrowed with thought and expressive of immense determination of character. The appearance of the second was still more remarkable. I could not remove my eyes from his face, and yet I could scarcely have told you what it was that so attracted me. His forehead was broad and high; his mouth open and eloquent; his hair black, glossy, and falling in smooth pendulous masses almost to his shoulders. His eyebrows were prominent and bushy, and the eyes beneath them animated by a living radiance, alternately dreamy, tender, wild, and energetic. I have since heard them compared to "the rolling of a sea with darkened luster," and I can think of no words which better express their changefulness and their depth.

He entered last, but stepped before his friend, and stood looking up at the portrait. The other bowed and apologized to me in a few brief, hesitating words for their intrusion.

Presently the second comer turned round, and without any previous recognition of my presence, said:

"I see that you two have been dining together. Has the worthy prebend been an agreeable companion?"

The oddity of the address pleased me.

"I cannot say that I have wanted for amusement," I replied smiling, "since the *Sentimental Journey* has been lying beside my plate all the time. Will you be seated?"

He needed no second invitation, but dropped indolently into an easy chair, and lay back with his eyes still fixed on the picture; while his companion walked over to the window, and stood there, looking out, with a fidgety, uneasy countenance, as if he had seen quite enough of the room, and was more anxious to go than stay.

"I do not admire the *Sentimental Journey*," said he in the easy-chair. "It is poor, sickly stuff; and the oftener you read Sterne the more clearly will you perceive its inferiority to *Tristram Shandy*. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other. But Sterne's morals were bad. His heart was bad; his life was bad. He dallied with vice, and called it sentiment, or combined it with wit, drollery, and fancy, and served it up for the amusement of the fashionable world, whose idol he was. His mind oscillated ever on the confines of evil, and from this dangerous element he drew his 'effects,' his claptrap, and his false, whimpering sensibility. There is not a page of Sterne's writings undefiled by some hint of impurity; and yet he approaches the subject with a mixture of courage and cowardice, as a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time; or, better still, like that trembling daring with which a child touches a hot tea-urn, only because it has been forbidden. He is a hypocrite, because he affects to be the ally of virtue, and entertains all the while a secret sympathy with the enemy. At the same time I don't think his hypocrisy can do much harm, or his morals either, unless to those who are already vicious."

The gentleman at the window faced round, and shook his head.

"You are seldom just to authors for whom you have no liking," he said in harsh, quick tones; "and it seems to me that in this instance you jump too hastily at conclusions. It does not follow that a man is a hypocrite because his actions give the lie to his words. If he at one time seems to be a saint, and at another a sinner, he possibly is both in

reality, as well as in appearance. A person may be fond of vice and of virtue too, and practice one or the other according to the temptation of the moment; a priest may be pious, and at the same time a sot or a bigot; a woman may be modest, and a rake at heart; a poet may admire the beauties of nature, and be envious of those of other writers; a moralist may act contrary to his own precepts, and yet be sincere in recommending them to others. These are, indeed, contradictions, but they arise out of the contradictory qualities of our nature. A man is a hypocrite only when he affects to take delight in what he does not feel, and not because he takes a perverse delight in opposite things."

"An admirable piece of metaphysical defense," said the other, whom, for the sake of distinction, I shall call the philosopher; "but one that, after all, does not go far to prove your case. Remember Sterne's neglect of his loving wife, and the heartlessness of his flirtations, and then judge how sincere may have been those tears which he sniveled so plenteously over a dead donkey at Nampont. Pshaw! 'tis the very mockery of virtue!"

"Yes, and a compliment to it at the same time," retorted the metaphysician. Come, you are rather severe to-day, and misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there. The profoundest wisdom is sometimes combined in his pages with an outward appearance of levity; and many passages which have to bear the charge of coarseness contain, nevertheless, a sterling view of love and charity. Think of Uncle Toby!"

"Who pitied even the devil!" said the philosopher.

"Who is one of the finest tributes ever paid to human nature!" exclaimed his friend. Why, this I will say, that Shakespeare himself never conceived a character so genial, so delicious, so unoffending! Then, again, turn to the story of La Fevre; it is, perhaps, the finest in the English language. I cannot conceive how Goldsmith could call Sterne 'a dull fellow.' The author of the *Vicar* should have known better."

"Perhaps," said I, venturing for the first time to mingle with their conversation, "the tone of Goldsmith's mind was too thoroughly English to appreciate the glancing transitions, the poignant, though

artificial wit, and the extraordinary varianbleness of Sterne. It appears to me that, although his style was so racy, so rapid, so idiomatically English, his genius and disposition inclined more toward the characteristics of the French writers."

"You mean Rabelais," said the philosopher; "and Rabelais he was, only born in a happier age, and gifted with sentiment."

"I was not alluding particularly to Rabelais," I rejoined. "I believe I was thinking more of the modern French school, of the Balzaes, Karrs, and Paul de Kocks, who can scarcely be supposed to have imitated a half-forgotten English writer of the last century."

Both of my visitors looked interested, and I went on:

"It is in his abrupt variations of feeling that this resemblance forces itself upon me. I find in the writers I have named, and in fifty others who are their pupils and cotemporaries, the same antithetical propensity which delights in giving a comic turn to a serious passage, the same implied satire and half-expressed *double entendres*, the same unfinished sentences, and the same hysterical mingling of smiles and tears. A Hindoo would swear that the soul of Laurence Sterne had taken up its present abode in the body of Paul de Kock. Again; let us consider his power of turning trifles to account, and evolving from the least promising incidents the most exquisite combinations of feeling and fancy.

"Apropos of a pin, he fills a page with wisdom on humanities; and from his barber's recommendation of a wig-buckle deduces a good analysis of the French character. Is not this one of the leading traits of modern French authorship? Place in the way of one of these witty and imaginative *feuilletonists* the most barren and uninteresting of objects, and he will enrich it with all the embroideries of art, clothe it in the rainbow hues of his own fancy, and, though it were but an old pair of ruffles or a market-barrow, end by making you laugh or cry according to his pleasure.

"In this manner an ingenious French writer has elaborated a charming volume on no more extensive a subject than a journey round his room; and from so simple an incident as a flower springing up accidentally within the confines of a

prison, another has contributed to modern European literature the most touching, the most humanizing, the most philosophical of moral stories. Thus, in his gayety and his gravity alike, in his treatment of minutiae and his natural temperament, I find myself irresistibly reminded of the French style whenever I open a volume of Sterne. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly," replied the philosopher; "and I admit the justice of your remarks. He has all the volatility, as well as all the seriousness of the French character—that seriousness which he was the first as well as the last traveler to discern. 'If the French have a fault, Monsieur le Comte,' he says, in the chapters on the passport, 'it is that they are too serious.'"

The metaphysician smiled. "Not the last traveler," he said; "for in those notes that I made on my late journey through France and Italy, I particularly observed this exception to their generally fluttering and thoughtless disposition. These last are the qualities that strike us most by contrast to ourselves, and that come most into play in the intercourse of common life; and therefore we are generally disposed to set them down as an altogether frivolous and superficial people. It is a mistake which we shall do well to correct on further acquaintance with them; or, if we persist in it, we must call to our aid an extraordinary degree of our native blindness and obstinacy. Why, the expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes 'quite choppaffen.'"

"It is strange," observed the philosopher, "how little this contradiction in their character has been noticed. They have never had the credit of it, though it stares one in the face everywhere. You can't go into one of their theaters without being struck by the silence and decorum that reign throughout the audience, from the scholar in the stalls to the workman in the galleries."

"This results in part, perhaps, from their studious inclinations," said the other. "The French are fond of reading as well as of talking. You may constantly see girls tending an apple-stall in the coldest day in winter, and reading Voltaire or Racine. Such a thing was never known

in London as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare. Yet we talk of our widespread civilization and ample provisions for the education of the poor!"

"To be read thus by the lowliest as well as the loftiest, should be the highest ambition of the poet," exclaimed the philosopher enthusiastically. "Do you not remember, William, during that pedestrian excursion which you, Wordsworth, John Chester, and I once made from Nether Stowey to Linton, we stayed at an old-fashioned inn near the Valley of Rocks, breakfasted deliciously on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, and found a little worn-out copy of the 'Seasons' lying in the window-seat? I took it up, and with a feeling that I cannot describe to you, exclaimed aloud: '*That* is true fame!'"

"Yes," replied the metaphysician, with a sigh; "I remember it perfectly. I was but a lad at the time, and I listened as if in a dream to every syllable that fell from the lips of either Wordsworth or yourself. Fame, thought I, with a sinking heart—alas! to me it is but a word: I shall never possess it; yet will I never cease to worship and pursue it. At that time, I thought to be a painter; and while I lost myself in admiration of a fairy Claude, or hung enraptured over a Titian dark with beauty, I despaired of the perfection I worshiped. And I was right: I should never have made a painter."

His friend smiled, and shook his head. "And yet," said he, "you are content, I should think, with the share of renown that has fallen to your lot. Do you still hold that fame is but a word?"

"I hold it to be a glorious reality," replied the metaphysician; "but one which, least of all others, should be defaced by the petty considerations of our worldly vanities and selfish personalities. Fame is the inheritance, not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity—who drink of that flood of glory as of a river, and refresh our wings in it for future flight. Fame, to my thinking, means Shakspeare, Homer, Bacon, Raphael. Fame can attach itself only to the past. Reputation is the property of the present."

"A subtle distinction," said the philosopher; "but one which—"

The door of the chamber opened.

"Your carriage, gentlemen, is ready," said the waiter.

We all rose simultaneously.

"I am sure," said the philosopher, with an air of high-bred courtesy, "I am sure we must have fatigued and interrupted you, sir, in a most unpardonable manner. I am ashamed to have intruded so long upon your patience and your hospitality; but if you should ever chance to wander in the neighborhood of Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, I will endeavor to atone for my present thoughtlessness, by making you acquainted with our green and hilly country, and our wild sea-shore. Do not suppose that I say this through a forced politeness. I invite few visitors, and those whom I do ask, I welcome heartily."

He took a card from his waistcoat pocket, and advancing with an undulating step, laid it down beside me on the table.

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as my eyes fell on the superscription.

The philosopher extended his hand to me.

"You will not forget to come and see me," he said, "if you visit my county; and I trust you will forgive me for introducing myself. It is a bad habit that one acquires abroad—above all, when one meets a fellow-countryman."

"I consider," said I, "that I am indebted to Yorick for this piece of good fortune;" and I pointed to the portrait over the mantle-piece.

Coleridge plucked his companion by the sleeve. "Come, Hazlitt," he said: "we have no time to lose."

"How!" I exclaimed; "is it possible that—that your friend is—"

"William Hazlitt," replied the poet, making the metaphysician known to me with a serio-comic gesture; "William Hazlitt, the dreaded critic—the redoubtable reviewer—the terrible essayist!"

I endeavored to stammer out something appropriate as they took leave of me; but at that time I was little used to society, and I believe I had never seen a real live author in my life before, so I fear I was not very successful.

Coleridge hurried his friend from the room, and went out last. Just as he reached the door he turned back.

"Have you read my translation of 'The Visit of the Gods'?"

I replied eagerly in the affirmative.

"Then you will remember the opening lines," he said gayly:

"Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone !"

The door closed directly, and he was gone. Then I heard his genial laugh upon the stairs, and presently the rattling of the wheels that bore them away. I never visited Nether Stowey, and I never saw either of my guests again. Both have since passed away, and left only their fame and their undying thoughts behind them; but I shall never forget that brief acquaintanceship which began and ended one autumnal afternoon in Sterne's Room, at the Hôtel Dessoin.

THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE great national festival, celebrated at Washington on the 4th of March, deserves a brief record in THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The country is divided into parties, but all parties have an interest in this great transaction. It presents a scene, upon which all Americans must look with a proud and profound interest. It may not possess the gorgeousness of a regal coronation, but in all the elements of a true and impressive grandeur, it is unsurpassed. The sublimity of the scene arises out of the simplicity of its conception, and the vast power indicated by the brief and comprehensive ceremony. It is the ratification of the voice of a great people, whose dominion extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. No insignia of royalty are visible; no splendid throne; no crowns glittering with jewels; no kingly robes; no mitered priests; no consecrated oil; no mailed "champion," as in England, to "challenge the world on the king's behalf;" no armed guards to repress popular disturbances; no coronated peers or jeweled peeresses; not even a banded police are seen, but a free, joyous, confiding people. The festival is not designed to captivate the imagination, but to reflect the decision of the intelligent will of the masses, who bestow power, and expect it will be exercised for their good.

Two men were the leading objects of attention; the retiring and the incoming presidents. The former, without parade, without compulsion, without controversy, and without regret, lays down the government of twenty-five millions of enlightened

people. The latter, with dignity, modesty, and profound respect and gratitude for their choice, takes up the same trust, and upon the Holy Bible swears with deep solemnity and reverence to be faithful to that trust. There is no jealousy between them. Both love their country, the one with almost youthful ardor, the other with serene and well-tempered emotions of venerable age. The elder has not received this great power from the younger, nor can he communicate it to his successor. The witnessing multitude has conferred it, and at the moment of its being transferred, their shouts rend the air and ratify the deed.

But let us not anticipate that note of preparation, which awakens so much attention. Not only on the day itself, but on the two days preceding, the tide of living humanity was setting toward the metropolis. Horses, carriages, steamers, trains of cars, everything that could carry human beings were moving toward the city. Governors of states, legislators, politicians, judges, seekers of office and despisers of office, military companies and musical bands, clubs and fire companies, men, women, and children, the grave and the gay, the lively and severe, all classes and conditions, home-born and foreign-born, educated and uneducated, white and black, all were seen converging to the one great central point.

That vast pile of marble, elevated on a commanding hill, is conspicuous for miles around, and to that object—the Capitol—all eyes were directed. Within its walls the representatives of the people were still deliberating, or rather hurrying on the neglected business of a session up to almost the hour of noon of the 4th. The star-spangled banner was floating from every eminence, for the gay breezes of that sunny, beautiful day seemed to kiss its folds with a fresh and frequent gladness, while they imparted life everywhere. Old March had exchanged his rough breath and frowning glances for gentle whisperings and brilliant smiles. The military division, consisting of twenty-four companies, formed in front of the City Hall, and marched through various squares to a point opposite Willard's Hotel, at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, the great thoroughfare of Washington.

From that point the procession commenced its march. At the appointed hour

the President elect issued from the hotel, and entered a barouche with General Pierce, and two senators, members of the committee of arrangements. Civic marshals surrounded the carriage, and cleared the way of all obstacles. The vast width and perfect macadamization of this avenue render it a beautiful field for parading or maneuvering, while spectators from the windows of houses on each side have a commanding view of the cortege, and at the same time thousands of pedestrians find on the side walk abundant room for locomotion. The whole surface of the avenue for a mile in length appeared to be occupied by living beings on foot, for carriages were excluded.

All the states and territories from Maine to California had their representatives. Young men from Massachusetts, Maryland, Virginia, New York, and Pennsylvania donned their military dress, and repaired to Washington to participate in the festivities, one of these companies escorting President Buchanan from his home. It was the "Lancaster Fencibles." With these companies came bands of music.

It was delightful to see these young men from the North, South, East, and West all united under a common banner, and marching to the Capitol under the animating inspiration of a national anthem. This was "keeping step to the music of the Union." And what torn and tattered flag is that which excites so much interest? It is a relic of the Revolution, the very flag which was carried by Morgan's brave riflemen into many a hard-fought field. The men over whom it waved are all dead.

Ah! no soldier of '76 could be seen in this great procession, as in other days; but here was the symbol-standard under which they fought and conquered, perhaps bled and died. The moral effect was indescribable. Not the most beautiful of all the gorgeous banners, whose folds held the sunlight of that day, so enchanted the gaze of the people.

A splendid, full-rigged ship of war, manned by sailors, was carried along on wheels, and attracted great attention. Such music as poured itself forth in varied strains from the accomplished bands that came up to the festival, was never before heard on such an occasion. Three hundred United States marines, headed by their immense

band, were followed by a company of flying artillery, and butchers of the battlefield, trained to the highest point of discipline. But all was calm and peaceful now. No discordant war-notes disturbed the scene. This brilliant and formidable array of armed soldiers was not for action, or menace, or prevention, but simply for ornament and show. It was the representative of an immensity of power, but kept in repose by the wisdom and policy of statesmen, constantly overruled by the majestic providence of God in answer to the prayers of the righteous. The civic portion of the procession was less brilliant, but more important. It embraced many of the conservators of the country. The clubs and fire companies followed, and other citizens at large, the host of employes of the government, all the offices of which were closed in honor of the day. As the head of the column, a mile in length, was entering the great northern gate of the Capitol park, the Senate and Supreme Court had assembled (the foreign ambassadors also being present, and a host of ladies, to whom one entire gallery was appropriated) to administer the oath of office to the Vice-President elect, John C. Breckinridge, hereafter to be the presiding officer of the Senate. This official assemblage was met by the President elect, and then the great officers of the government accompanied him to the vast platform erected at the east front of the Capitol. Here the scene was animating and sublime. As the President advanced to the foreground of the platform, the tens of thousands in the vast area below sent forth their shouts of welcome, to which he bowed acknowledging, his large form and white head rendering him physically a conspicuous object. Mr. Buchanan then proceeded to read his inaugural address, which occupied about half an hour. The scene was grand, the impression was sublime. The flower of the land was there. Beauty, gallantry, genius, eloquence, power, fame; and that which is superior to all, piety; all had their representatives there. The Constitution was triumphant; the law appeared in its majesty. All bowed to the decision of the majority. The whole country had been heaving with political agitation, like the ocean in a storm, and there succeeded a great calm, the majestic beauty of which was reflected in the "sea of upturned faces," all radiant with content-

ment and happiness, on which the President looked down from his inaugural elevation, while his heart glowed with the assurance that not one of that vast crowd, not a citizen of this broad land would dispute with him the possession of the prize this day publicly conferred; and so we may venture to say it would have been, had the voice of the majority called the opponent of the successful candidate to that high office. It is a happy omen for the perpetuity of our republican institutions, that the victors and the vanquished so pleasantly coalesce, and personal preferences are sacrificed on the altar of a common patriotism. *E Pluribus Unum* is the motto on our shield. May no sacrilegious hand ever dare to erase it! At the conclusion of the oration, which was delivered with a clear and distinct enunciation, the oath of office was administered to the President by the Chief Justice of the United States, on the Bible, the Protestant Bible, which Mr. Buchanan reverently kissed, as he has publicly acknowledged it to be the charter of his own and the nation's hopes; and thus was the President inaugurated. The shouts of the assembled thousands rose on the air, and distant cannon reverberated from the hills, echoing the voice of the people, and saluting the chief of our millions, now fully installed in his great office.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.
—DEUT. XXXIV. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth,
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;

So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Look'd on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place
With costly marble dress'd.
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ
rings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so
sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment Day;
And stand with glory wrapp'd around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our
life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

PULP AND ESSENCE.

FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THERE is truth as well as poetry—a practical lesson beautifully expressed—in a passage which we find in a late number of *Household Words*, and which may be entitled,

THE SHIFTING HUES OF LIFE.

Life has, for an observer, such a quick succession of interesting and amusing adventure, that it is almost inconceivable he should ever feel dull or weary of it. No one day resembles another. Every hour, every minute, opens new stores to our experience, and new excitements to our curiosity. We are always on the eve and on the morrow of some surprising event. Like the moth, we are forever flying toward a star, but with this difference, that we attain it; and, if sometimes we find that the halo which we fancied a glory is but some deceiving mist, at least we have learned a lesson. If we look upon life merely as humble students, we shall not feel any great bitterness at such disappointments. It is only when we hug our ignorance to our hearts, that we are, and deserve to be, miserable; when we embrace the cloud, that we lose the goddess. But, if we open the eyes of the mind, and determine to be neither wantonly stupid nor inattentive, an enchanted world begins to rise from chaos. The respect even of the room in which we sit grows lively with a thousand unsuspected curiosities. We discern that the most ordinary person is invested with some noticeable characteristic. If we deign to look for five minutes at any commonplace thing, we become aware of its peculiar beauty; and there is not a bird that wings through the air, nor a flower that blossoms in the garden, nor an insect that crawls in the depths of the earth, nor a fish that swims in the water, but has its own singular and delightful story.

DECEIVING AND BEING DECEIVED.

Two lessons, very simple in themselves and easily learned, but nevertheless seldom carried out in dayly life, are well taught in a lecture recently published by Dr. Chapin of this city. The lessons are, first, Be what you seem to be; and, secondly, Seem to be what you are:

Lies of action are blood relations to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehood in the world. There are lies of custom and lies of fashion; lies of padding and lies of whalebone; lies of the first water in diamonds of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies to which a shower would give quite a different complexion; the politician's lies, who, like a circus rider, strides two horses at once; the coquette's lies, who, like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time; lies in livery sandwiched between bargains; lies in livery behind republican coaches, in all the pomp of gold band and buttons; lies from the cannon's mouth; lies in the name of the glorious principles that might make dead heroes clatter in their graves; Malakoffs of lies, standing upon sacred dust, and lifting their audacious pinnacles in the light of the eternal Heaven!

Need we say what an uneasy, slavish vanity is that which won't let a man appear as he really is, but makes

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him afraid of the world and himself, and so keeps him perpetually at work with subterfuge and shame? He is dissatisfied with nature's charter, and so issues false stock. O, how much better for himself and the world for man to be true to what God and unavoidable circumstances have made him—to come out and dare say, I am poor, of humble birth, of humble occupation, or don't know much! What a cure this ingenuousness would be for social rotteness and financial earthquakes. How much sweeter and purer these actual rills of capacity and possession than this great brackish river of pretension, blown with bubbles, and evaporating with gas—how much better than this splendid misery, these racks and thumb-screws that belong to the inquisition of fashion, and thousands of shabby things, the shabbiest of all being those too proud to seem just what they are.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM WEALTH.

THERE is true philosophy in the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Dr. Humphrey to the Evangelist. The doctor wrote from Chicago, where he was visiting:

How marvelous has been the rise of property in Chicago? Happening to be there in the summer of 1839, when the Dearborn reservation was brought into market, I bought two small lots, and sold them about seven or eight years ago for two thousand five hundred dollars, which was thought to be a fair price. Now the new Richmond Hotel, one of the finest in Chicago, stands on the same ground, which I am assured would, if I had kept it to this time, have brought me eighty thousand dollars! So you see how narrowly I have escaped being a rich man, and rearing my boys, had they been young, to rely upon my fortune, and not upon their own industry, economy, and good behavior. I slept upon the premises last night at a fair hotel charge, and without being kept awake one moment in thinking of what I had lost. I had excellent accommodations, and what could I ask for more? If the children of the proprietor who bought the land of me (if he has any) escape with the great fortune, as safely as mine have done without it, it will be an exception to the general experience of wealthy families.

A DEAD MINISTERY.

WE suppose the pulpit has a perfect right to satirize itself, but we have observed that satire seldom produces any good effect upon the clergy. They are, for the most part, a very generous class of men, and from the habit of perpetually giving advice, are apt to give to others what really belongs to themselves. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to find the man who will put on the coat here cut out by the Rev. Dr. Huntington, or who will acknowledge that it fits him:

There is a kind of preaching, and it is not confined to any one school of theology, which, if it spoke itself out, would say on Sunday morning to the congregation after this fashion: "Well, dearly beloved brethren, I have come into your pulpit to-day because I have agreed to come. It is in the terms of an old contract between us; a contract that was formed, to be sure,

when I was disposed to take a somewhat more fanatical view of the matter than I am at present. But I respect the bargain; worship is a social decency, and a graceful adjunct to civilization. Established usage looks in this direction, and religious institutions are a political kind of constabulary. I am here in my place as the bell rings, and I take occasion to remark to you, as I think I have done before, that it is proper you should be saved.

The Bible is pronounced authentic by competent antiquarians, and has uncommon literary merits; the laws of good breeding have settled it that virtue is a desirable accomplishment, besides being a safe protection against unpleasant penalties invented by magistrates; and Christian faith I will recommend as a prudent specific against disagreeable consequences, generally reported to follow wicked courses. Amen."

We believe it was Herder who said of the little robin, singing blithely upon the hedge and in the corn-field: How happy he is, as he sings there, and *lets God think for him*. But, asks a writer in one of our exchange papers,

WHO THINKS FOR THE PLANTS?

If the things in nature be not simple, they certainly are not stupid. Bonnet used to say that at the end of all his study he could not see the difference between a cat and a rose-bush.

Let us see what wits a rose-bush has. Look at its leaves with their smooth, glittering surface turned to the sky; but their under surfaces soft and full of pores, open to catch the moisture rising from the soil, half open when they need only a little, closed when they want none. The rain that falls upon the waxy roof made by the upper surface of the foliage, runs off, and is dropped into the ground, just over the sucking ends of all the rootlets.

Turn some of those rose leaves upside down. Lay a cat on her back, and she will not consent to remain in that unnatural position. The rose leaf, too, objects to be inverted. A man may bend a branch so that its leaves shall all hang with the wrong side upward; but let him watch it. He will observe how all the little leaves slowly and carefully begin to turn upon their stems; at the end of a few hours every leaf will have brought round its polished surface to the light, and be holding its open mouths again over the ground for drink. God thinks for them too.

NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE.

How infinite is our obligation to that Gospel by which life and immortality are brought to light? How full of consolation the assured affirmative answer to the question, If a man die shall he live again? Dr. Dewey says:

But it is not till a friend is dead that we entirely feel his value and appreciate his worth. The vision is loveliest as it is vanishing away; and we perceive it not, perhaps, till we see the parting wing, that an angel has been with us.

I feel that the dead have confirmed a blessing upon me, in helping me to think of the world rightly; in giving a hue of sadness to the scenes of this world, while, at the same time, they have clothed it with every glorious and powerful charm of association.

This mingled portion of energy and humility, of triumph and tenderness, of glorying and sorrowing, is the very spirit of Christianity. It was the spirit of Jesus, the conqueror and the sufferer. Death was before him; and yet his thoughts were of triumph, Victory was in his views, and yet, what a victory! No laurel crown was upon his head; no flush of pride was upon his brow; but meekness was enthroned there; no exultation flashed from his eye; but tears flowed from it: "Jesus wept."

Come, then, to us that spirit, at once of courage and meekness; of fortitude and gentleness; of a life hopeful and happy, but thoughtful of death; of a world bright and beautiful, but passing away! So let us live, and act, and think, and feel; and let us thank the good providence, the good ordination of Heaven, that has made the dead our teachers.

I have seen one die; she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministrations of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action; invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness to all around her; but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in? Forbid it reason, religion! bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought!

We do not know to whose heart and pen we are indebted for these thoughts upon that most sacred of all earthly things,

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Think of thy childhood! Hast thou ever tested pleasures sweet as those? Were ever garlands so fair as those entwined by a mother's hands among thy clustering ringlets? When rebellious passion roused the demon in thy nature, naught quelled the tempest like her whispered chiding. When, agonized by burning fever, the fragile form tossed to and fro, in convulsive effort for relief, no hand but a mother's could soothe the throbbing brow or prepare the cooling draught which seemed real nectar to the parching lips. Pause, then, young man, in thy career, if the path thou art treading evoke one lingering blush upon thy cheek—one emotion of shame! Bethink thee it is plowing deep furrows in thy mother's heart. But if, after firm investigation, conscience upbraid thee not, walk proudly on in thy manly independence—heaping untold wealth of joy upon that dear one's head, who watches o'er thy pathway all the livelong day. If worldly wealth be thine, how happy wilt thou be to surround her with the luxuries all-powerful gold will command; if poor, redouble thy earnest attentions, and this will give greater joy than the wealth of the Indies could purchase. If disease has fastened its deadly grasp upon her, be thine the task to cheer the weary sufferer; let thy voice whisper comfort and support. Thy love shall win her to partial forgetfulness, or nerve her to endurance. Maiden, in thy careless glee, forget not her who loves thee best. The world offers many gay pictures, whose vivid colors will entice thy lively fancy; take heed, then, lest they so absorb thy judgment that selfishness ensue, and, a devotee to pleasure, thou hast scarce time or disposition to return a share of the same gentle offices that made thy earlier years so like a dream. Be warned in time of these seem-

ingly trifling temptations which lure the brightest and best from a mother's side. When she suffers, be thou, in turn, the nurse; pillow the aching head upon thy bosom; and, while busy memory recalls the time when her arms held thy tender form in close embrace, renew thy resolutions of a better future, and keep them while there yet is time; before the ear is closed to the repentant sobs that burst from the full heart—before the eyelids droop forever o'er the eyes that have met thine so oft in loving pride—prove thou art human. Give back some love for the wealth she has poured on thee.

THE ENDURING IS OF SLOW GROWTH.

ARCHEBISHOP WHATELY, in his Annotations upon Bacon's Essays, truthfully says:

We hear of volcanic islands thrown up in a few days to a formidable size, and in a few weeks or months, sinking down again or washed away; while other islands, which are the summits of banks covered with weed and drift-sand, continue slowly increasing year after year, century after century. The man that is in a hurry to see the full effect of his own tillage, should cultivate annuals, not forest-trees. The clear-headed lover of truth is content to wait for the result of his. If he is wrong in the doctrines he maintains, or the measures he proposes, at least it is not for the sake of immediate popularity. If he is right, it will be found out in time, though, perhaps, not in his time. The preparers of the mummies were (Herodotus says) driven out of the house by the family who had engaged their services, with excavations and stones; but their work remains sound after three thousand years.

THE same writer observes, with regard to

PRECOCIOUS TALENT.

A lad who has, to a degree that excites wonder and admiration, the character and demeanor of an intelligent man of mature years, will probably be that, and nothing more, all his life, and will cease accordingly to be anything remarkable, because it was the precocity alone that ever made him so. It is remarked by greyhound fanciers that a well-formed, compact-shaped puppy, never makes a fleet dog. They see more promise in the loose-jointed, awkward, clumsy ones. And even so, there is a kind of crudity and unsettledness in the minds of those young persons who turn out ultimately the most eminent.

IMMORTALITY.

How touchingly beautiful is the following gem from the pen of Prentice, and how happy the heart that can see these beauties as he portrays them:

Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the rainbow

never fades, where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that passes before us like a meteor will stay in our presence forever.

GENIUS.

A COTEMPORARY, in dilating on genius, thus sagely remarks:

The talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world; every one shares them, for every one suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a light-house, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which the light-house is built.

A LOCK OF HAIR FROM THE DEAD BABE.

It is not often that we pick up a brighter gem than these three lines of Gerald Massey's, from a poem entitled "The Mother's Idol Broken." They will open many a secret spring of tears, and turn dimmed eyes heavenward:

"This is a curl of our poor 'Splendid's' hair!
A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—
A ring of sinless gold that wefts two worlds!"

AURORA LEIGH

Is the title of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's last poem. It is in blank verse, the rhythm free and varied; and the story well told, and full of interest. From many marked passages we make room for one only, a terribly-painted picture of a beauteous girl, whom her own mother would have sold to shame and infamy:

The child turned round,
And looked up piteous in the mother's face,
(Be sure that mother's deathbed will not want
Another devil to damn, than such a look.)
"O, mother!" then, with desperate glance to heaven,
"God free me from my mother!" she shrieked out.
"These mothers are too dreadful." And, with force
As passionate as fear, she tore her hands
Like lilies from the rocks, from hers and his,
And sprang down, bounded headlong down the steep,
Away from both—away, if possible,
As far as God—Away! They yelled at her,
As famished hounds at a hare. She heard them yell.
She felt her name hiss after her from the hills,
Like shot from guns. On, on. And now she had cast
The voices off with the uplands. On. Mad fear
Was running in her feet and killing the ground;
The white roads curled as if she burned them up;
The green fields melted, wayside trees fell back
To make room for her. Then, her head grew vexed—
Trees, fields, turned on her, and ran after her;
She heard the quick pants of the hills behind,
Their keen air pricked her neck. She had lost her feet,
Could run no more, yet, somehow, went as fast—
The horizon, red 'twixt steeples in the east,
So sucked her forward, forward, while her heart
Kept swelling, swelling, till it swelled so big
It seemed to fill her body; then it burst,
And overflowed the world, and swamped the light.

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1857.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

CHEERFULNESS.—We have received a letter, taking us severely to task for the page or two of small type which we devote to trifles of wit and humor. The writer is, we doubt not, very conscientious, and has a perfect right, now that the law obliges everybody to pay his own postage, to give us his advice. We submit, however, whether it will not answer his purpose to confine his attention, hereafter, to the other portions of *THE NATIONAL*. He will find no number without a due proportion of solid reading, and he may leave such trifles to those who differ from him in opinion.

On the other hand, we print portions of a letter, in which the writer, a dignitary of the Church, whose name we may not mention, takes a very different view of the subject:

"Some sour-visaged dyspeptics, who have had the corners of their mouths drawn down by innumerable loads of imaginary cares, have thought that cheerfulness is contrary to true dignity and Christianity. When you get into the presence of these persons, you feel as if you were about to take the measles. They look as though they had been born among crab-apples, and lived upon sour-crust. Now I contend, that it is no more a sin, nor a breach of dignity, to indulge in real cheerfulness, or even in a hearty laugh occasionally, than it is to take wholesome food when hungry. In all conceivable circumstances it is good policy, physically, morally, and religiously, to be cheerful, and even merry in the sense in which Solomon uses the word, when he says, 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.' Sour-visaged austerity gains nothing for soul or body, but loses much. It is the devil's pioneer, to break down the fence of virtue, sap the walls of truth, root out the fruits and flowers of religion, and prepare a thoroughfare through the soul for himself and all his angels."

On this topic, too, our uneasy correspondent will pardon us for quoting from a discourse by a clergyman of another denomination. We do it, not to justify our own course, but to show him that there are two sides to the question. In fact, strange as it may seem, *THE NATIONAL* has been thought, by some, to be too serious and too stately. Our aim is, and will be, to preserve a just medium; ignoring pharisaism and sectarianism, to inculcate religion without austerity; to blend the lively and the gay with the solid and the serious; and, inasmuch as we do not expect to please everybody, to try, at least, to reach our own ideal of a magazine for family reading, devoted, as our title-page has it, to literature, art, religion. The extract referred to is from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of this city:

"For my part, I say it in all solemnity, I have become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs; that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlets for natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes springing up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space. Anything is better than dark, dead, unhappy social life; a prey to *ennui* and morbid excitement, which results from unmixed and partizan, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."

ELISHA KENT KANE will forever rank among the great names, not of his own country merely, but of the world. He died at Havana on the 16th of February, and his funeral took place in Philadelphia on the 12th of March. The obsequies were solemn and imposing. Sketches of his life, tributes to his memory, eulogies fill a large space in the columns of the periodical press throughout the land. We copy a brief extract from a sermon delivered upon the occasion by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth:

"Dr. Kane's career was a matter of national pride, and his death is a matter of national lamentation. His was a character singularly grand in its separate elements and matchlessly beautiful in the harmony of their combinations. The powers of a naturally keen and comprehensive mind had been strengthened by earnest culture, and developed in the widest range of practical and scientific attainments; and these in all their fullness consecrated to the loftiest aims of beneficent usefulness.

"His intellect was at once strong and beautiful: keenly analytical with the severest philosophy; and exquisitely imaginative with the loftiest poetry. The combinations of his moral character were still more remarkable and wonderful. To the trust and tenderest sensibility were added the most iron will and the most indomitable decision; and with a dauntless bravery that equalled the glorious chivalry of the old ideal and fabulous heroism, was blended a calm, practical judgment; a marvelous and majestic patience; a beautiful simplicity and modesty; all rarely equalled in human biography. Meanwhile suffusing all that character as with a heavenly light, and blending all its rare qualities as with a Divine solvent into one exquisite amalgam—there was a living and controlling purity which made the whole man a living sacrifice to his fellows, and laid down all the spoils and trophies of his triumphs at his Master's feet. Qualities seldom combined, and, indeed, seemingly antagonistic, were found in his heart and life, each in fullest power, and all in loveliest harmony. He thought like a philosopher; he wrote like a poet; he acted like a hero; he lived like a child; he lived like a man; he prayed like a Christian.

"He was at once the giant oak that battles with the storm, and the gentle vine that beautifies its gnarled trunk with its green leaves and purple clusters, and makes alike zephyr and storm with its exquisite aroma.

"And as such he has died in the early prime and promise of his manhood—in the morning twilight of his brightening fame—just as his powers were reposing for loftier toils, and his benevolence kindling for broader enterprises—just as we were beginning fondly to appreciate the wonders of his past, and exultingly to prophecy the splendors of his future—just then he died: and we mourn for him—we weep for him—and why should we not weep? Science weeps! Humanity weeps! The world weeps! And it were unnatural—it were ungrateful—it were to prove ourselves cold, stolid, insentient, dead to all generous impulses, false to our loftier and holier instincts, if we went not forth to his burial in tearful sorrow."

DR. ROBINSON'S BIBLICAL RESEARCHES.—In a former number we adverted, briefly, to some statements in the last edition of this standard work, wherein, as we thought, the learned author did injustice to the late Dr. Olin. It fell not within our design to notice Dr. Robinson's treatment of other travelers, who have published the results of their researches in the Holy Land. In the (London) *New Quarterly Review* for January, however, we find a passage or two bearing upon this subject, which we quote:

"The chapters relating to Jerusalem are two. First, we have the diary of each day's explorations; and, secondly, the author's conclusions therefrom upon the 'topography and antiquities' of the city. The locality of which they treat would, of itself, insure these chapters being the most interesting part of the work; but we regret to say, that we have been struck throughout them by such a want of candor and courtesy in Dr. Robinson's treatment of the views and arguments

of those who differ from him, as to form a serious drawback to the pleasure to be anticipated from this section.

"We have no wish unnecessarily to press this unpleasant topic; but the fact must be evident to even a careless reader, and therefore could not be passed by. Of the long list of works published since the first edition of the *Biblical Researches*—'an amount of literature,' says Dr. R., 'probably greater than has appeared upon this topic during any other whole century since the Christian era' scarcely any are noticed at all; or, if noticed, it is in the tone of contempt or of opposition. At the same time, whether sneered at or passed over in silence, it is very evident that they have been all read—in many cases made use of—by Dr. Robinson."

The reviewer then specifies several facts in confirmation of his statement, and notices that Dr. Robinson intends to publish a more systematic work on the geography of the Holy Land, about which the critic ventures the following "hope," wherein we most cordially agree with him :

"In that work he will have an opportunity of setting himself right, by recognizing in a proper manner the labors of those who are engaged in the same researches as himself. It is at least to be hoped, that he will not make use of their discoveries, and then reward them with the agreeable alternative of sneers or silence."

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.—The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman, of whom we know something, felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round in that way, he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in going up Bolt Court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain that the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off.

THE INNOCENT CONVICTED—A PAINFUL STORY.—Mr. Brady, M.P., writes in the *London Times* an account of a gentleman who, though innocent, was convicted. Mr. T., a young man of high character, with respectable family connections, was employed for twelve years in one of the largest firms in the "Manchester line" in the city, the last three of which as buyer for the establishment. In that capacity he laid out on an average from forty to fifty thousand pounds a year. In the early part of the year 1853, he left town for Manchester by the night mail; on arriving at — station he changed his mind, and determined not to proceed to Manchester that night. On leaving the station for the hotel he was stopped by a police officer, who accused him of stealing the carpet-bag which he had in his hand; on examination it was found to be the property of another gentleman. He endeavored to explain that he took it by mistake; but to no purpose. He was searched; his ticket for Manchester was found on him. This fact was considered conclusive

evidence that his leaving the train at this intermediate station was done for felonious purposes. Another policeman coming up at the moment, at once recognized in the person of Mr. T. a notorious swell-mobsman from London, and, jocosely taking the gold watch and chain from my friend's neck, said, "I suppose this is part of the proceeds of your calling." Expostulation on the part of the accused was vain. He declared his innocence, and asked for his own bag, but the idea of his possessing such an article was utterly ridiculed, and his request was looked upon as part of the sharper's dodge. After a little further ceremony he was consigned to a cell for the night, to wait his examination. He implored permission to write to his wife, but so great a favor could not be granted. The accusation, even at this early stage, had done its work. Excitement set in, and in the agony of his distress he conceived the futile design of attempting to escape from the horrors of the place he was in, and the foulness of the charge. Unfortunately, the attempt was made, and from that moment his fate was sealed. Without being permitted to communicate with his friends, he was examined before the magistrates, and committed to the county jail. A gentleman of high character in the city, with my unhappy friend's employer, intended to be present at the trial, to speak to his character. But the fatality which in the first instance befell him, pursued him with unrelenting perseverance. The names of the witnesses for character were called; but, as the trial unfortunately took place twenty-four hours earlier than in the ordinary course was expected, they were not present. The jury, without leaving the box, found him guilty; the judge approved the verdict, and the poor man was sentenced to some years' imprisonment. The result of this unfortunate "legal accident" was, that the wife of the unfortunate man nearly perished in childbirth. Three weeks later her two eldest children were carried off by scarlet fever; ten days more her infant died. Within three months from that time she received information from the governor of the jail that her husband was dying, and that she must proceed immediately to him if she wished to see him alive. She entered his wretched cell. There, before her, lay her husband—a helpless, paralyzed old man—an idiot. His hair, which three months before had not a gray hair in it, was now perfectly white. His age thirty-five years. Fortunately for him, he knew her not. Her passionate and heart-rending grief, which rung the hearts of those around, fell dead on his ear; all human sympathies were gone. Reason was rudely jostled from her seat. He cared not for judge, jury, or policeman, and he gazed unconsciously on the wife of his early and affectionate love, and the mother of his helpless children. I need not dwell upon this scene. After some formalities at the Home Office, he was removed to a private asylum, near London. He was once more a free man, but to what purpose? In a short time he sank and died. Would that I could here close this tale of misery. The husband's relations, for reasons which it is for them to account for, and, if they can, justify, thought proper to shun the widow and children of their degraded relative! Two years passed,

and the little all she had—rings, jewelry, and part of her furniture—were consumed in the support of her helpless children. She sought employment at one of the houses of business in the city as a blond runner, and she is now to be found, with a shattered constitution and skeleton form, stitching from daylight till twelve o'clock at night, to obtain a most miserable and scanty support for her three helpless surviving children. The work, when done, must be taken to the warehouse; there this gentle, suffering creature, delicately nurtured, not long since the mistress of a happy and comfortable home, has to stand for hours to wait her turn, that her work may be examined and a fresh supply given to her.

WHAT MAKES A BUSHEL.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers:

Wheat, sixty pounds; corn, shelled, fifty-six pounds; corn, on the cob, seventy pounds; rye, fifty-six pounds; oats, thirty-six pounds; barley, forty-six pounds; buckwheat, fifty-two pounds; Irish potatoes, sixty pounds; sweet potatoes, fifty pounds; onions, fifty-seven pounds; beans, sixty pounds; bran, twenty pounds; clover seed, sixty pounds; timothy seed, forty-five pounds; hemp-seed, forty-five pounds; blue grass seed, fourteen pounds; dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

OREGON FRUIT.—This territory is said to be one of the best fruit-growing regions in the world. It is estimated (says an exchange) that no less than seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of apples will be shipped to California this season, and thirty-three thousand dollars' worth were sold last year. The size of the apples is almost incredible, a bushel having been exhibited whose average was eighteen ounces each. It is no uncommon thing to see specimen apples weighing from one and a half to two pounds. We have seen specimens of apples and pears from Oregon, and can vouch for their extraordinary size.

SIMPLICITY OF ENGLISH DRESS.—In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress, more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling, than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the dayly wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojourned not long since several months in the vicinity of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent-rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manners practiced. Servants were much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen. They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the mansions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed, sub-

stantial and in excellent preservation, but plain and without any pretensions to elegance. Even the carpets on many suites of parlors had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another half century. With us how differently is the state of things! We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country on show and fashion, which, rightly applied, would renovate the condition of the whole population of the world, and Christianize, civilize, and educate all mankind.

FATALITIES AND UNLUCKY DAYS.—The "Miscellanies of John Aubrey," who lived some two hundred years ago, have recently been given to the public by Mr. J. Russell Smith, of London. The "Miscellanies" will always find readers, but especially among two classes of people, the superstitious and the credulous, and those who perceive in such works glimpses of an age which has passed away forever.

A belief in lucky and unlucky days and omens, was an article of faith with Aubrey. A whole chapter is devoted to Day Fatality, another to the Fatalities of Families and Places, and here we find a curious recital of facts, although modern philosophy may derive different inferences from them. Here are some notes which may interest many of our readers who are acquainted with modern London:

"Tis certain that there are some houses unlucky to their inhabitants, which the reverend and pious Dr. Nepli could acknowledge. See 'Tobit,' chap. 8, v. 8. 'That she had been married to seven husbands, whom Asmodaeus, the evil spirit, had killed, before they had lain with her.'

"The Fleece Tavern, in Covent Garden, (in York-street,) was very unfortunate for homicide; there has been several killed, three in my time. It is now (1692) a private house.

"A handsome brick house on the south side of Clerkenwell churchyard had been so unlucky for at least forty years, that it was seldom tenanted; and at last nobody would adventure to take it. Also a handsome house in Holborn, that looked toward the fields; the tenants of it did not prosper, several about six.

"At the sign of — over against Northumberland House, near Charing Cross, died the Lady Baynton, (eldest daughter of Sir John Danvers of Dantsey.) Some years after, in the same house, died my Lady Hobby (her sister) of the smallpox, and about twenty years after, died their nephew Henry Danvers, Esq., of the smallpox, aged twenty-one, wanting two weeks. He was nephew and heir to the Right Honorable Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby."

The angry paterfamilias may take warning by the following:

"Disinheriting the eldest son is forbid in the Holy Scripture, and estates disinherited are observed to be unfortunate; of which one might make a large catalogue. See Dr. Sanderson's Sermon, where he discourses of this subject."

Portents are briefly discussed, and backed by the opinion of N. Machiavelli. On Omens he is didactic. Some of these supposed presages are curious enough:

"The silver cross that was wont to be carried before Cardinal Wolsey, fell out of its socket, and was like to have knocked out the brains of one of the bishop's servants. A very little while after, came in a messenger, and arrested the cardinal, before he could get out of the house. See Stow's 'Chronicle.'

"It is commonly reported, that before an heir of the Cliftons, of Clifton, in Nottinghamshire, dies, that a sturgeon is taken in the River Trent, by that place.

"Thomas Flud, Esq., in Kent, told me that it is an old observation, which was pressed earnestly to King James I., that he should not remove the Queen of Scots' body from Northamptonshire, where she was beheaded."

and interred; for that it always bodes ill to the family, when bodies are removed from their graves. For some of the family will die shortly after, as did Prince Henry, and I think Queen Ann."

The following will provoke a smile:

"A little before the death of Oliver, the Protector, a whale came into the River Thames, and was taken at Greenwich, — feet long. 'Tis said Oliver was troubled at it."

Verily the royalists should have preserved the skeleton of the monster that had caused the stout heart of the protector to quail!

Some curious anecdotes of Charles I. are related, among which the following are selected:

"When I was a freshman at Oxford, 1642, I was wont to go to Christ Church, to see King Charles I. at supper; where I once heard him say, 'That as he was hawking in Scotland, he rode into the quarry, and found the covey of partridges falling upon the hawk; and I do remember this expression further, viz., and I will swear upon the book 'tis true.' When I came to my chamber, I told this story to my tutor; said he, that covey was London.

"The bust of King Charles I., carved by Bernini, as it was brought in a boat upon the Thames, a strange bird (the like whereof the bargemen had never seen) dropped a drop of blood, or blood-like upon it; which left a stain not to be wiped off. This bust was carved from a picture of Sir Anthony Van Dyke's drawing: the sculptor found great fault with the forehead as most unfortunate. There was a seam in the middle of his forehead, (downward,) which is a very ill sign in metoposcopy.

"Colonel Sharlinton Talbot was at Nottingham when King Charles I. did set up his standard upon the top of the tower there. He told me that the first night, the wind blew it so, that it hung down almost horizontal; which some did take to be an ill omen.

"The day that the Long Parliament began, 1641, the scepter fell out of the figure of King Charles in wood, in Sir Thomas Trenchard's hall, at Wullich, in Dorset, as they were at dinner in the parlor: Justice Hunt then dined there."

THE PUBLIC MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.—*The Edinburgh Review*, speaking of the public men of the United States, indulges in the following remarks:

"Few things have more surprised the world than the deterioration of the political men of the United States. When the States were a mere aggregate of scantily-peopled colonies—when their principal citizens were planters, shopkeepers, and traders, trained up in the narrowness, and prejudices, and petty employments of provincial life, they produced statesmen, negotiators, ambassadors, and legislators, whose names will be forever illustrious in history. Now that they form a great empire; that they possess a large class of men, born in opulence, to whom all schools and universities of each hemisphere are open—who have leisure to pursue the studies, and to acquire the habits, of political life, few of their public men would pass in Europe for second-rates."

A VERY BAD STYLE.—Such we take to be that of expressing common ideas in a labored and roundabout way, like Dr. Chalmers. Great ideas like his may *endure* such a style, but small ones perish under it, while the notion of those who affect it, seems to be, that they make up by this what they lack in matter.

Take an example. One of these exquisites is delivering a lecture before some literary society, in which, of course, he is not expected to look at anything as common people do. He spies a deep philosophy in everything around him, man and beast, and the phrase must correspond with such refined and philosophic "thought." Suppose he wishes in reality to

say that a horse kicked, the idea is stubborn—at first, perhaps impracticable—but he recovers himself and proceeds: "this horse displayed certain abnormal activities." How can such a man be in earnest? If he had been hit by the horse himself instead of the idea, he would have been cured of such speech, which no man writing from experience would have thought of. But to carry such vanity into the pulpit is worst of all.

We hear many such sermons in some parts of the country. It provokes us to see a common man attempt thus to get up from the ground where he is respectable, upon wings and stilts where he is ridiculous; and it grieves us to see one who has no need of such props resort to them. Why should a man who can sound a trumpet, get up with a tinkling cymbal? Why should a man who is capable of logic, and capable of power in the Scriptures, stand up before a congregation of sinners, and use words which, like the arrow shot into the clouds by Alceste, leaves nothing but a brilliant streak?

How such a style is acquired, it is hard to say, whether from imitating some great but bad example, or from the vanity of philosophizing; but some prescription or other should be made as soon as possible for those who are thus affected. No better occurs at the moment than six pages of John Wesley taken every morning until the symptoms begin to abate.

HOW UNIFORM TIME IS GIVEN.—The process by which correct time is furnished to the city bell-ringers in New York, preparatory to their striking the hour of nine in the evening, is very efficient. Shortly before nine o'clock, Professor BULL sets his watch accurately by the standard time at the Observatory on the corner of Eleventh-street and Second Avenue. He then hastens to the City Hall and takes his place in the look out, where there is an apparatus connecting with the fire telegraph, by which intelligence may be conveyed to all the bell-towers in the city. At exactly thirty seconds before the appointed hour, Professor BULL signals all the ringers by nine strokes on a little bell attached to the wires in every tower. This is to notify the ringers of their approaching duty. At precisely nine o'clock, Professor BULL strikes all the little telegraph bells simultaneously nine times in succession, and the ringers are instructed to follow each of them with an instant tap of the big bells. By this simple contrivance an announcement of the hour is effected all over the city sufficiently accurate for practical purposes.

POCKET PRINTING PRESS.—The Boston *Transcriber* says that a young man from Hartland, Vt., (Mr. Livermore,) has invented a machine for printing, which, without a figure and literally, may be called a pocket printing press, since it may be carried in one's pocket, and operated there. The polished steel case which contains the apparatus is five inches long, two and a half inches broad, and one and a half inches thick. This contains the type, the ink, the paper, and the machinery. At one end of the case are six keys, on which the fingers of the operator play, as on a piano. The types are composed of the sections of a parallelogram,

crossed by two diagonals. This parallelogram is cut so ingeniously as to form all the letters of the alphabet, and in a shape so as to be easily read, in the impression, by any person on presentation. The size is *double English*, and the fashion *Antique*. The impression is like the page of a book, lines horizontal from left to right. The slip of paper, some yards in length, is on a cylinder, and as fast as printed is received on another cylinder. The ink is contained in a piece of cloth saturated with it, to which the types are applied as often as is necessary. The rapidity of the printing is about equal to that of writing with the pen, as most persons write. One would not believe all this possible, beforehand, but when he is presented with a sentence legibly printed; for example,

"If there's a hole in all your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amon' ye takin' notes,
And faith he'll print it,"

and undeniably printed then and there, he is no longer skeptical. —

EXECUTED.—M. M. Cheny, convicted of negro stealing, was lately hung at Lancasterville. He persisted to the last in asserting his innocence. Moses Gousett, convicted of the same offense, (negro stealing,) expiated his crime on the same day, at Unionville, South Carolina.

Nobody need suppose, from this, that these men were hung for putting the value of the negroes in their pockets. South Carolina is far too civilized to hang men for theft in that sense. The capital crime consists in transferring the ownership of the negro to the negro himself—stealing him into liberty. For larceny you may be imprisoned, but you are hung only for humanity.

SMALL CHANGE.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—A gentleman from one of the rural districts, on a visit to this great city, resolved to have a feast on Sunday, by hearing the most popular pulpit orators. In the morning he visited the church in — street. A stranger was in the pulpit, but our friend was edified and delighted. It was one of the most eloquent sermons he ever listened to. In the afternoon he went to a church in a different part of the city, thinking to hear the popular Mr. —. To his surprise, however, the same reverend gentleman whom he heard in the morning was in the pulpit, and he repeated the same sermon. In the evening our friend crossed the river, hoping to hear a reverend divine whose praise is in all the churches. But the fates were against him. To his surprise, after the introductory services, which were conducted by the pastor, the same gentleman whom he had already heard twice, rose and repeated the same discourse. In our friend's ears the sermon had gained nothing by its repetition in the afternoon, but at night it seemed decidedly flat.

Somewhat akin to this story is a bit of personal experience chronicled by a writer in the *London Atheneum*. He tells us that, having been annoyed on a late Thanksgiving Sunday

morning in his own parish church by a nonsensical sermon, he sought in the evening for improved spiritual food in a church of the adjoining parish. But there, in due time, to his horror and amazement, he reheard the same text given out, and was condemned to sit through the same identical sermon delivered over again, word for word, by another clergyman. He was at first inclined to believe that this was mere evidence of the good understanding between the rector of one parish and the curate of another, a proof of a kind of commonage between these reverend worthies, by which one set of sermons was made to do duty for two parishes. But, chancing the following morning to take up one of the clerical newspapers, his attention was attracted to the following advertisement:

"**TO THE CLERGY OF LIVERPOOL:** Sermons ready for Sunday next, being the day appointed for offering up prayer and thanksgiving for the capture of Sebastopol."

Curiosity prompted the gentleman to expend half a crown in the purchase of one of these ready-made ecclesiastical articles. On looking at it he found that it was merely Monsieur Tonson come again, the very same identical prosy thing, without religion or patriotism, that he had twice been entrapped into listening to on the day before.

SERMON ANALYZING.—A theological chemist thus analyzes modern sermons: "One part Bible, five parts logic badly kneaded, twenty parts city milk, fourteen parts otto roses, and sixty parts yeast."

AN APOLOGY FOR BAD HORSEMANSHIP.—The Persians hold good horsemanship in such estimation that they would have thought little of an ambassador who is not at home in the saddle. A curious illustration of this occurred when Malcolm was at Bushire. The purser of one of the ships, Mr. W., went on shore to see Mr. Smith, and was put on the back of a capering Arab, only to be thrown about very uncomfortably in the saddle. The bad horsemanship of the sailor provoked some merriment on shore; but on the following day a Persian trader, who knew a little English, happening to go on board the ship, said to Mr. W., when the subject was referred to, 'You need not be under any uneasiness. I told the people that you ride very well, but that you were very drunk.'

BAD COMPANY BETTER THAN NONE.—A lawyer, riding through a town, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep straight on for some time, then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few minutes she would show him the way. "Well," said he, "bad company is better than none. Make haste." After jogging on five or six miles the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take. "O, yes," said she, "we have passed it two or three miles back; but I thought that bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."

PULLING A TOOTH FOR UNCLE JERRY.—“What’s the matter, Uncle Jerry?” said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by growling most ferociously.

“Matter!” said the old man; “I’ve been luggin’ water all the mornin’ for Dr. C.’s wife to wash with, and what d’ye s’pose I got for it?”

“About ninepence.”

“Ninepence! She told me that the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time!”

NEW VERSION OF A PSALM.—The following is said to have taken place at the Bradford (England) parish Church, during the visit of the bishop of the diocese. The clerk, immediately before the sermon, gave out the psalm in broad Wiltshire dialect, namely, “Let us sing to the praeze an’ glawry o’ Good dree vusses o’ the hundred an’ fourteenth zaam, a varson ‘specially dapted to the ‘cazion by myself:

“Why hop ye zo, ye little hills,
An’ what var d’ee skip?
Is it a ‘cas you’m proud to see
His grace, the Lard Bishop?”

“Why skip ye zo, ye little hills,
An’ what var d’ee hop?
Is it a ‘cas to preach to we,
Is comed the Lard Bishop?”

“Eese; he is comed to preach to we,
Then let us aaf strick up,
An’ zing a glawvry zong of praise,
An’ bless the Lard Bishup.”

COLERIDGE, while a student a Gottingen, excited much attention as a “noticeable Englander.” Requested by a German student in the same class to write in his *Stammbuch*, or album, on his departure, Coleridge complied as follows:

“We both attended the same college,
Where sheets of paper we did blur many;
And now we’re going to sport our knowledge—
In England I, and you in Germany.”

Imagine the German student puzzling over these lines, and very likely supposing that Coleridge had written something exceedingly tender and poetical!

THE NEGRO’S PRAYER.—A certain eloquent divine, just before commencing to preach to a congregation of sable ones with whom he was decidedly popular, called on one of his favorites to make an opening prayer, whereupon the pious African, when he came to the preacher’s case, prayed after the following style: “O Lord, do thou grant to bless our lubbin elder, and grant that dem are words what comes out of his much polluted lips may do us good as de word of de Lord does de upright in heart.”

ANOTHER, SOMEWHAT SIMILAR.—The Rev. Mr. — had occasion to preach one Sunday to two congregations, white and colored. Our worthy divine having preached a sermon to the white congregation, which gave universal satisfaction, went in the afternoon to discourse to the colored people. Arrived at the African church, and finding the devout assembly all ready for the word of life, he preached what he considered a very fair sermon, especially for colored people; and, by way of closing, called upon a sable

deacon to pray, and thus ran a part of his prayer: “Thou very well knowest, O Lord, that one of the weakest of all thy servants has this day preached de word unto us; but do thou grant that de word what has been preached in great weakness, may be raised in power.”

HOW TO DETECT THEFT.—Some time ago, a gentleman called upon a wealthy but inordinately mean man, and found him at the breakfast table quite alone, and doing his utmost to catch a fly which was buzzing around the room. “What the deuse are you about?” demanded the astonished visitor, to whom the spectacle of an old man amusing himself by catching flies, seemed very singular, to say the least. “Hush!” exclaimed the other, “I’ll tell you presently.” After many efforts the old fellow succeeded at last in trapping the fly. Taking the insect carefully between his thumb and forefinger, he put it into the sugar bowl, and quickly dropped the lid over the prisoner. His visitor, more annoyed than ever, knowing, as he did, the avaricious character of the man before, repeated the question. “I’ll tell you,” replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, “I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar.”

AWFUL THOUGHTS.—Fanny Fern has a decided talent for saying hard things about the other sex. She takes her text and comments upon it thus:

“This had from the very beginning of their acquaintance induced in her that awe which is the most delicious feeling a wife can have toward a husband.” “Awe!” said I, on hearing the above remark—“awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravat you have tied, whose shirts you have ‘put into the wash,’ whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing gown you have worn while combing your hair; who has been down into the kitchen with you at eleven o’clock at night, to hunt for a chicken bone; who has hooked your dresses, unfastened your boots, fastened your bracelets, and tied on your bonnet; who has stood before your looking-glass with thumb and finger on his proboscis, scratching his chin; whom you have buttered, and toasted, and tea-ed; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open! Ridiculous!”

THE DISAPPOINTED OFFICE-SEEKER is thus portrayed in the *Boston Post*. There is, perhaps, as much truth as poetry in the lines.

I saw him—he had come
From his far-distant home
In the West;
A jingling purse he show’d,
And in the latest mode
He was dress’d.

His face was all a smile,
And he talk’d all the while,
How he took
Such an interest in the late
Election in his state
For old Buck.

He’d always felt the ties
Of party—let it rise,
Let it fall;
Twas not for the reward
That he had work’d so hard,
Not at all.

But office he could bear,
As the bravest soldier wear
Paulets,
Which fix his rank, you know;
(And the public show—
What he gets.)

I saw him after that;
He had a kinky hat
On his head,
His shoes were worn away,
And his pockets seem'd to say
Nary Red.

And loudly he declared
That for party men he cared
Not a jot;
He scorn'd their dirty tricks;
And as for politics,
Twas a plot.

Folks saw the sudden change,
And thought it wondrous strange,
At the best:
Our friend did not explain,
But took an early train
For the West.

By the way, the gentleman thus immortalized was not he of whom it is said that he declined being a candidate for office in one of the new states, because he is not a legal citizen; has never paid a tax or any other debt; owns no property; can't read nor write; is blind; has but one leg; has lost four fingers from his left hand; has ten children, and can't leave home for fear they will abuse their mother.

READING AND WRITING.—They tell a good story about Rufus Choate, whose attempts at penmanship are like those of a certain dignitary of the Church, hardly readable when they became cold. "I have a great mind," said a wag at an election, "to challenge Choate's right to put in his ballot, on the ground he can't write."

"Better not," replied his friend; "he will

hand in a specimen of his penmanship, and then challenge your vote, on the ground that you cannot read."

Our neighbor of the *New York Tribune*, it is said, writes a very villainous scrawl; and the editor of a country paper, having received a copy of a lecture delivered by him, says, "that with the aid of a magnifying glass, three dictionaries, several agricultural periodicals, a history of eminent agriculturists, a standard work on chemistry, another on hydraulics, a large street committee, several Know Nothings, and our compositor on unintelligible copy, we mastered the first three lines in the first half day. It is now in the hands of a competent committee to decide in what language it is written, and if it is ascertained that it is neither Hebrew nor Greek, we must infer that it was intended for English, and shall proceed to decipher it."

KEEN REBUKE.—The *Express*, one of the political papers of this city, alluding to the recent lawsuit between two belligerent Churchmen, thus moralizes:

"It is to be hoped, now that this quarrel is settled, that both parties will shake hands and forgive, like good Christians, and go to work, helping us of the secular press to fight the devil and all his works. Churchmen have been so busy fighting one another of late, that we fear Satan is getting rather the best of us."

Midal, in ancient fable, was so great a man, that everything he touched turned to gold. The case is altered now; touch a man with gold, and he will change into anything.

Recent Publications.

The New England History, from the Discovery of the Continent by the Northmen, A. D. 986, to the Period when the Colonies declared their Independence, A. D. 1776. By CHARLES W. ELLIOTT. (Two volumes, 8vo: Charles Scribner.) There are many local histories of parts of New England, but they are, for the most part, inaccessible to the general reader. Mr. Elliott has undertaken to bring them together, and, having gleaned from a great variety of sources, he has succeeded in weaving his most abundant materials into a work of permanent value. His style is clear, his statements of events justified by ample references, and his own observations, for the most part, pertinent and just. His volumes will take a permanent place in the higher ranks of American literature. We had marked a number of passages, curious as historical facts, and interesting as illustrative of early customs, but must confine ourselves to a few brief quotations. Of the origin of that "peculiar institution" of New England, Thanksgiving Day, we are told that

"In 1623, two centuries and a half ago, Winslow, writing to England, mentions that, after the gathering of the harvest, the governor (Bradford) sent out a company for game, that they might furnish themselves more dainty and abundant materials for a feast, and rejoice together after they had gathered the fruits of

their 'labors.' So they got their game, and they cooked it, and they ate of it, and they feasted Massasoit and ninety of his Indians, and they thanked God with all their hearts for the good world and the good things in it. So they kept their first thanksgiving. Governor Bradford said, 'Nor has there been any general want of food among us since to this day' (from 1623 to 1646)."

In 1632 a curious law was enacted, to wit:

"That whoever should refuse the office of governor, being chosen thereto, should pay twenty pounds; and that of magistrate, ten pounds. Very curious, certainly; and we may suppose that that race is run out in Massachusetts, as well as in other states."

Of that unswerving champion of the rights of conscience, Roger Williams, Mr. Elliott gives an extended notice. The good man's letter to his wife, prefixed to a volume published by him in 1652, entitled, "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health," is touchingly beautiful. In it he says:

"I send thee, though in winter, a handful of flowers, made up in a little posy for thyself and our dear children, to look and smell on when I, as the grass of the field, shall be gone and withered."

Our author thus sums up the character of Williams:

"The rapidity of his blood, and his highly organized nervous system, are the key to Williams's character; for his quickness of insight, and his fervid imagination,

though they led him to see and maintain the noblest truths, they also led him to advocate opinions which may be called fantastic; such as the 'gift of tongues and power of prophecy,' in the true ministry. He was at times hasty, rash, changeable, and pertinacious, but he was also generous, brave, prompt, and disinterested; a man to respect and love. He was a free-thinker, a free-speaker, and a free-actor, both in religious and civil things; in the largest sense, a free-man; and the world has come to his principles. Few men are inspired by God with so large a perception of truth, and so strong a faith in it, and the memory of Roger Williams, fidelity to his principles, and respect for the state he founded, so loyal to liberty, should be cherished by every man who has faith in truth, freedom, and the future."

The conduct of the Puritans toward the Indians has left a dark blot upon their history. The death of Miantonomo is thus related:

"Advancing in front of his men, Uncas challenged Miantonomo to single battle, which he declined, feeling his superiority in numbers; then Uncas fell flat on his face, and his men poured in a volley of arrows, and charged the Narragansetts with their tomahawks and the war-whoop; they were astounded, and broke in dismay. Miantonomo found it impossible to rally them, and he himself was seized and given up by two of his own men, who hoped thus to save their lives. That hope was vain, for Uncas brained them on the spot. Then the haughty chief stood silent before his captor, and Uncas taunted him, and said: 'Ha, ha! why do you not beg for life?' Miantonomo answered, 'Kill me; I have no fear.' But Uncas feared to kill him, for he was the greatest king of all, superior by far to Uncas; so he carried him prisoner to Hartford, and asked leave of the magistrates to kill him. They knew not what to answer, and he was kept prisoner until the meeting of the Commissioners of the United Colonies at Boston, (September 16, 1643.) Now Miantonomo had been the friend of the whites, and had sold them lands, and fed them, (though they were heretics, such as Roger Williams and Samuel Gorton, but he knew it not,) and he might justly look, as he thought, for fairness and justice from the English. The Commissioners were in great doubt, for they declared 'it would not be safe to set him at liberty, neither had we sufficient ground for us to put him to death.' In this difficulty they called in five of the fifty assembled ministers, who soon decided the matter, and quoted Agag and sundry other cruel doings of the Jews, toward unarmed enemies, and pronounced his doom, death. Then word was sent to Hartford that he should be delivered to Uncas for death, but not for torture.

"In the mellow autumn weather, when the brilliant leafage clothed the departing year, Miantonomo was led out to die. He was marched, bound with cords, along the east bank of the river, between files of Uncas's Indians, with a few white musketeers, sent to sanction the bloody act. He walked with a dignified step, not knowing his fate; and as his face turned toward his own land and his own people, it was lighted once more with the hope of life and freedom. A few hours carried him beyond the bounds of the Connecticut Colony and into the territories of Uncas; then the brother of Uncas, marching behind him, sunk a hatchet into his brain, and the soul of the great sachem was free; his blood and his body lay along the sandy plain of the Connecticut.

"It seems a wicked, wonton, cruel deed, and deserves no apology. It was advised by five clergymen, and consented to by some of the wisest and best of men, such as Winthrop, Winslow, Fenwick, and Eaton; they, too, were the victims of a dark suspicion and an unworthy fear. Governor Stephen Hopkins says: 'This was the end of Miantonomo, the most potent Indian prince the people of New England ever had any concern with; and this was the reward he received for assisting them, seven years before, in their war with the Pequots. Surely a Rhode Island man may be permitted to mourn his unhappy fate, and to drop a tear on the ashes of Miantonomo, who with his uncle Canonius, were the best friends and greatest benefactors the colony ever had. They kindly received and protected the first settlers of it, when they were in distress, and were strangers and exiles, and all mankind else were their enemies; and by this kindness to them drew upon themselves the resentment of the neighboring colonies, and hastened the untimely end of the young king.' Miantonomo was dead, but his blood was like dragon's teeth, which

sprang up armed men, who, thirty years later, under King Philip, worked a fearful revenge."

These ministers were doubtless perfectly conscientious in the advice they gave. At this late day, indeed, we can hardly reconcile their professions with many of their acts. Yet that they were truly God-fearing men is beyond question, and some of them were characterized by a Christian simplicity that makes one smile. Of John Cotton, the most learned man of his day, and most obstinate, withal, in his non-conformity, we are told that

"One day some wild, graceless young fellows saw him coming down the street, and one of them said,

"There comes old Cotton; I'll go and put a trick upon him." So he went, and said in his ear:

"Cotton, thou art an old fool!"

"The minister was greatly astounded, for it was probably the first time that such a thing had been intimated to him. He was silent for a moment, and then replied:

"I confess I am so; the Lord make both me and thee wiser than we are, even wise unto salvation." He then waited quietly until the young scapegrace hastily retreated."

And, with a sigh for the fate of the red men of the forest, and a blush for the conduct of our ancestors, it is gratifying to remember that such a man as Eliot lived and labored among them:

"His translation of the Bible is a wonderful monument of patience, industry, and faith. He labored against every difficulty, and overcame all. The first edition consisted of the New Testament of 1661, and the Old Testament of 1663. The second edition was the New Testament of 1680, and the Old Testament of 1685. Of the first edition between one and two thousand copies were printed, and of the second, two thousand copies, at a cost of £1,000. The language and the race are extinct, but Eliot and his Bible remain."

The narrative of this apostle's departure is sublimely simple and affecting:

"He sat waiting for death; and when Minister Walton came to see him he said, 'Brother, you are welcome, but retire to your study, and pray that I may be gone.' He spent his last hours in teaching some negroes and a little blind boy; for nothing in his character was more beautiful than his ready sympathy for children. He had done his work, and was ready to go. He said in those days, 'My memory, my utterance fail me; but, I thank God, my charity holds out still.'

"His faithfulness, perseverance, tenderness, and courage had earned him the title of 'THE APOSTLE.' He was called so in his own day, and is called so still. But to this good man the end here was come. As he sat in his chair on the 20th of May, 1690, full of peace and hope, death came and led him away, as a little child going to his father; and his last words were:

"WELCOME JOY."

The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; its Nature and Proof; Eight Discourses Preached before the University of Dublin. By WILLIAM LEE, A. M. (Carter & Brothers.) The subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures cannot be otherwise than interesting. Such it has been in every age of the Church's history, and the changes wrought in the lapse of time seem to increase rather than diminish it. At the present juncture there are indications that the subject is likely to be re-examined with a new and special earnestness. A variety of causes, among which might be specified the great advancement that has recently been made in elementary Biblical science, and the boldness of skeptical critics in their attempts to sap the public faith in the Scriptures as an inspired

production, seem to call for a large share of attention to this subject, and a closer elucidation of some of its points than has formerly been given. This volume by Mr. Lee is at once a recognition of this felt want and an attempt to supply its demand.

It is an octavo of four hundred and seventy-eight pages, containing eight lectures, entitled severally, "The Question Stated," "The Old memorial Doctrine of the Church," "The Old Testament and the New, the Logos the Revealer," "Revelation and Inspiration," "Revelation and Inspiration," (continued,) "Scriptural Proof," "The Commission to Write," "Recapitulation," and added to these are nearly a hundred and fifty pages of appendices, besides numerous and extensive foot notes, made up for the greater part of citations from both ancient and modern authorities on the subject.

The work bears strong marks of being the production of a man of very considerable erudition, who never changes his opinions without having a reason for doing so, and then only so far as he feels compelled to do so. He sets out by treating contemptuously what he styles the "Mechanical," meaning thereby the plenary theory of inspiration, and utterly ignores Gaussen and others who have written upon that side of the question. And yet we find that theory set forth in most treatises on the subject which have been accounted orthodox since the Reformation. It is now, it seems, to be controverted and assailed by orthodox critics themselves. Instead of it our author proposes what he styles the "Dynamic" theory, of which, after poring over his pages with great care, we confess our inability to give the reader anything like a tolerable outline. It is, indeed, quite evident that the theory is only in embryo in the mind of the author. Hereafter, perhaps, he will more fully digest his thoughts and adjust the parts and members of his system. The author's style is heavy, his method somewhat confused, and, as a whole, his book lacks both clearness and vivacity; and, unless the reader brings to its perusal a very lively interest in the subject, or an unusually large share of patience, he will hardly reach the last page without "skipping."

An Analytical Concordance to the Holy Scriptures; or, the Bible presented under Distinct and Classified Heads or Topics. Edited by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln.) The title of this large octavo gives a good idea of its design and object. It is, in fact, a Bible and a Concordance combined. It is based upon the great work of Matthew Talbott, published in London some fifty years ago, a work of almost incredible labor and patience; and, so far as we have examined it, we think Dr. Eadie, in the arrangement, and especially in the condensation of texts and topics, has made many improvements upon the work of his predecessor. Of course, faultless perfection was hardly to be expected in a work of this kind, nor are we prepared to admit the claim of the author that "by the employment of synopsis and index every subject of Scripture may be easily turned up and full information speedily obtained." This may be true with regard to a great many

articles, but not with all. We turned to its pages to see what the Bible says about the love of money. The word money is not found in the index, although we find, what seems to us hardly more important, mockery, monomania, moth. Under the letter L we find the abstract love, but, on referring to the passages quoted, find nothing that helps us. Avarice then occurs to us as possibly the word under which we may find what we are searching for. We find, avarice of kings, as if avarice were merely a regal vice; and, in the body of the book, at the page referred to, we have four passages from the prophets bearing not at all upon the topic of which we are in quest. Seek we then the word covetousness. Running our eye hastily through the C.'s, we find that word also has been omitted, and are about to give up the search, when we stumble upon *courteousness, described and forbidden*. Ah! and where is that gentlemanly grace forbidden? We turn to the page indicated, and lo! we have what we have been looking for. Courteousness is a misprint for covetousness. A sad blunder, to be sure, and we know not that there is another like it in the entire volume. It is very probable, too, that on any other subject we should have had less trouble in finding what we looked for. We have given truthfully our first practical experience in the use of Dr. Eadie's work, as showing that he speaks rather hyperbolically when he says that *every* subject may be *early* turned up. We repeat, however, that the Analytical Concordance is a work as nearly deserving its title as we have a right to expect, and one that will be of real value in the library of all ministers and other students of the Bible.

The publication of those intensely interesting volumes which contain the narrative of Dr. Kane's Arctic adventures has created a strong desire to know more about that icy realm and the hazardous voyages of preceding navigators. To meet this desire EPES SARGENT has prepared a volume entitled, *Arctic Adventure, by Sea and Land, from the Earliest Date to the last Expeditions in Search of Sir John Franklin.* Beginning with an account of the Northmen, and tracing the voyagings of the Cabots, of Hudson, Baffin, Cook, Mackenzie, and others, our author gives graphic and admirably-condensed narratives of the perils encountered and the discoveries made by Sir John Ross, Franklin, Parry, Scoresby, Kennedy, Belcher, McClure, and others, and concludes with an abstract of the expedition of the lamented Kane. For those who have not access to the sources from which Mr. Sargent has drawn his materials, or lack leisure for their perusal, this will prove a most desirable volume. It is beautifully printed, and embellished with maps and illustrations, and published by Phillips, Sampson, & Co., of Boston.

The graceful pen of MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY has been employed in the production of a work entitled, *Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.* (C. Scribner.) The first series embraces a wide range of eminent men and women, of whom brief biographical sketches are given, interspersed with practical reflections and an occasional poetic tribute. The first place is given to John Wesley. Then follow, among

others, Franklin, the Countess of Huntington, Hannah More, Bishop White, Robert Hall, Mrs. Hemans, etc. This anecdote of the founder of Methodism will be new to some of our readers :

"Mr. Wesley," said a lady, "supposing you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?"

"Just as I expect to spend it now, madam. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and in the morning at five do the same. According to appointment, I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach there in the afternoon, and meet the religious societies in the evening. I should repair to the friend's house who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with his family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to sleep, and wake up in glory."

The sketch of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the well-known "patron" of Albany, is very interesting. It closes with an account of his peaceful death and the following stanzas :

"A blast swept through the forest,
And an ancient tree was bow'd;
Whose root was by the crystal stream,
Its foliage 'mid the cloud;
Yet the humblest violet at its feet
Look'd upward undismay'd,
And the young of the nested bird;
Rejoiced in its guardian shade.
"Then a wall went by, and a mournful sigh
For the fall of the sheltering tree,
But a voice replied, at the eventide,
Like an angel-melody,
"The blessings that flow o'er the sons of woe,
Though no honor from men they claim,
Are better at last than the trumpet-blast
Of the proud world-hero's fame."

The Lenten Season is the title of a volume of Sermons upon the subjects of Sorrow for Sin, Repentance, Self-denial, the Design of Affliction, and other themes deemed specially appropriate for perusal during what is termed the Lenten Season, that is, the forty days between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday. The selection has been made with care, and contains sermons from Secker, Atterbury, Tillotson, John Wesley, Barrow, South, Isaac Watts, and others. The volume is neatly printed from the last London edition, by *Thomas N. Stanford, New York.*

Carter & Brothers have published, in two neat 18mo volumes, that well-known work, *The Lives, Acts, and Martyrdoms of the Apostles of our Saviour*. By WILLIAM CAVE, D.D. The author was a man of learning and of great diligence. He was chaplain in ordinary to King Charles the Second, and his chief work, "A Literary History of Ecclesiastical Writers," secured him a place among the best scholars of his age. The work before us has furnished the materials for several subsequent writers, and is characterized by careful research and painstaking fidelity.

The Children of the Kingdom is the title of a little volume from the pen of the REV. DUDLEY A. TYNK, of Philadelphia. It is made up of lectures originally delivered to the writer's own congregation, and is intended as a contribution to the important but sadly neglected work of family religion. The lectures are here thrown into the form of chapters, entitled, successively, *A Christian Wife; A Christian Husband; Parents; Training of Children, etc.* The writer is well known as an able and fearless minister of

the Protestant Episcopal Church, and time for the preparation of this book was afforded him by a brief respite from ministerial duties, consequent upon offense taken by some of his hearers at the freedom with which he felt it his duty to discuss from his pulpit, subjects pertaining to the nation's welfare. *Carter & Brothers.*

The Itinerant Side; or, Pictures of Life in the Itinerary, belongs to a class of books which has become quite numerous. We have had "Shady Side," and "Sunny Side," and many others, setting forth the trials and the discouragements, the consolations and the joys of ministers of the Gospel. *Itinerant Side*, despite its rather uncouth title, may fairly take rank among the best of its class. The pictures of life in the itinerary are mostly taken from actual incidents which have fallen under the observation of the writer, and some of them will appeal for their truthfulness to the consciousness of many a reader. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

Scampavia from Gibel Turek to Stamboul is the title of a rambling, rollicking narrative, by Lieutenant WISE, of the United States navy. The author has acquired some celebrity as a chronicler of voyages and travels, under the *nom de plume* of Harry Gringo, and the papers of the present volume were originally published, in part at least, in "Putnam's Monthly." They are issued in very good style, with telling illustrations, from the press of *Scribner & Co.* A part of Harry's introductory chapter will give the reader an idea of the vein in which the whole is written :

"I was sitting, one dull, dreary morning, with my heels staring, with great outward satisfaction, at the fire, when the bell rang, and the postman brought me a letter. It was a portentous-looking document, wrapped in a huge yellow envelope, sealed with a great splash of red wax, and franked over the address, with the ominous words, 'Navy Department. Official business.'

"I have not the least doubt that many a poor trembling mariner has endured the same heart-sick feelings as came over my spirits, on beholding a similar terrible engine—so calculated to scatter dismay in peaceful families—when about to be pried out of a happy bath on shore, and sent away out upon the salt seas, to the Lord only knows where."

"The long, slim icicles, which hung stiff and sharp from the branches of the trees in front of the windows, rattling in the rough blasts of a bleak March wind, were not colder or more dismal than I was, as I slowly tore off the cover of the document. I knew, by instinct, what would be the contents, and I was not a whit wide of the mark. It was very brief—these epistles usually are—and it was couched in the ordinary cast—a peremptory, and by no means affectionate, style.

"This was its purport: 'Sir.—You are hereby appointed Flag-lieutenant of the Mediterranean squadron, and will proceed forthwith to report for duty on board the frigate Cumberland.'

"While perusing this explicit and expressive missive, I recollect there was a spark flew in both my eyes from the fire; and when the baby was brought to me, as was customary in the morning, to fondle and tumble about the carpet, I could hardly see the little witch, though her downy cheeks were buried in my whiskers, and the soft, fat arms were twined around my throat.

"'Another cruise, my dear,' said I to my wife, pointing to the paper, which had fallen open upon the floor.

"'But you won't go, will you?' exclaimed my helpmate, with a shudder, as we nearly let the baby drop, between us.

"'Why, you know I must,' I replied, mechanically,

"unless I toss up my commission and resign; and one

don't care to take a step of that nature, here in the middle of the month, for it's so apt to derange the par-
ser's accounts, and—so I fear there's no help for me."

"The servant announced breakfast.

"What will you have?" inquired my help-mate, as she took a place at the table.

"Tea of the blackest and strongest decoction," I said, sadly, for the document had taken the edge off my appetite for solids; and be assured, brother sailor, that tea is your friend on these occasions, for it gives you a stout and indifferent heart.

"It is needless to relate how, for a time, there were individuals about the premises, busily employed making up all sorts of linen, and other invisible gear; while the tailors fitted me out in blue broadcloth and bullion; until finally my kit was pronounced perfect, and away I went."

"Very sad it made me to go, and I was not chary of epithets upon the world at large, and the Navy Department in particular; but one may as well rail at the northwest wind, while the breakers are dashing on a lee shore, as to look for sympathy in that quarter; and so I might have saved my breath."

"I joined the frigate, I remember, in a blinding snow-storm. She lay chained to the piers of the dock-yard, with her lofty masts, black yards, spar deck, and battery, sheeted in snow, while the boats coming from the receiving hulk, in the stream, were crowded with a living freight, which were to compose the crew. There were about five hundred of these last, consisting of the usual reckless, careless spirits, who roam over the ocean from all climes, and of all nations, including a goodly portion of newly imported wild Irishmen, and a few hardy Yankee salts.

"The ship was commissioned, and for about a fortnight after, in addition to the never-ceasing confusion which reigns on board a vessel newly put in service, there appeared to be a perfect tornado of dock-yard artisans—carpenters, riggers, tinkers, and the like—who rushed distractedly about, tearing everything to pieces that had been effected before, and never seeming to please anybody.

"It is worthy of remark as a general rule, that there is always a wide difference of opinion between the dock-yard people and the mariners, with regard to the comparative utility of the various improvements or fittings of a sea-going ship, and, in the end, both parties are not disinclined to part with each other as soon as practicable.

"Our trials, in this respect, were not of long duration, and one bright, pleasant morning, early in the month of May, Anno Domini 1852, the sailing orders came."

How to Write is the title of a carefully prepared and neatly printed pocket manual, from the press of *Fowler & Wells*, of this city. It includes practical rules for letter-writing, literary composition, and the correction of proofs for the printer; with approved forms for notes, cards, and letters on business and other subjects. A perusal of its pages will do no harm to anybody; and *THE NATIONAL* has occasionally a correspondent who would do well to study it thoroughly.

REV. ANDREW CARROLL A. M., has sent us the first volume of *Moral and Religious Sketches and Collections, with Incidents of Ten Years' Itinerancy in the West*, prepared by himself, and published for him by *Swormstedt & Poe*, of Cincinnati. He is evidently an unpracticed writer, and his book would have been better if it had been carefully revised and razed by a competent hand.

Brief Recollections of the late Rev. George W. Walker. By REV. M. P. GADDIS. How incessantly, and on every hand, are we admonished of the uncertainty of life! Among the delegates who composed the last General Conference, at Indianapolis, there were very few who appeared to have a fairer prospect for a long life than George Washington Walker, of the Cincin-

nati Conference. His tall and commanding figure was conspicuous, and his appearance indicated robust health. So far as man could see, there were in store for him many years of toil and trial in the Master's vineyard. But in less than two months after the adjournment of that body he was called home. Death found him ready, and his departure was triumphant. These "brief recollections" of a good man will be read with interest, and this tribute to his memory is worthy alike of the subject and the author. It is embellished with a striking portrait, engraved by Jones, and is neatly printed for the author by *Swormstedt & Poe*, of Cincinnati.

Of JUVENILE BOOKS upon our table we may notice:

(1.) *About Right and Wrong*, a profusely illustrated volume for very little children. It is made up of short stories and lessons, entertaining and instructive, from the well-known pen of JACOB ABBOTT. (*Harper & Brothers*.)

(2.) *Faithful Nicolette; or, The French Nurse*, is an original story, founded upon facts, and showing the wonderful providence of God, and his paternal care for those who put their trust in him. It is gracefully written, and we trust the author (Mrs. SARAH A. MYERS, of Carlisle, Pa.) will be encouraged to write frequently, and to devote her talents rather to American than to foreign subjects. (*Carlton & Porter*.)

(3.) *A Swarm of B's* is the fanciful title to six stories for little children. They are, severally, Be Obedient; Be Thankful; Be Forgiving; Be Truthful; Be Contented; Be Good-tempered.

(4.) *Ellen and Sarah; or, the Samplers*, including, also, *Deceitful Rachel*, and *Dermot, the Fisher Boy*.

(5.) *Margaret Craven; or, The Beauty of the Heart*, a narrative of touching interest. This, and the two preceding, are reprints from English publications, selected and adapted to American juvenile readers, by Dr. WISE, and published by *Carlton & Porter*.

(6.) From the same publishers we have a volume entitled *Sunday-School Facts*, by the REV. J. T. BAER, which, although found in the juvenile department, will equally interest teachers and superintendents.

(7.) *The Prompter; or, The Sunday Scholar's True Friend*, is a serial, edited by the Secretary of the Sunday-School Union, of which the second volume is now published. It is a well-selected miscellany of original and selected articles, illustrated with cuts.

(8.) Of the same size and general appearance as the former volume of ABBOTT'S Histories, we have now, *King Richard the First of England*. The author's name is a guarantee for the vivacity of the narrative, and the romantic features in the career of the lion-hearted king were never painted with more fidelity to historic truth. (*Harpers*.)

(9.) *Minnie Ray: a Story of Faith and Good Works*, is far above the average of recent publications for juvenile libraries, and we are pleased to see that the very efficient Sunday-school editor is adding to his catalogue books of real value, and of American authorship. *Minnie Ray* is from the pen of Mrs. C. M. EDWARDS, author of "The Herbert Family," and is worthy of all commendation. (*Carlton & Porter*.)

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

The Chinese Yam has made a good deal of noise among farmers and gardeners; and not a few are even yet disposed to regard it as not altogether a humbug. Our friend of *The Rural New Yorker* is not of the number, but satirizes the thing and those who puff it on this wise:

"If any of our readers happen to have a five dollar bill in their pockets that is troublesome, they can get rid of it easily, by buying a dozen *Dioscorea batatas*, and we pledge our word, that they will never be troubled with a lack of room to store the product thereof. This is a recommendation that cannot be said of all vegetables. If a man plants an acre of carrots, sugar beets, mangel-wurzel, etc., he is often sorely tried in spirit, to find room in his cellar or out-houses for the crops, when harvested; but fortunately for the world, the *Chinese Yam* (*Dioscorea batatas*) never subjects him to such affliction. A peck basket, a nail keg, or soap box will generally hold the entire product of a half acre or so, and a vast expense is saved in picking up and carting the crop to the cellar, which accrues in harvesting most other root crops. The only drawback to the business is, the person who digs, and he who picks up the yams, have to carry a magnifying glass, in order to discover them. One of our neighbors last fall attempted to gather his crop, simply with the aid of a pair of spectacles, but did not succeed. The demand for magnifiers is so great, that it is doubtful if a supply can be had for the gathering of the next crop, and what the growers of yams will do is beyond our comprehension."

A writer in the *Rural Intelligencer* of Maine says:

"We started it early in our hot-bed, which, of course, is rich as manure could make it, and there we let it remain and grow all summer, sole occupant of the premises, after the young plants for which the bed was chiefly made were removed. It grew to its heart's content. The other day we concluded to dig for our peck of huge yams, when, after following the main root down one whole foot, we came across one *Dioscorea batatas*—one, just one—and that was about as large as a little potato, too small for the pot. We cooked it, however, and found it not a disagreeable esculent. So much for our first experiment."

A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* says of several hills that he planted:

"They came up in due time after planting, grew, looked, and ran up a stake like our wild morning glory: first frost killed the vines. They were harvested a few days ago, and the entire crop is seven potatoes. They ran down perpendicularly and have to be dug with a spade. The whole crop would not make half of one meal for any well man."

Guano for Melons.—An exchange paper says: "We had a very fine melon patch which was well-nigh destroyed by the striped bug. The vines had just commenced running, and in two or three days the bugs had stripped nearly every leaf. As a desperate remedy, we applied a handful of guano on the top of the hill as far as the vines had run, taking care that it did not fall on the leaf. In twenty-four hours not a bug was to be seen; the vines had assumed a healthy and vigorous appearance, and are now loaded with fruit. This experiment was not on one vine only, but hundreds. The remedy, however, is a dangerous one, more frequently killing the vines than the bugs." It will certainly destroy the plants wherever it touches them, and should therefore be applied with great care, if at all. Any strong, pungent odor will drive insects away; but to keep them away—"that's the question."

Sowing Clover with Spring Crops.—Many farmers prefer seedling to clover with oats, barley, or spring wheat, in preference to sowing upon winter grain, but we are not aware, says *The American Farmer*, that success is much more certain. It is true, the seed has a fresh bed in the former case, but the washing by rains and the cracking and crumbling of the soil where winter wheat is grown, makes a good bed and a sufficient covering for such light seeds. It is a common custom when seeding with spring grain, to sow the grass seed before the last harrowing. By this practice the seed, or a large portion of it, get covered too deep, and never vegetates. A better mode is to finish the harrowing, then sow the grass seed, and either roll or bush it. Our plan is to roll the ground on winter wheat. This presses the seed into the earth and the earth firmly about the seed, so that the tender germ at once attains a firm hold and finds nourishment at hand for the growing plant.

Sowing Flower Seeds.—When the seeds of annuals are sown, it is recommended that the ground be first enriched with well-decayed manure, dug deep and broken with the spade, and lightly raked. Sow in drills or circles; the first may be made with a blunt stick; the last by the rim of a flower-pot. The depth must vary according to the size of the seed; very small seed requiring only a very slight covering. Tender annuals may be started in the house in pots or shallow pans, or in a hot-bed. When they come up, if they are too thick, thin them out, and transplant them. Some kinds may be grown in clumps, while others require considerable room for their development; some will also require to be supported by stakes or strings. Keep all free from weeds.

Planting out Verbenas.—Verbenas may be planted out in beds or masses, or distributed singly in the borders. The former method is now in general use, and the most gorgeous and beautiful effects are produced. The beds are usually cut out of the sod, of figures to suit the fancy, and each bed filled with plants of one color, which, as they grow, are pegged close to the ground, and not permitted to bloom, but nipped back frequently until the bed is completely covered. A watering with weak liquid manure, or soap suds, will greatly assist in producing an abundant bloom; great care is necessary to keep up a uniform and symmetrical growth of the plants, which is indispensable to a proper effect.

Old and New Varieties of Flowers.—A writer in the *London Gardener's Chronicle* inquires, very pertinently, whether the arts of the cultivator should be limited, as they now are, to the domestication of a few fashionable races, to the entire neglect of the ancient inhabitants of the flower-garden. A hollyhock, he thinks, is as showy as a dahlia, much easier to cultivate, as prone to run into varieties, and hardy instead of tender. In England, and here also to some extent, the hollyhock for some years

was nearly superseded by the dahlia; but they are now both assuming their proper place. There are some who affect to decry the dahlia; but the truth is, it is a noble flower, and cannot be spared from the list of fall-blooming plants. The amaranth, also, so magnificently referred to by Milton as the flower inwoven with the crown of angels, is another old plant peculiarly suited for rich autumnal decoration, quick growing, and long enduring, and no doubt susceptible of further change. The amaranth has become quite popular in the United States, and deserves a place in every garden. It is a beautiful bedding plant.

Geraniums.—The old horse-shoe or scarlet geranium has within a few years been wonderfully improved and its varieties greatly multiplied, and it not only gives us an abundant bloom during the winter under glass, but constitutes one of our favorite bedding plants for summer. There are a large number of very pretty dwarf varieties, such as Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb's Master, Tom Thumb's Bride, Cerise Unique, Lilliput, Commander in Chief, and many others. There are a few rose-colored varieties, of which Lucia Rosea and Princess Alice are the best; and also two or three white varieties, of which Snow Ball and Buchanan's White are the best we have seen. All of these may be propagated from cuttings of the young wood, and will grow well in compost of loam, sand, and old, well-rotted manure, with a little leaf-mold. To make fine specimen plants plenty of pot room must be given, and systematic pruning and pinching in are indispensable.

To Destroy Weeds.—With regard to weed-grown gravel-paths, they may be cleared with a scuffle or pushing hoe; but this is only a temporary clearance. The following preparation is said to be used at the Mint in Paris, with such good effect that the weeds do not re-appear for several years: twenty-five pounds of water, five pounds of quick-lime, and half a pound of flour of sulphur, are boiled in an open vessel, and the liquid having been allowed to settle, the clear part is drawn off and used more or less diluted for watering the pavement and alleys. Great care, however, must be taken in watering paths with it, to prevent its touching the root of box or other edgings, which it would inevitably destroy.

A preparation like the above, but greatly diluted when used, we have found an excellent remedy for the destruction of insects, more especially that abomination, the *red spider*. Its application to gravel walks is new to us; but used as directed, we have no doubt it will kill anything.

Transplanting Roses.—Be careful, if the roots are in the least broken or bruised, to trim them smooth with a sharp knife just above the bruise, also making all the jagged ends smooth. This is important to insure health. Any root inclined to grow directly downward should be shortened, and those growing horizontally carefully handled. The ground must be well trenched and highly manured, and the roots of the plant exposed as little as possible to the sun while being transplanted. At the same time the plant must be well pruned.

Flower vases, when the plants are chosen with taste, discriminately arranged, and carefully attended to, are very beautiful. To succeed well in vases in a climate like this, where the sun strikes on any isolated object, as a vase, with extraordinary power, considerable attention is required in the watering, so that the flowers never become parched. A mulching is of great benefit to arrest evaporation.

The scarlet geranium will do well for a center plant. About this may be arranged some of the following, as fancy may dictate: Cuphea platycentra; Heliotropes, Verbenas, Petunias, Alyssum maritimum, Phlox Drummondii, etc.

Hot Water for Plants.—It is not generally known that if parlor plants are watered occasionally with warm water, a little above blood heat, they will be brought forward with great rapidity. The health of room plants is greatly promoted by also syringing them frequently with warm water. It is some ten years since we had occasion to press this matter upon our amateur friends, after due experience of its gratifying results.

The Moss Rose.—This flower affords one of the most singular and striking examples of that divine creative power that brings proud man to the knowledge that, with all his artful skill, he may not "paint the lily or add fragrance to the rose." We first hear of moss roses in England in 1727, though they are supposed to have been introduced from Holland in the sixteenth century. The mossy appearance is now admitted to be a mere *lumen naturae*, as is fully proved by their sometimes "sporting" back to the original Provence Rose.

Succulenta Procumbens.—This showy bedding annual deserves a place in every spot of ground devoted to the culture of flowers. It is very easily managed: have the bed well "trenched" that is designed for its growth, and if the soil is of a strong, retentive character, add sharp sand sufficient to keep it porous, and let it be thoroughly incorporated. Sow the seeds the end of April, if the weather is dry and settled; take a five inch flower-pot inverted, press it into the soil the depth of half an inch, at regular distances of about fifteen inches apart, and sow the seed in the indentation thus made, and cover lightly; thin out the plants to about four of the best; keep the soil free from weeds and often stirred up, and the result will be satisfactory. Should any beds be occupied with hyacinths or tulips, it may be sown in five inch pots, and transplanted in showery weather in their place, when their bloom is over, and the sooner it occupies its position the better. It seeds freely, and enough can be saved in the fall for operations another season. Manure has a tendency to make it produce too much vine, and diminish its blooming propensity.

Sweet Peas.—This is one of the earliest of out-door plants, and may often be planted as early as the close of the month of April. Make a circle round a pole, or some object to which they may cling, and put the peas an inch deep into the ground. Each month you may add another circle of peas, and thus keep up a continual bloom until late in the autumn.